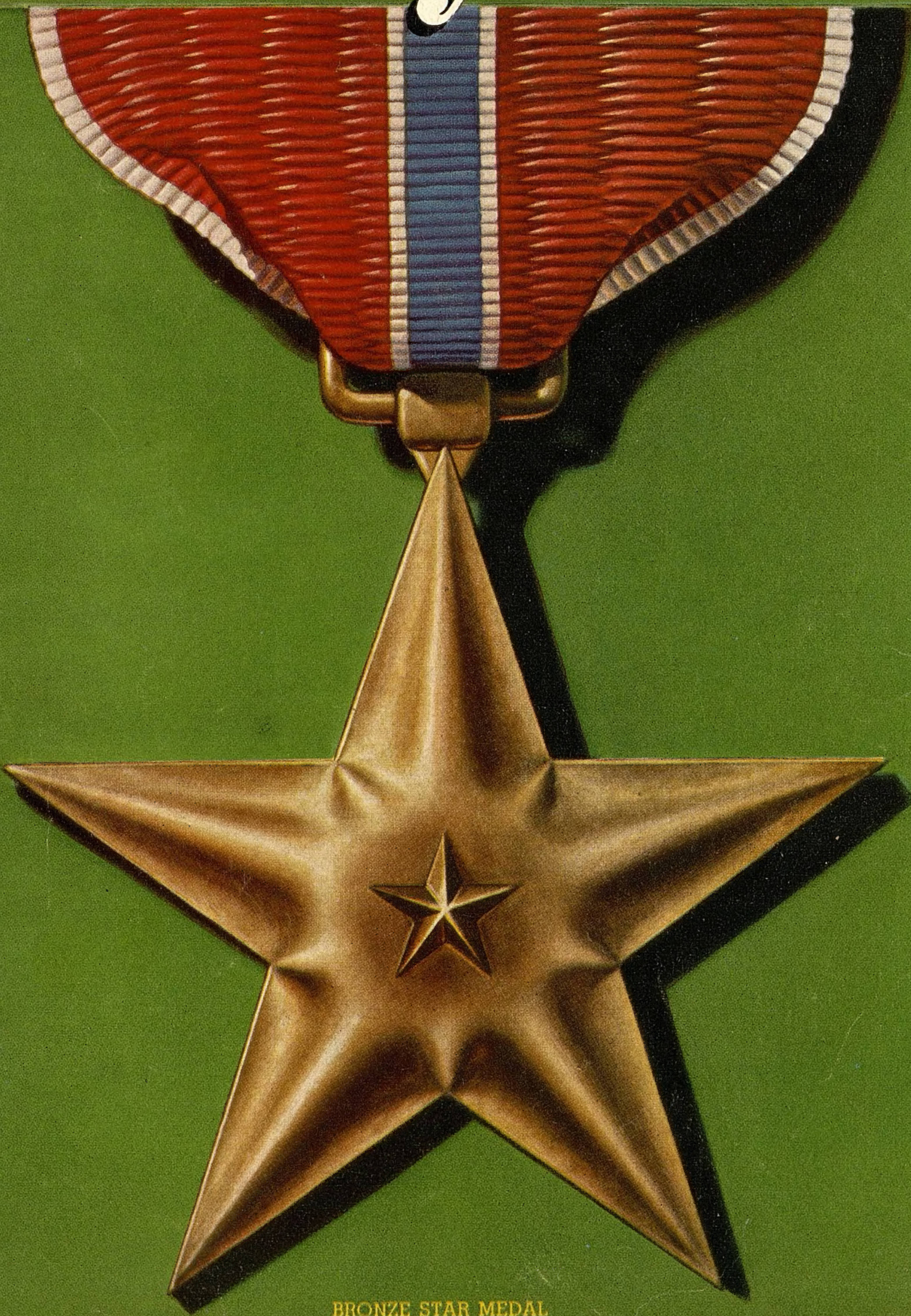
★ Liberty

MARCH 31, 1945 10c

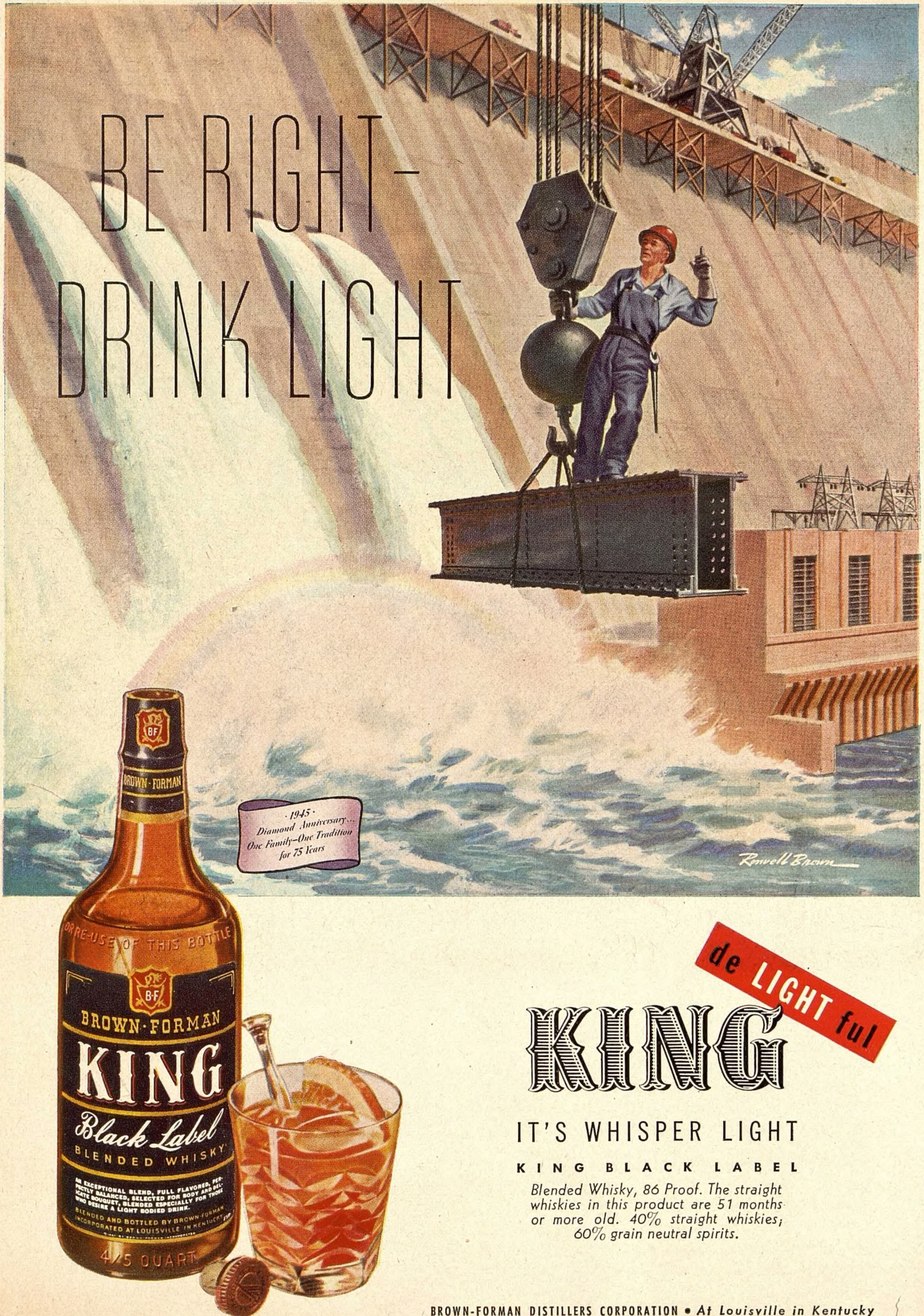
Book: MAMA'S BANK ACCOUNT

A Family Story of Tenderness and Humor

HAVE THE WOMEN OF FRANCE BEEN CHANGED BY WAR?



BRONZE STAR MEDAL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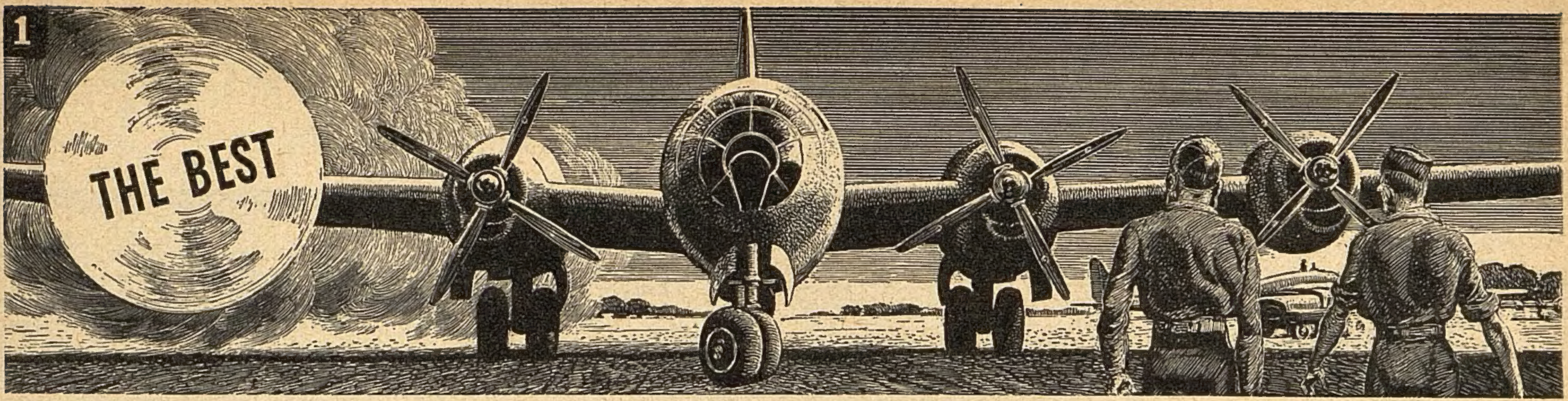

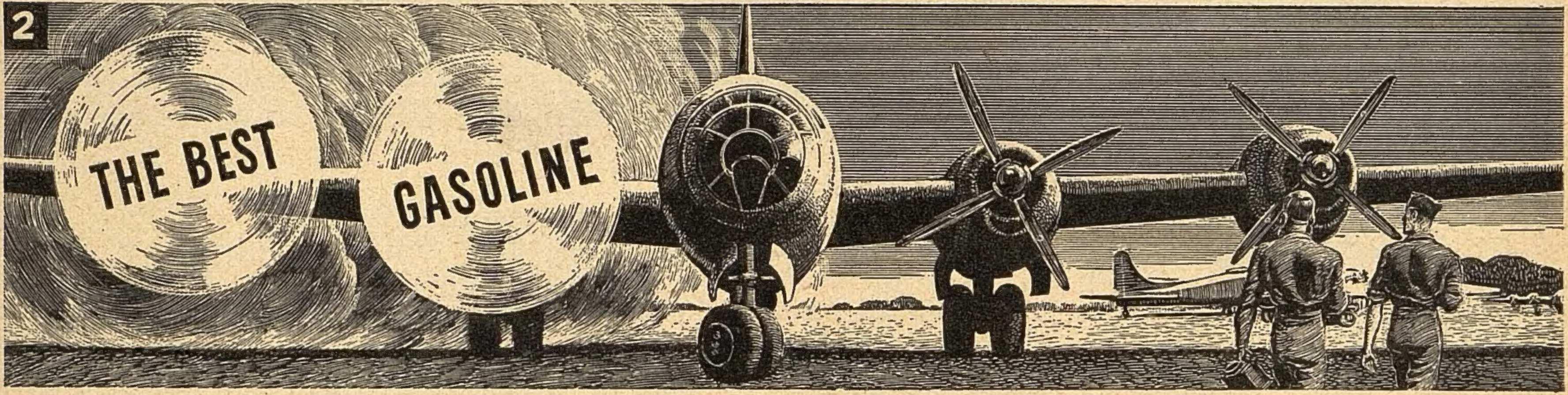
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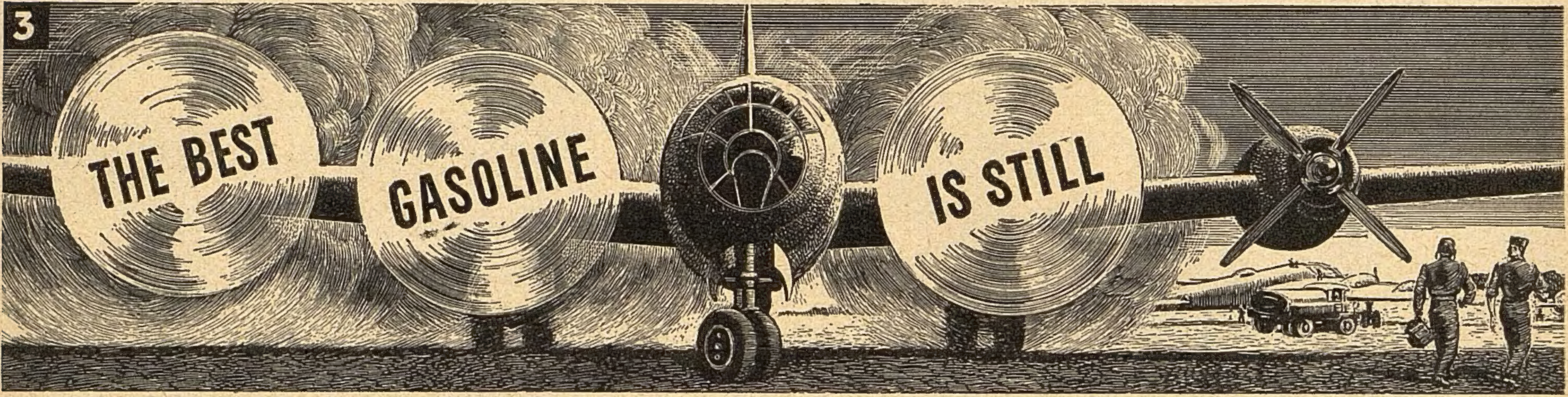
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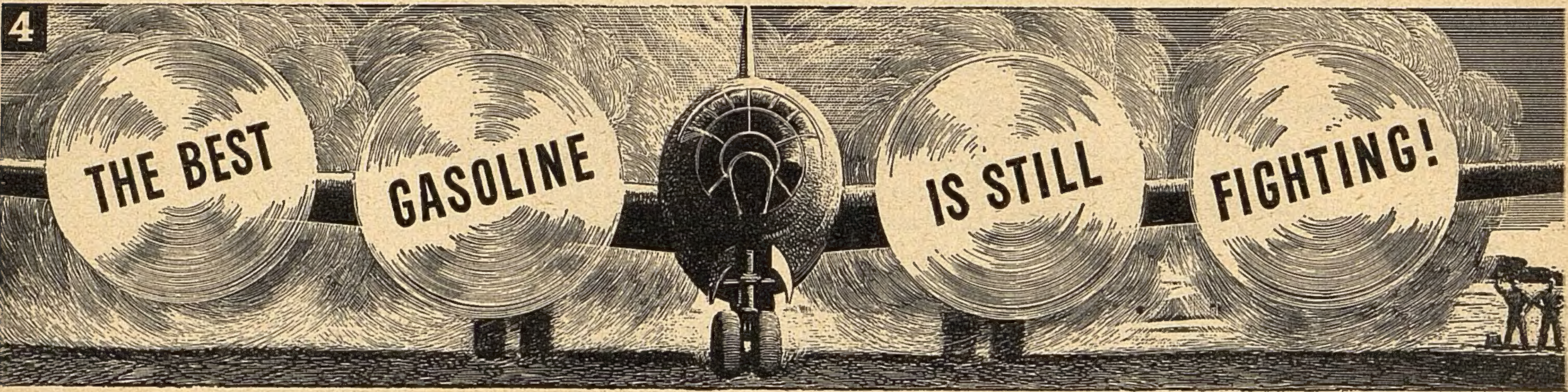
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Cover: The Bronze Star Medal

A new medal in World War II, this decoration is given for heroic or meritorious achievement in action against the enemy

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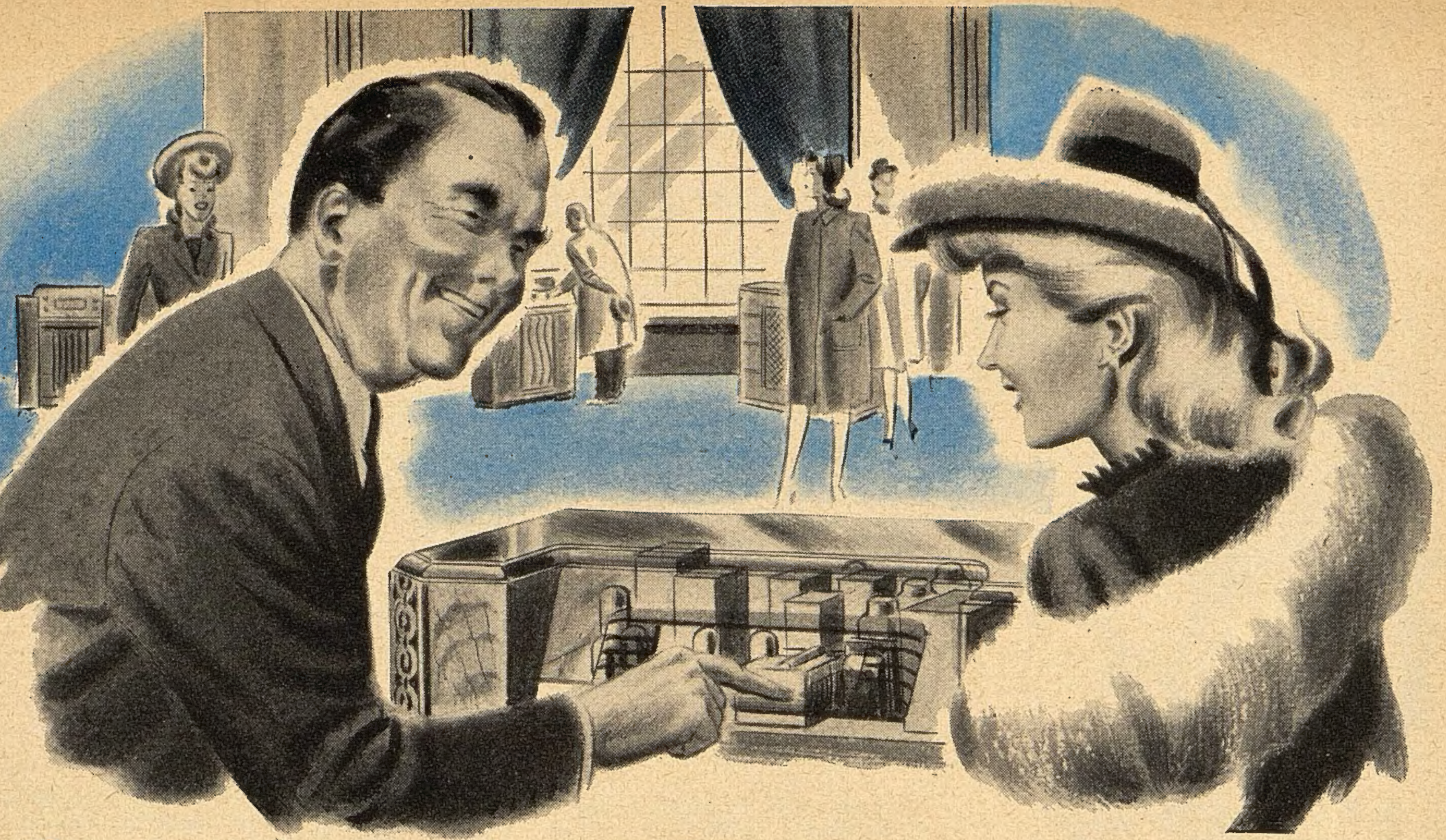

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

FROM THE LADIES

BLADEN, NEBR.—My blood pressure has always been normal, but since I read the letter by Sgt. F. H. (February 17 Vox Pop), it's gone sky-high.

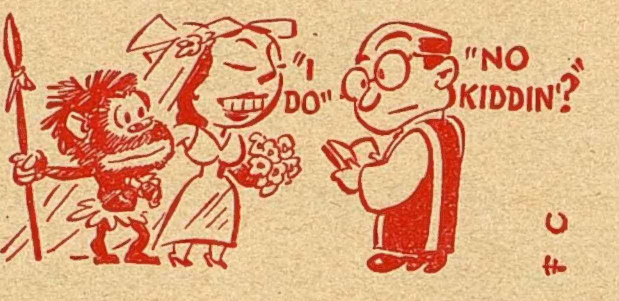
Sarge, I've read many articles for and against overseas marriages, and I've considered all the arguments calmly. But when someone like you comes back to the good old U. S. A. and accuses us girls of being feather-brained, "holier than thou" ladies, that's more than I can take. If you don't like us, sarge, go on back, and none of us will shed a tear.

American gals have done a good job of backing up our boys in the service as nurses, in factories, wherever they're needed. And some have given their lives, too. Many will never again see the loved ones they sent to war.

We can work, love, fight, and even accept the foreign brides our boys are bringing home, but, by gosh, no man is going to come back and tell us we're nothing more than "holier than thou" ladies!—*Miss K.*

IRASBURG, VT.—Sup. Sgt. F. H. is right, and I agree wholeheartedly.

Can we call this *America*, when we ask such obviously catty questions about the Aussie brides some of our boys have chosen? We know that we have a pretty soft berth here in America. We can get a new dress when we want it, cosmetics galore, and stockings, too.



Let's be fair. Who knows? One day one of us might marry a man from another nation. How would we feel, going to a completely strange land and meeting completely strange people?

I welcome the Aussie brides, and I hope we all have enough American spirit to help them get to know and love our country.—*E. M. Mason.*

THE RIGHT NAME FOR IT

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In reading Fourteen-Carat Glamor, by Private Howard Sharpe (December 2), I happened to notice a statement that is incorrect. Private Sharpe said that Port Arthur, Texas, was named after Count Arthur Cassini, but in reality the town was named after Arthur Stilwell, one of the founders of it. He and John W. Gates, who is better known as "Bet-a-Million" Gates, are the two men who conceived the idea of building the city, and the town was named in Stilwell's honor. One of the main streets is even called Stilwell Boulevard. This history is common knowledge at home, as some of the original settlers still live there.—*Cpl. W. L. Rambo.*

WE, THE PEOPLE, WANT TO KNOW

WILDER, IDAHO—I read Jack H. Pollack's article, Shall We Broadcast Congress? (February 17), and I say, yes, by all means. Members of Congress hold an elective office, and those who elected them have a right to know what they do when Congress is in session. We want to know just how hard they fight for any measure that would be good for the people as a whole, or just how hard they fight against such a measure. It seems to us out here that there are too many senators and representatives who are absent when it comes to the final decision on important measures. That' just as bad as absenteeism in war production. War won't go on forever, but the government and Congress will. I believe the government should install its own broadcasting station and give the public an unbiased picture of what goes on in Congress.—*Robert Hulse.*

BLAH
BLAH
Z-Z-Z
FC

HOW SHALL THEY BE JUDGED?

ALEUTIAN ISLANDS—Like R. B. (Vox Pop, February 10), I was burned up by the incident in which the names of those Japanese servicemen were stricken from the memorial plaque of the American Legion post in Oregon. How any group could be so narrow-minded as to exert its misguided feelings to such an extent is beyond my reasoning! While serving in Hawaii, I made friends with a number of young men of Japanese ancestry. If you in the United States could have witnessed the indignation they suffered when they were at first denied the privilege of fighting for their country (for America is their country as much as yours or mine), there could be no doubt in your minds as to their loyalty.

If a man is to be condemned because of his nationality, I honestly believe the whole purpose of the fighting men will be defeated. My faith in the cause of our conflict is still firm and I hope it will remain that way, but millions of us will soon lose that faith if individuals are allowed to vent their feelings in such an ungrateful manner.

I am glad that the young men of Japanese ancestry have now been allowed to show their loyalty to America by bearing arms in her name, and I am also sure that when the records are examined after victory, theirs will be a credit and an honor to us.—*J. L. H., RM 1/c, U. S. N.*

KENWOOD, CALIF.—R. B.'s letter in Vox Pop was a little more than I could swallow. R. B., have you forgotten to "Remember Pearl Harbor"? Evidently you have, or you would not have condemned in such vio-

(*Continued on page 8*)

TRANSCONTINENTAL RECORD *Smashed!*

by Army-Boeing-Wright

"C-97" TRANSPORT with AC Aircraft Spark Plugs

ACME NEWS PHOTO

SEATTLE TO WASHINGTON, D. C.—6 HOURS, 3 MIN., 50 SEC.

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Achievements like this demand *utmost reliability*—the quality for which AC Spark Plugs have been known to motorists, operators of buses and trucks, yachtsmen, and farmers since 1908. This same reliability is also now serving our armed forces, in the air, on the ground, and on the water—and is keeping essential transportation on the job all over America.

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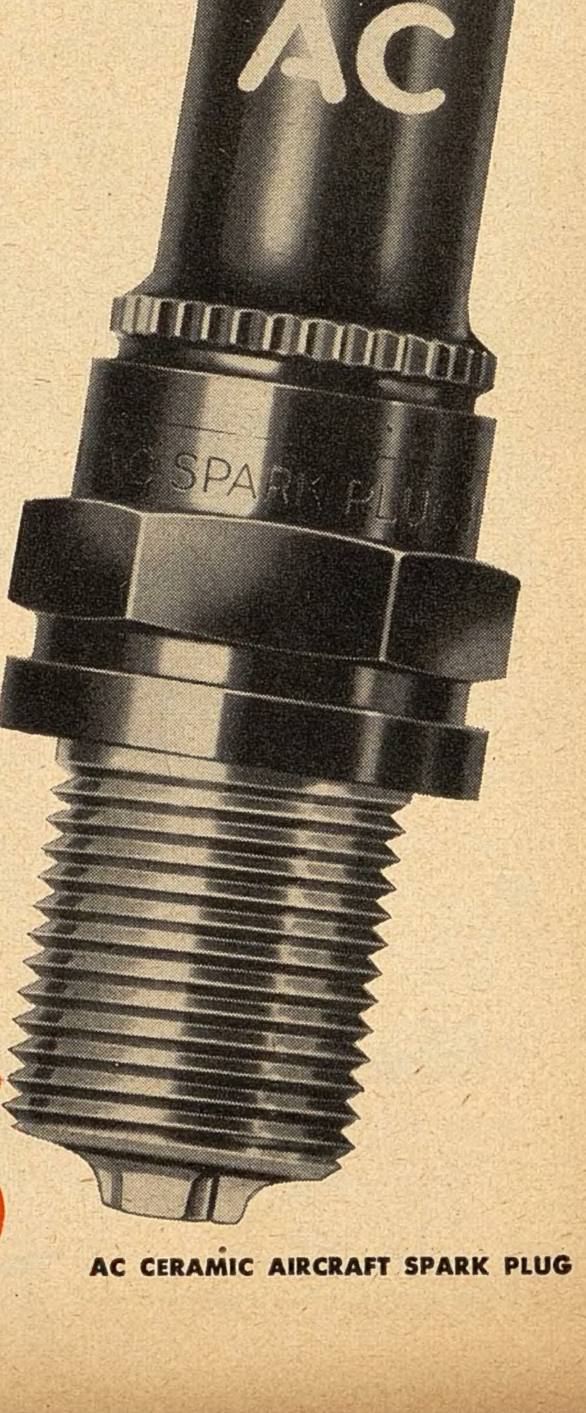
FUEL PUMP—have it checked thoroughly at 35,000 miles

OIL FILTER—have it checked when your car is lubricated

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—have them repaired promptly

AC SPARK PLUGS



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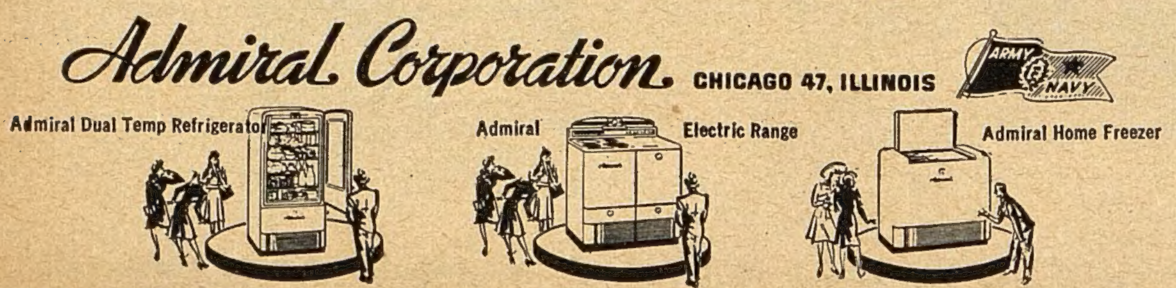

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS WITH AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGERS

(*Continued from page 6*)

lent terms the American Legion in Hoo River, Oregon, for their action in strikin from the county war memorial the name of sixteen Jap-American soldiers.

If you and your kind don't learn a lit of that quality you so erroneously call i tolerance (which in reality is only common sense), our boys will have anothe war to fight.

I was born and raised in the Hawaiia Islands, and I went through school wit American-born Japs. We were taught b our blinder-wearing, tolerant teachers t treat them as our equals. I'm sure yo have heard the results of that form o teaching—the sneak attack upon Hickam Field, Pearl Harbor, and Honolulu. Yet, when a few understanding people try to rectify this condition, you continue in the old manner to call it intolerance. If yo have any children, R. B., for their sak stop playing ostrich!—*B. B. McM.*

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

AUSTIN, TEXAS—Congratulations on the outdoor material you have used lately. I read all the outdoor magazines, but I like

ORKD
YE ED.
F C

to see hunting, fishing, and animal articles in the big magazines that are my favorites, too. And now Liberty is a *regular* on my list.—*L. H. Stokes.*

APOLOGIES TO THE BROW

DRAVOSBURG, PA.—What Do You Remember About 1944? by Ted Shane (January 6), gives the wrong answer to question 22! The Brow was not impaled by a flagpole but was frozen to death underground in a cake of ice.—*Mrs. Jack Chalfant.*

You're right, that's wrong. It was Flattop who met his end on a flagpole.—VOX POP EDITOR.

THE ARMY RIDES THE ARTIST

DENVER, COLO.—I like Liberty very much, but I do wish your artists would strive for accuracy.

In the illustration for Don't Worry About Me, by Norma Bicknell Mansfield (February 17), the soldier is wearing officers' bars, yet his lapel insigne is that of an enlisted man. I am calling this to your attention as a point of information.—*Pvt. J. W. Jacobs.*

PSYCHOLOGY IN SIMPLE CLOTHING

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—For a bit of relaxation the other night I decided to read the story We Shall Have Music, by Lenora Mattingly Weber (January 6). I thought it was just a light little story, but I found in it more excellent psychology with regard to wives and husbands, parents and children, and human nature in general than in any short story I have read in a long time. Permit me to express appreciation for the keen interpretation which was clothed in this simple everyday story.—*Miss Willie A. Lawson.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

ORN TO MEDICINE, BRED TO WRITE

WRITING is Hannah Lees' business, but medicine is her background, and she combines the two successfully in IS IT BAD TO STAY IN BED? Coming from a family of doctors, she once had ambitions along those lines herself, but they were nipped in the bud by a year of qualitative chemistry at Vassar. She later compromised by marrying a medical man, who's now a lieutenant commander in the Pacific. A free-ance author since her college days, she has ree books and any number of articles and ort stories to her credit.

RUE TO HIS MUSE

SHUTTLING between is greenhouse and his pewriter, Matt Tay- does a productive b up in Rye, N. Y., where he lives with his writing wife, Marion Baxter Taylor, two daughters, and a son. He hitched his wagon o the literary muse when he left Fordham University twenty-odd years ago, and he's been in the groove ever nce—in newspaper work, advertising, pub- icity; turning out movie scripts, radio drama- izations, plays, and fiction. Actors are his avorite people, which probably accounts for is current story, ACTORS' HEAVEN.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
Book: THE EMPEROR'S PHYSICIAN
WOMEN WITHOUT MEN

YOU'LL never catch lovely Lena Horne whipping up spoon bread and spirituals in an Aunt Jemima rig, for SHE'S NOBODY'S MAMMY. But she is a top entertainer, and Frank Nugent goes backstage to discover the real woman behind the spotlight. . . . WOMEN WITHOUT MEN, by Harrison Salisbury, takes you nside Russia to show you how the Soviets are trying to solve a gigantic social problem —what to do about the millions of women doomed to lonely lives when their men were killed in the war. . . . Frank Lynn pulls no punches in WE ARE COMING BACK! Do you know how a veteran actually feels when he hits the States? Do you know how to help YOUR boy readjust to civilian life? Let an ex-serviceman tell you. . . . J. R. Perkins paints a vivid picture of the life and times of the Healer in Liberty's Book Condensation, THE EMPEROR'S PHYSICIAN.

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The *only* completely automatic glass Coffee Maker...with another G-E exclusive ...the magic Brew Compensator!

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Automatic Coffee Maker

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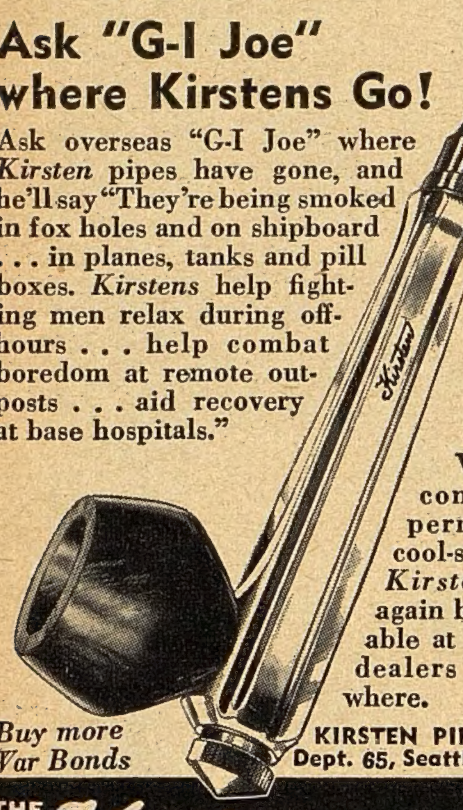

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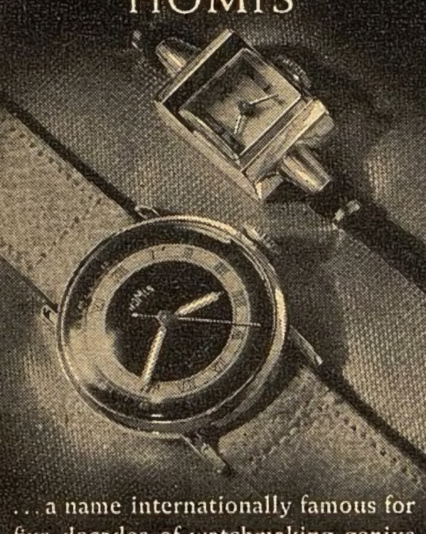

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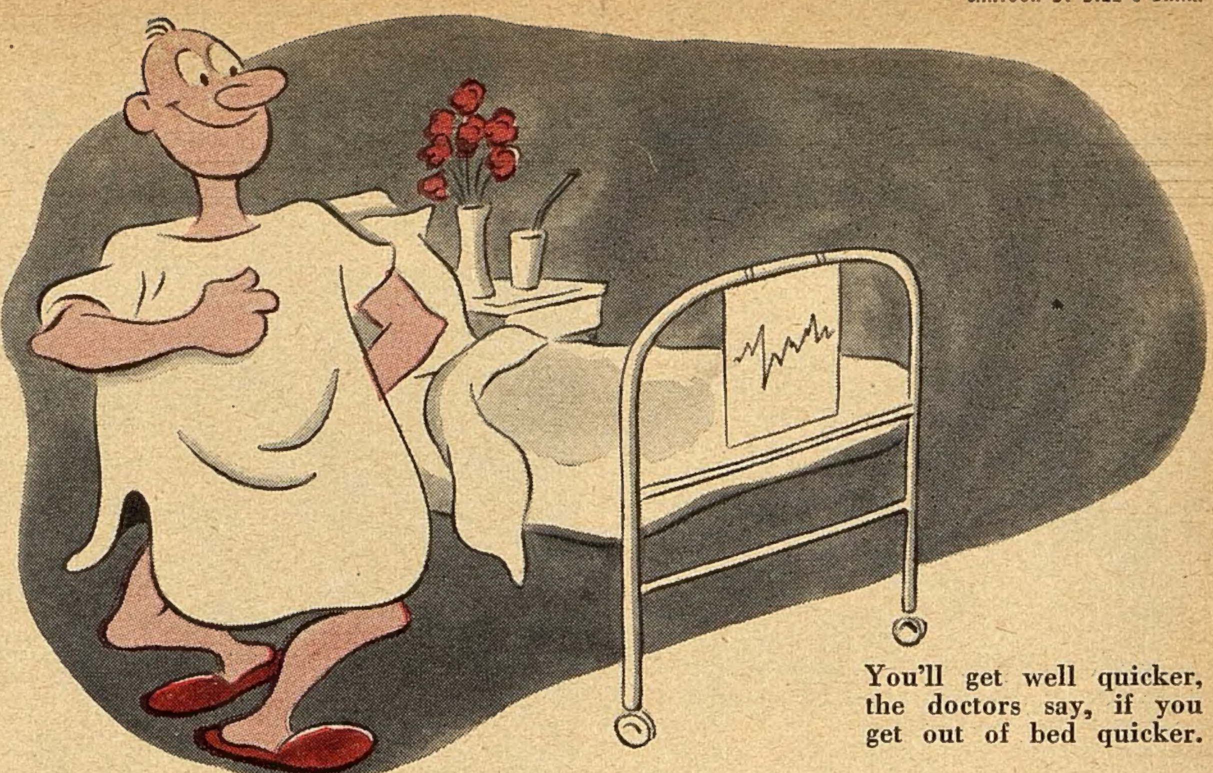


You'll get well quicker, the doctors say, if you get out of bed quicker.

Is It Bad to Stay in Bed?

BY HANNAH LEES

Does rest in bed help you get well more quickly? Recent findings cast a new light on convalescence

If anyone you know has had an operation recently, it is possible he came home with the harrowing news that the hospitals were so crowded they got him up out of bed the day after his operation. What's more, after getting him out of bed so alarmingly soon, they may have sent him home in a week or ten days instead of keeping him the two or three weeks he felt he deserved. But the chances are, if you knew him well enough to follow his convalescence, you were surprised at how quickly he was back at work—looking very well, too. Getting up so soon after his operation didn't seem to have hurt him at all.

Hospitals are tremendously crowded today, of course, and there aren't enough nurses to take care of even the sickest patients. So it would be only natural if your friend attributed his treatment to the war. But wartime conditions alone do not account for his being sent home so soon. Hospitals all over the country are trying out this practice, and doctors are finding it is actually much better for the patients.

For the past few years there has been a good deal of talk in medical and surgical circles about this method of treatment. The conservative point of view has always been that a sick person simply couldn't have too much bed rest. If you'd had a heart attack or an operation or even a baby, it has been traditional practice to keep you in bed, absolutely quiet, till you were well and strong. But the less conservative doctors began to notice that patients get well and strong very slowly after staying in bed two or three weeks. They looked into their history of medicine and discovered that two of the famous advocates of bed rest, John Hunter and Sir James Mackenzie, had had bad hearts, yet had never been known to stop seeing their patients and playing golf. They noticed that patients with bad hearts who were put to bed seldom died of their heart trouble, to be sure, but distressingly often died of pneumonia or an embolism, which is a blood clot forming in a vein and then breaking off and being carried to the heart or the lungs.

One heart specialist in the South, at a hospital that had only a few ward beds for Negroes but a good many for white patients, began to be aware after a period of years that he saw many more familiar Negro faces than white ones among his old cardiac patients. Maybe the white ones were dying off faster? Other physicians also began to notice that bed rest didn't seem to be so essential to regaining health as had been believed.

Finally the most advanced doctors reached the point where they claimed, half seriously, that the quickest way to kill a young and healthy man was to put him to bed for a few weeks and give him expert nursing care. And then came the war, and there was no longer any question of putting healthy young men to bed. Instead, a lot of not so young, not so healthy people had to be got up out of bed sooner than they liked because there were only a limited number of doctors and nurses available. The question had to be settled: Was it really very bad for them to be back on their feet so soon?

A number of doctors all over the country decided to do some controlled research on the question, and last summer they met and told one another what they had found. It was very interesting indeed, not only to all those doctors but to you and me too.

One surgeon in a hospital in New York State had made an experiment on 200 surgical patients whom he picked pretty much at random as they came into the hospital. Half of them he assigned to ordinary routine postoperative care; the other half were to be got right up out of bed the first day after their operations and allowed to walk a little. This second group was to be allowed to get up and walk a little more every day after that, and sent home just as soon as they seemed

(*Continued on page 61*)

Melbourne Brindle

SKILL

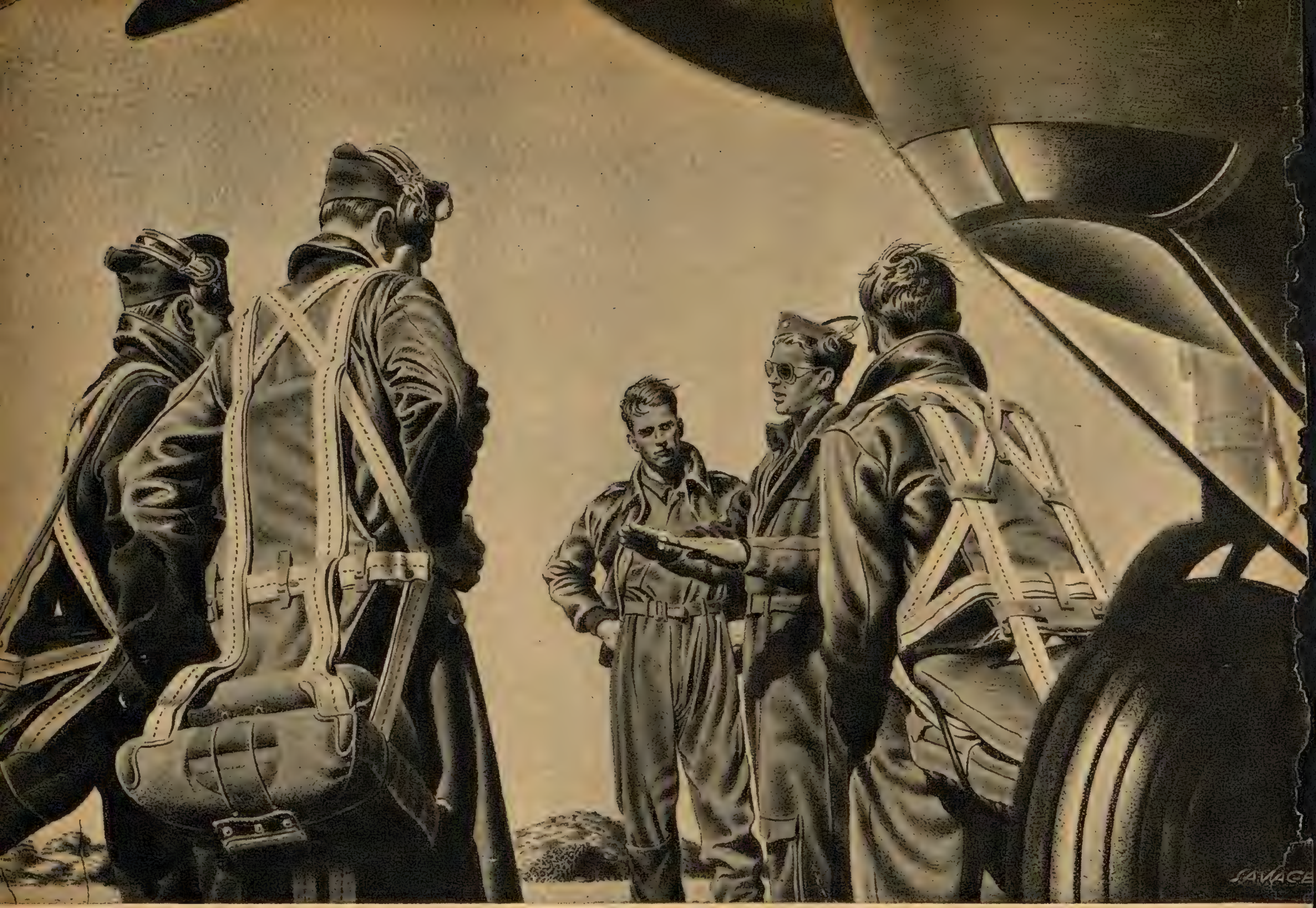
One taste of Old Grand-Dad and the most experienced judge of good bourbon knows he's in the presence of artistic achievement. Here is the honored work of skilled hands —here is delight to the eye and pleasure to the palate. Be the occasion a notable one of white linen and gleaming silver—or just a friendly hour by an open fire—let Old Grand-Dad join in the welcome you extend your guests.

Head
of the
Bourbon
Family
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company
Louisville, Kentucky

OLD GRAND-DAD

BOTTLED IN BOND

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK



ONLY THOSE THUNDERBOLTS

COULD HAVE SAVED OUR BACON THIS MORNING!

"You all know how bad A-2 needs pictures for the big "blitz" they're planning... The C. O. told us to get 'em ...and he don't mean maybe...It was another job of sweating it out, and brothers did we sweat... the flak looked like a solid wall and about the time we managed to sneak through and get a couple of swell takes, things began to happen. ¶ A flock of those one-o-nines that Heinie's been saving, took us on as their personal meat...my port number two quit cold...starboard number one started smoking...our navigator copped a packet, the intercom went...then, just as I was beginning to wonder what a shor'nuff pair o' wings would feel like, assorted hell broke out among Schickelgruber's spiteful lads. ¶ One burst into flame off my port wing, a gent making a head-on run disintegrated ...and by the time I limped around and headed for home, two more Jerrys were spinning down and the rest of the visiting firemen hightailed away from there. ¶ Believe me, chums, I was between a gulp and a prayer when two P47's*, who'd apparently been the total rescue squad, lined up over our tail, proceeded to wet nurse us home, and, as though it were just another routine chore, flipped around and went calmly back to the wars."

***STATISTICS FROM ALL FIGHTING FRONTS DEMONSTRATE THE UNMATCHABLE PERFORMANCE OF THE "THUNDERBOLT"**

REPUBLIC AVIATION
CORPORATION
Makers of the Mighty Thunderbolt

Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y. *Evansvil*

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Maybe this Aeronca Chief isn't taking off for a wedding trip, yet it was in their own Aeronca that newlyweds took the trip accounted for on this page.

Thrift Contest: Jaloppy vs. Plane

How much does it cost to operate your own airplane?

The Civil Aeronautics Administration estimates a general average cost of maintaining a light private airplane at $1.77 an hour. You usually figure your auto upkeep at so much a mile, but in aviation it's the hourly cost that provides the measuring stick. If you have an airplane cruising at 100 miles an hour, you can arrive at some approximations of the upkeep by the mile in line with your own requirements.

But here's a story based on a real trip that may give you a better idea:

Last fall two newlyweds decided to take their honeymoon by air. They had an Aeronca KC-65 two-seater powered with a fifty-horsepower Continental engine, and they thought they could have a honeymoon vacation in New England without using the overburdened public transportation system, and without using much gasoline.

The couple were Dorothy and Robert Blodget of Dayton, Ohio (now of Detroit). Spending only a day and a half flying each way, they flew through Ohio, over the canal-and-lakes district of New York State, and around the lower edge of the Adirondacks to the Lake Champlain district near Burlington, Vermont. The return trip was via Philadelphia and West Virginia.

Writing of their trip in American Aviation magazine, the Blodgets counted up their total mileage as 1,514 miles—and the total cost of traveling that distance as $36.15! Here's the dope—the itemized "breakdown": Gasoline, 96.5 gallons at 30 cents average, $28.95; oil, four quarts at 30 cents, $1.20; hangar charges (two overnight stops), $2; cabs into town (four occasions), $4. Total, $36.15.

In addition to the small expense, there were other advantages. The Blodgets traveled in comfort. They spent little time en route. They avoided the crowds. They were "on their own." And they saw a great amount of country and scenery that surface travelers never see. Their flying time was twenty hours and thirty-seven minutes—an average net ground speed of 73.5 miles an hour, or 52.58 miles an hour with gas, lunch, and rest stops included.

Now for comparisons with automobile costs:

A good average mileage for automobiles is about 9,000 miles a year. At six-cents-a-mile maintenance this amounts to $540 a year. If you assume an average speed of thirty miles an hour for these 9,000 miles you get a yearly operating time of 300 hours. Divide $540 by 300 hours and you get $1.80 as an average hourly maintenance cost of your automobile. Just compare this with the CAA's estimate of $1.77-an-hour maintenance for a private airplane.

If the average car moves about 9,000 miles a year, in about 300 hours of actual operating, let's let the Blodgets help us make some comparisons with an airplane, remembering that the airplane used by the Blodgets averages three times the speed of the automobile.

Assuming that you would fly your airplane one third as many hours as you would drive your automobile, or about 100 hours in a year, here is a balance sheet: gas, oil, upkeep, $88.50; six months' storage, at $12 a month, $72; depreciation for a $1,250 airplane, $125; hull and liability insurance, $112.50; $10,000 life insurance, $50. The total comes to $448.

If you were to fly your airplane 200 hours, the estimate of maintenance would go to $536.50. And if you used your airplane 300 hours—identical as *operating time* with the use of the average automobile—the cost would be only 28 cents an hour higher than that of operating a car. But in 300 hours your automobile would have traveled only 9,000 miles, whereas at a seventy-five-miles-an-hour net average ground speed in the airplane, your plane would have gone 22,500 miles. (In fact, with a little more horsepower, averaging 100 m. p. h., the plane could have gone 30,000 miles.)

Most people are amazed at how little gas and oil is used by a light plane. It is true that repair costs, insurance, and other incidental items have been relatively high for private plane owners in the past. But after the war the airplane will give the automobile a real race in economy.

In many respects the airplane is already considerably the more economical. The fact that the light plane does not have the over-all utility or get the day-to-day use of an automobile will not detract from the plane's superiorities for cross-country business and vacation travel.

Five-Bladed Props—and Here's Why

You may have wondered why the number of blades on propellers has increased in recent years. First there was the two-bladed prop, then the three-bladed, then the four-, and now in England there is a five-bladed propeller.

Avoiding a complex engineering explanation, it might be explained this way:

A propeller blade works on exactly the same principle as a wing. If the blade is rotated at a certain number of revolutions a minute, and is fitted to an airplane with a certain forward speed, then the power which the blade can absorb is mainly dependent upon the blade area, the air density, and the angle of attack at which the blade is operating.

The best way of providing more blade area is by increasing the diameter, but this is impracticable beyond a certain limit because of ground-clearance considerations, height and weight of undercarriage required, and other factors. The next best way of providing more blade area is to increase the number of blades, and that is what the present trend is all about.

Nonstop, Perth to Ceylon

How would you like to fly nonstop for thirty-one hours and fifty-one minutes? That's a full day plus very nearly eight hours.

The longest nonstop air service in the world operates between Perth, Australia, and Ceylon, India, 3,500 miles across the Indian Ocean. In between, the Japs keep up a steady patrol, so transport planes have to utilize clouds for protection.

Qantas Empire Airways, an Australian air line, opened the route secretly in 1943 with Consolidated Vultee Catalina flying boats. The shortest trip ever made was twenty-two hours and forty-six minutes. But the longest was just short of thirty-two hours.

The few passengers who have made the trip say it's one of those flights to make once only; but, then, the route is the only aerial life line between the Southwest Pacific and the China-Burma-India theater.

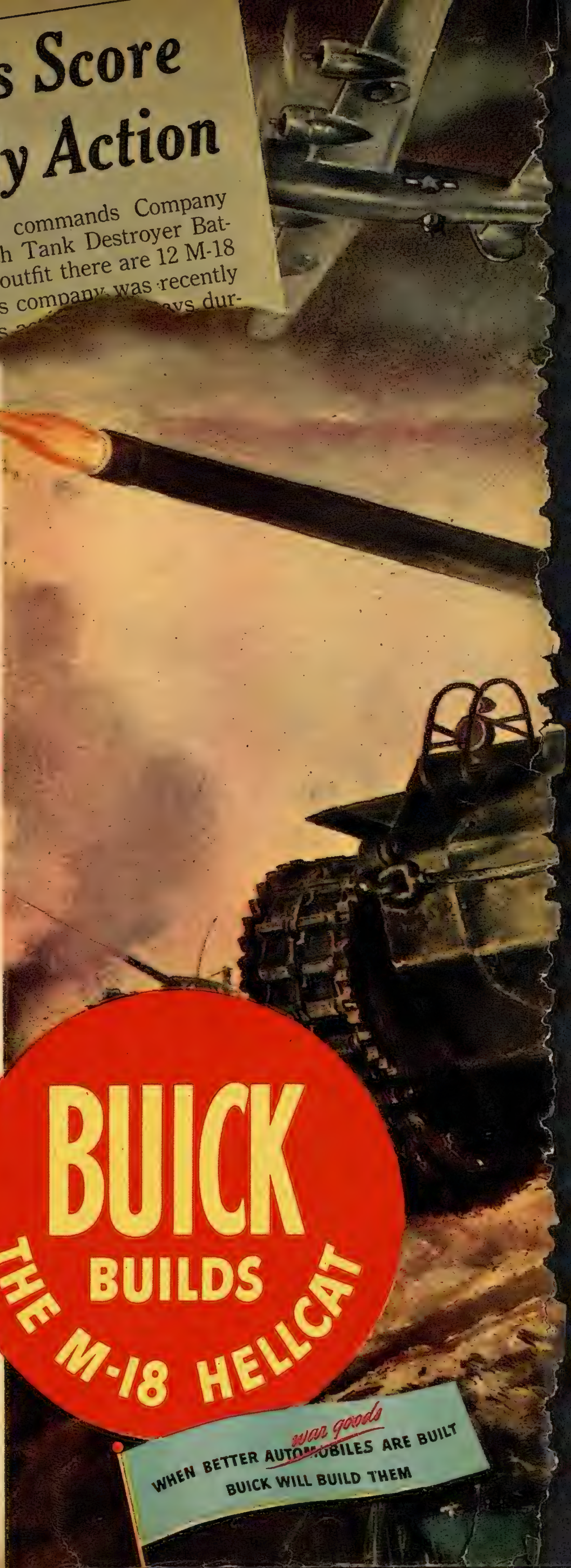
Tomorrow's Props and Engines

Curtiss-Wright Corporation is looking far into the future with the establishment of a series of research laboratories to accommodate very powerful engines and propellers. The test facilities at Caldwell, New Jersey, will accommodate propellers up to thirty feet in length, a size not yet built, and engines up to 5,000 h. p., far more powerful than anything now being built. At the company's Wright Aeronautical plant, Woodside, New Jersey, a battery of sixteen test cells stressed for engines up to 4,000 h. p. has been built.

Buick M-18 Hellcats Score In 21 Days of Steady Action

Mounting evidence that the Buick Hellcat M-18 Tank Destroyer is the "hottest thing in armored warfare" ibed in Army news as recen lemented

Valley, Okla., commands Company B of the 604th Tank Destroyer Battalion. In his outfit there are 12 M-18 'Hellcats.' His company was recently ays during continuous



LONG AGO we decided something about the American fighting man.

Give him good weapons to fight with—and he'll do the rest.

That thought guided us in building the big Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines that keep the B-24 Liberator boring relentlessly through the skies.

It guided us, too, when we sat down to design the M-18 as an answer to the German Tiger Tank.

Shortly after the break-through out of Normandy, stories began to trickle back about what the Tank Destroyer Battalions were doing with this lightning-paced slugger.

Typical of these exploits is the tale of a single battalion—12 Hellcats—that spent 21 days in continuous action. Score: four Tigers, two Mark IV's, four armored vehicles knocked out—and hundreds of enemy troops killed, wounded or captured!

It seems that the men like to keep busy—especially with the Hellcat. For in all this action only two M-18's were damaged—neither beyond repair—and the crews suffered only minor injuries.

That's what Buick men and Ordnance officers were after when they joined hands to perfect the M-18.

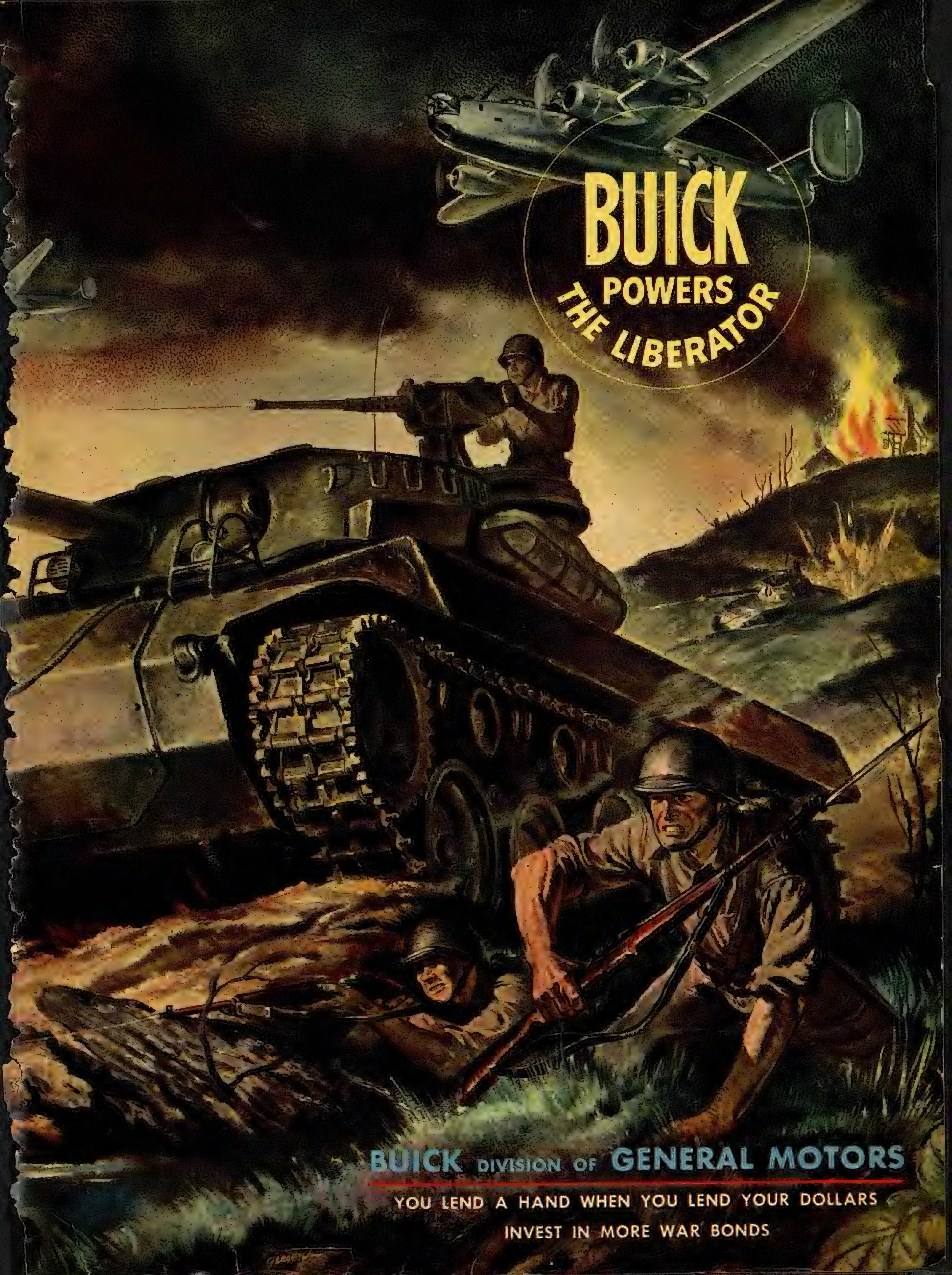
They gave it hitting power—in a high-velocity 76 mm. cannon. They gave it traction to go anywhere and speed to outrace any other land vehicle.

It now appears they also gave it ability to take care of itself.

And given tools like that, you can count on the boys who use them to do the job!

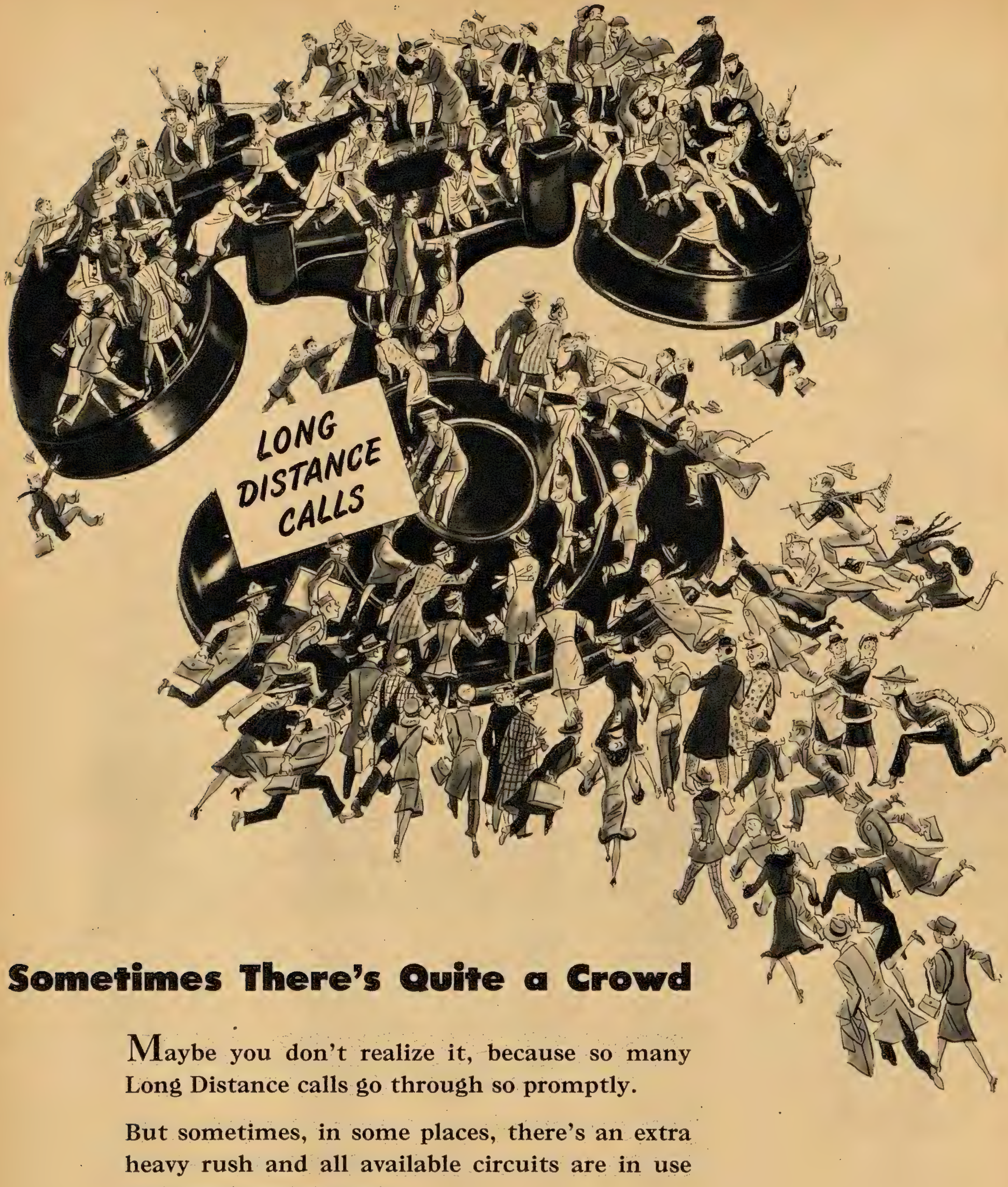
Every Sunday Afternoon—
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

The Army-Navy "E" proudly flies over all Buick plants


BUICK
POWERS
THE LIBERATOR

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

YOU LEND A HAND WHEN YOU LEND YOUR DOLLARS
INVEST IN MORE WAR BONDS



Sometimes There's Quite a Crowd

Maybe you don't realize it, because so many Long Distance calls go through so promptly.

But sometimes, in some places, there's an extra heavy rush and all available circuits are in use and people are waiting.

Then the operator will make this wartime suggestion—"Please limit your call to 5 minutes."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

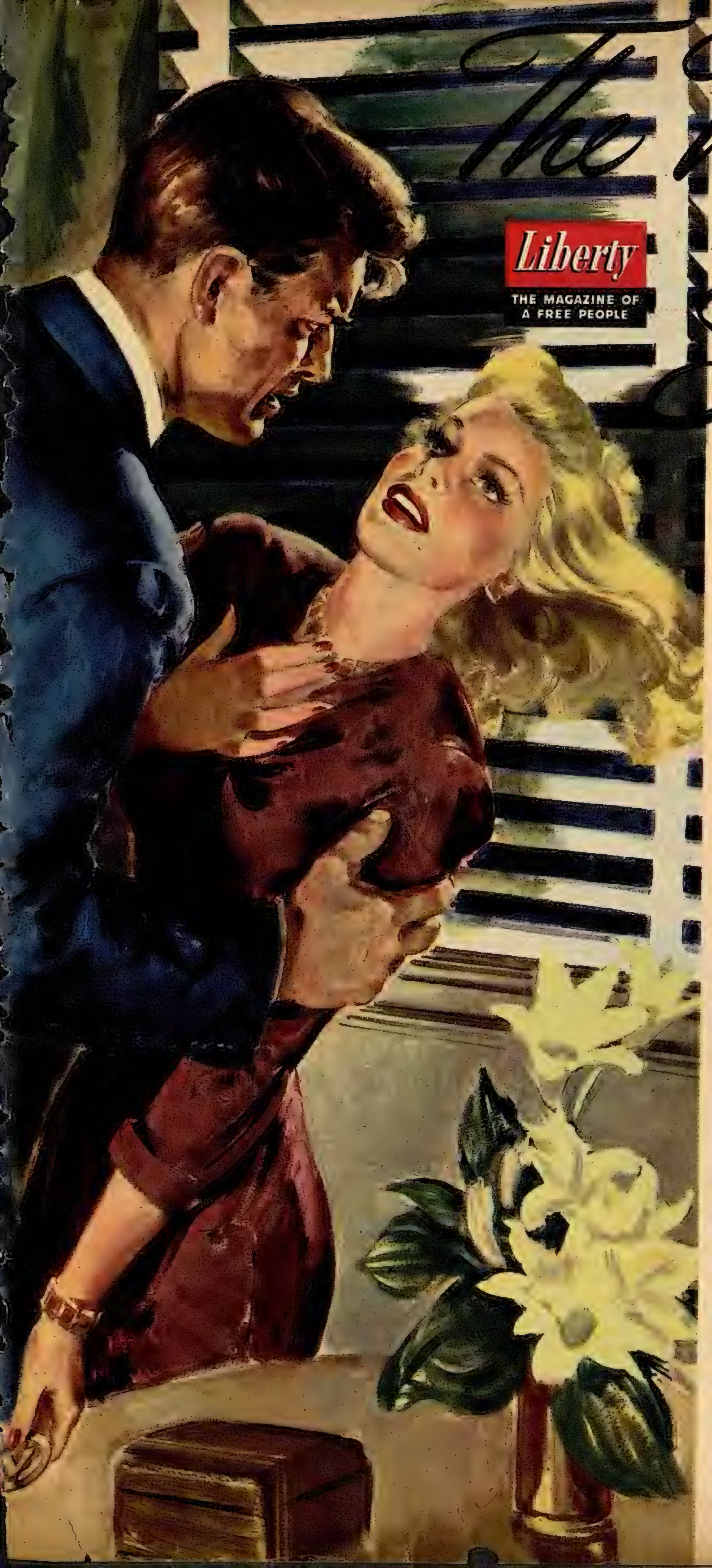
The Woman in Shadow

BY

FREDERICK NEBEL

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN OSHER

Christine had always spelled trouble. He knew that. He'd been married to her once. But when she came to his door and said, "I need help," he found himself involved again



Putting his hands on her shoulders, he shook her again and again, saying, "Christine, stop it! Stop it!"

MACON had switched off the lights. He was standing in his pajamas by the open window, when a light-colored convertible stopped quietly beneath the street light three stories below.

"Uh-uhn," Macon said, shaking his head. He stepped backward until his legs touched the edge of the bed. As he was sitting down, he heard the quick rhythmic striking of a woman's high heels on the sidewalk. A moment later the bell in his apartment rang. He shook his head doggedly, again and again, as the ringing went on. After a little silence there were footfalls on the stone steps again.

Macon, getting into bed, heard the car move off toward Gramercy Park. He saw, as he peered at the luminous dial of his wrist watch, that it was twenty past eleven. Ten minutes later the telephone rang. He did not answer it.

Gradually, layer by layer, sleep folded over him.

The next thing he knew, he was sitting bolt upright without knowing why. Then he heard knocking on his apartment door. He got out of bed and stood indecisively in the darkness. The knocking began again. He turned impatiently and switched on the lights, kicked his feet into his slippers, got his robe.

He opened the door and gazed steadily at Christine. Christine, with her little-girl smile and with a familiar attitude of shy uncertainty. Except, Macon knew, there was nothing uncertain about Chris-

(*Continued on page 64*)

Charmaine Is Still Charming

By Betty Milton Gaskill

The Frenchwoman of today is still lovable, gay, and chic—but she has also been through a war—and it has left scars

TO the average American, the Frenchwoman is a perfumed enigma, an incomprehensible mixture of *oo-la-la*, tigerish fighting spirit, and hard common sense. There is no other woman in the world quite like her.

She is well worth putting under the microscope. First, because hundreds of thousands of American soldiers now in France are meeting this fabled phenomenon their World War I fathers told them about and are inevitably comparing her charm and her chic with the women they left behind. Second, because these women of France played an important role in the liberation of their country. Third, because these women, rather by accident, have themselves just been liberated politically, giving France twenty-three million more votes from which to seek the new vigor and stability that nation so sorely needs.

You cannot really know France unless you know her women. For France, perhaps more than any other nation on earth, has a kind of feminine personality. It is more than accidental that, while England and America are always portrayed as male (John Bull and Uncle Sam), France is always represented as a woman, the goddess-like Marianne.

Because her charm, her gaiety, and her flair for fashion have been the attributes best known to us, we have been prone to overlook the more fundamental aspects of the Frenchwoman's character. And we have seldom stopped to realize that she leads a smaller, woman's life of her own, almost totally unrelated to the non-domestic life of her man.

Perhaps the best way to understand the Frenchwoman is to compare her with her American sister. In some things she is far ahead, in others she lags far behind.

One basic difference stands out above all others. Whereas American education strives to make an American girl into a good citizen as well as a good wife and mother, French education does no such thing. The idea that a woman should also be a responsible partner in a democracy has been as foreign to France as an igloo. Both by tradition and education, the French girl is expected to concentrate solely upon her home and to leave all else to her husband.

In American classrooms, boys and girls study the same books, appreciate the same sports, go to the same parties. They develop a likeness of character, a common continuity of thought, a similarity of intellectual and artistic tastes.

France does not believe in coeducation. French boys and girls from the age of seven are separated as definitely as if they both had contagious fevers. A French girl's training emphasizes domestic life and, always, femininity.

The keynote of a Frenchwoman's life is security. She wants this almost more than anything else. In many ways this is a national characteristic, for recent generations of Frenchmen have developed such a regard for personal comfort that they have, in fact, lost much of their early vigor, initiative, and spirit of adventure.

As is well known, it was almost impossible before the war to get a young Frenchman to risk discomfort in the colonies for the patriotic task of maintaining the French Empire. And it is an enterprising Frenchman indeed who will leave a menial job which nevertheless provides his comforts for a gamble at a larger one. The Frenchman does not want to expand. He wants to retain.

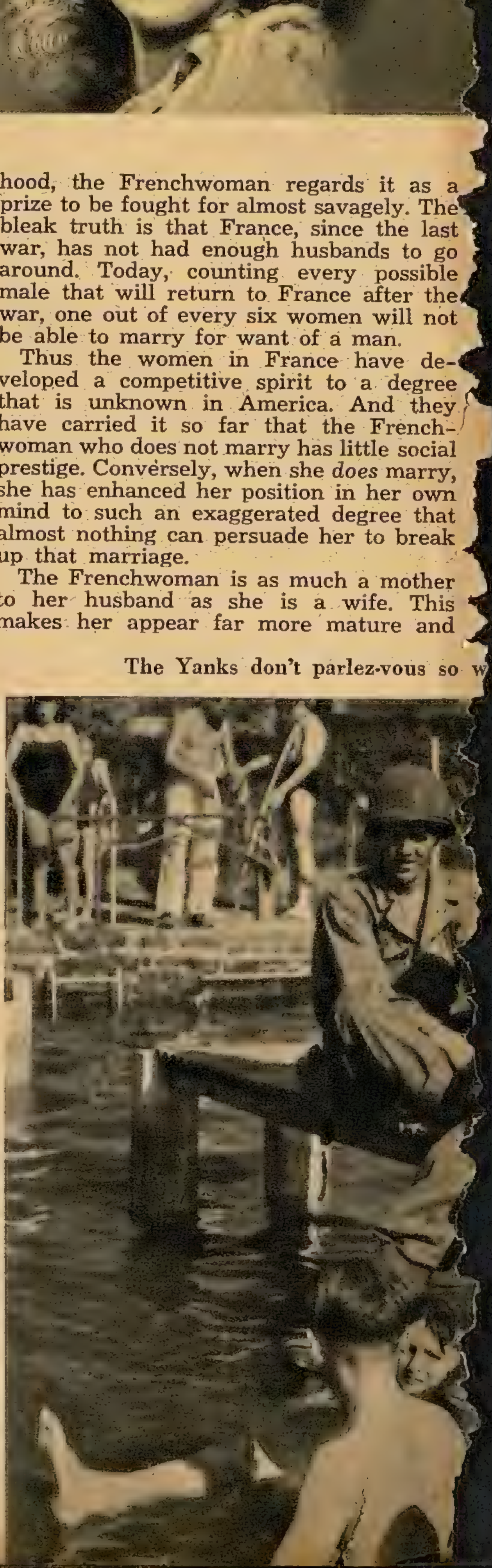
And so it is to an even greater degree with the Frenchwoman. She has a passionate sense of family and home, is always wary of her future, and is extremely saving and thrifty.

While in America marriage is looked upon as a natural development of adulthood, the Frenchwoman regards it as a prize to be fought for almost savagely. The bleak truth is that France, since the last war, has not had enough husbands to go around. Today, counting every possible male that will return to France after the war, one out of every six women will not be able to marry for want of a man.

Thus the women in France have developed a competitive spirit to a degree that is unknown in America. And they have carried it so far that the Frenchwoman who does not marry has little social prestige. Conversely, when she *does* marry, she has enhanced her position in her own mind to such an exaggerated degree that almost nothing can persuade her to break up that marriage.

The Frenchwoman is as much a mother to her husband as she is a wife. This makes her appear far more mature and

The Yanks don't parlez-vous so w



responsible than he, and perhaps has had a certain softening effect upon his character. He is to be indulged, petted, worked for, entertained, restrained—and managed. And, with the possible exceptions of the last two items, it must be admitted that these qualities have been enviously noted by many an American soldier.

As for restraining and managing her man, the Frenchwoman, despite her lack of civic rights and ignorance of affairs, often wears the trousers. It is not uncommon in such places as small shops and hotels for a wife to make most of the major decisions, while her husband acts as a mere glorified handyman. And it may be said of France more than of other countries, that when a man has made a sizable achievement it has been due less to his brains than to his woman's ambition and ingenuity. Frenchmen have slowed down to take life so easily that Frenchwomen, by comparison, appear more rugged than their men, in spirit at least. And yet the Frenchwoman is completely feminine both in mind and emotions.

Many a G. I. has written home about the beauty of the French girl. She is not, on the whole, beautiful, but she has an even greater attribute: she is artist enough to make the most of what she has.

The Frenchwoman, unlike our American girl, tries for an individual style. This attitude of hers is reflected in France's own clothes industry which, contrary to our methods of mass production, turns out expensive, individually created gowns. The average Frenchwoman, of course, cannot buy these clothes. She makes her own.

As important as dress in the eyes of a Frenchwoman is cooking. She may not know, perhaps, how to balance a meal scientifically, but she will spend hours to make it delicious. In France, where in normal times it is possible to have fresh vegetables most of the year, the housewife who served canned foods would be considered lazy indeed. Sauces are important to French cooking, and there is much rivalry among housewives in preparing them. When I told one Frenchwoman that in America we often bought mayonnaise in jars, she exclaimed, "No, I just don't believe it! It wouldn't be fresh!"

The women of France also have an attitude toward motherhood that is different from ours. America has made most of the strides in child psychology. Many young American mothers go to books for intelligent guidance in the bringing up of their children. Moreover, many of our psychologists think that a home and two children, say, are not necessarily enough to occupy the full mental capabilities of the normal American woman.

In France they are, to our way of thinking, old-fashioned. The average French mother, knowing little psychology, rears her children according to her own instincts. The relationship between mother and child is always close and unbroken by outside activities. French children rarely go away to boarding schools; and they are brought up with such an instinct for home and close family association that even after a child grows up and marries, he may well come home to live.

FRENCH morals have long caused Americans to lift an eyebrow. But Frenchmen are as amazed at our rising divorce rate as we are at their openly acknowledged liaisons outside of marriage. Though divorce is viewed by millions of Americans as a thing to be avoided at most costs, in France it is to be avoided at all costs.

For France is mainly Roman Catholic; and while the Church has not been able to effect a cure for many French marital problems, it has made divorce almost impossible.

The attitude of French Catholics toward divorce would best be summed up in their philosophy that since no one in this world is completely perfect or happy, it is the responsibility, therefore, of married couples, whether they themselves are compatible or not, to make a home for their offspring and to care for them.

Undoubtedly the lower living standard of France has bearing on the divorce question. Even in America, divorce is known as the privilege of those who can afford it, and few men can afford to support two wives, perhaps families, at the same time.

Two other factors greatly influence the French moral attitude. One is that Frenchwomen have little belief in the fidelity of their men. The Frenchwoman regards divorce as so unthinkable and man's infidelity as so inevitable that she usually responds in one of two ways: Either she resigns herself to it and makes the best of it, or she has extramarital affairs herself.

It is a strange paradox that, despite the French acceptance of infidelity in marriage, young French girls have been, at least until the war, closely guarded and cloistered. In Paris today there is some change, but in the provinces a young girl's courtship is still carried on directly under her parents' eyes. And she is very seldom permitted outside her home without a chaperon. In Paris, however, some teenage girls of good families who grew up during occupation have been permitted to entertain American soldiers at Red Cross dances. I attended one of these dances and sat with a French girl who knew both France and America. She looked at the girls on the dance floor and said, "Their mamas let them come here because it's the Red Cross and because they're patriotic enough to want to welcome these young American soldiers. But I think if any French mama saw her daughter being so friendly, with hair flying about as she jitterbugs, and saw all these soldiers cutting in to dance, mama would be startled out of her wits.

"French girls are not used to this sort of freedom with men. Neither are they used to the flattery they get from American boys. Frenchmen have a reputation for paying lavish compliments—but only to married women, not to young girls. They would be afraid young French girls would misunderstand.

"Young French girls don't know how to take the Americans. If your soldiers think a girl is pretty, they say so. And often if they like her dress or the way she dances, they'll come across the room just to tell her so. There's a lovely simplicity about them which we appreciate. But I'm afraid they're spoiling young French girls with their attentions. The girls will miss this dancing and dating and general freedom when the Americans have gone."

Yet, despite the cloistered and repressed lives which French girls have long been

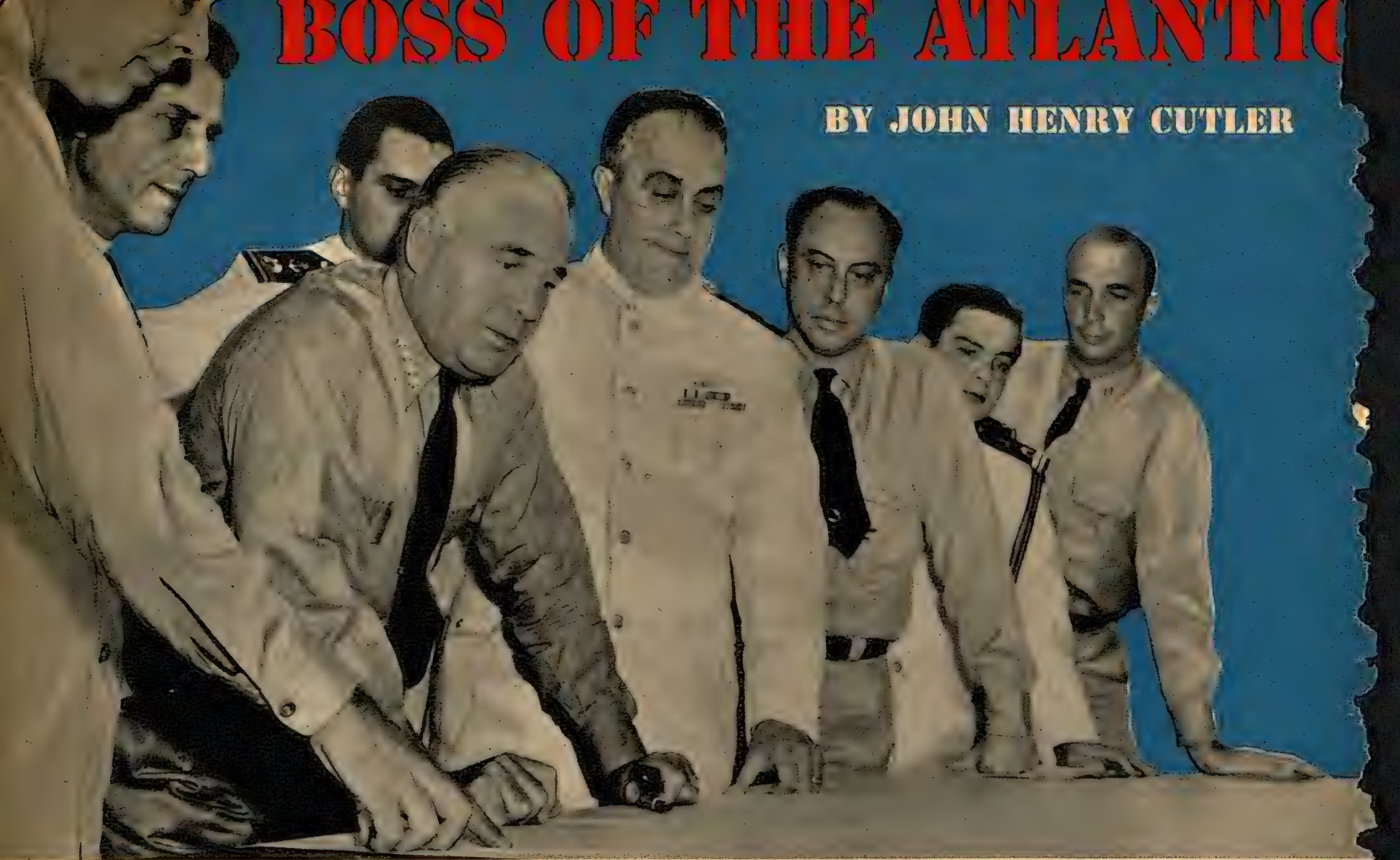
(Continued on page 60)

t they still hit it off with French girls.

Sharing war's perils with their men, Frenchwomen have earned a new status.

BOSS OF THE ATLANTIC

BY JOHN HENRY CUTLER



Admiral Jonas Ingram plans sea strategy like a football game. As for the U-boat robomb threat, he'll "catch everything that comes over here."

Here's the man who warned us our east coast might be robombed by the Nazis. Meet CINCLANT, the most non-reg man in the Navy—and blankety-blank proud of it

WHEN Admiral Jonas Ingram slipped his South Atlantic moorings last November to become Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, few people took much notice. After all, in Admiral King's cautious opinion, U-boats had been reduced from a menace to a problem. American attention was centered on the Allied advances in Europe and our own progress in the Pacific.

Then, like a bolt from the blue, came Admiral Ingram's warning that cities on the East Coast might be subject to Nazi robomb attacks from submarines, long-range planes, or surface raiders. This warning shocked the country, particularly the citizens of the large Eastern cities. Once again the Atlantic, as a possible source of attack, came into the news. And so did Admiral Ingram, who assured the nation that his coastal defenses were ready.

Four-star Admiral Jonas Ingram is an old hand at defending sea walls, battering enemy shipping, and flushing U-boats out of Atlantic waters. A baldish, tobacco-chewing, leather-lunged salt-water sailor, he stands a rugged six feet and weighs the same 190 pounds that he did when captaining the Annapolis crew. With his powerful arms, barrel chest, and ruddy complexion, he looks like a heavyweight fighter. And that he packs a Sunday punch the Nazis well know.

In April of 1941 the then Rear Admiral Ingram had steamed into the green South Atlantic on neutrality patrol. In February of the following year he had become vice-admiral in command of a task force, which seven months later was designated as the Fourth Fleet. So spectacular was his success in keeping lengthy and exposed supply lines open, and in developing the huge South Atlantic area into a powerful war front, that he received the Distinguished Service Medal, plus a Gold Star in lieu of a second D. S. M.

Ingram's actual flagship during much of his sojourn in those waters was a tanker, the U. S. S. Patoka, and he directed operations in an area of 4,600,000 square miles from a cabin scarcely large enough for a poker game. The Patoka was the only craft available when his official flagship, the U. S. S. Memphis, cruised at sea. Admiral King, feeling sorry for him, finally sent him a houseboat named the Big Pebble.

Ingram not only struck devastating blows at enemy submarines and surface raiders with the few ships and aircraft at his command, but also developed into what President Roosevelt himself termed "the Shirt-Sleeve Diplomat."

"Mr. President," Ingram protested in a mid-1943 White House conference, "I don't know whether you realize it or not, but you're making a third-rate diplomat out of a first-rate fighting man." He took a long drag on his cigar as the President sat back and roared.

This diplomat business came about as a result of Ingram's success in persuading the Latin-American republics to let us build bases at a time when Axis hopes of victory were still high. And his efforts not only earned him the President's enthusiastic sobriquet, but also prompted former Secretary of State Cordell Hull to call him "a branch of the State Department."

In his expansive, arms-around manner, Ingram convinced Brazil's President Vargas, at their first 1942 meeting, that the U. S. powerful military potential would turn the tide and that there was no further need for freezing Brazilian shipping in port. Vargas smiled and said, "Henceforth you will be my sea lord." That was the beginning of an enduring friendship.

President Vargas, who had previously denied a huge sanatorium to his own Army, granted it rent free to Admiral Ingram. The admiral used this building as a receiving station where men of the fleet could rest. Vargas also gave Ingram another large building for use as headquarters. This was a ten-story structure called "City Hall," and Vargas had to break fifty leases before he could turn it over. Subsequently Brazil's President honored every Ingram request.

Though the only South American statesman whose name he could pronounce was Chile's Benjamin Cohen, Ingram is a favorite with our good neighbors. "We all like and trust him," said Brazil's former Foreign Minister, Oswaldo Aranha. Inscribed on the photograph he sent the admiral was: "To the No. 1 fresh-water sailor who is doing a marvelous job on the seven seas."

"Aranha knows I'm an old salt," explained Ingram, "but he likes to kid me."

Ingram was as informal with President Vargas himself as he was with Vargas's bodyguard, whom he called "Sam." One day the admiral gave Sam a bad case of the jimjams, tiptoeing up behind him and removing his two pistols from their holsters.

An inveterate ribber, Ingram once spotted Gene Tunney sneaking in some shut-eye at a Rio house party. "I see,"

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

Navy Secretary Forrestal, Admiral Ingram, and Admiral King when the Atlantic commander was awarded the Gold Star.

said the admiral, "that the champ is down for another long count!"

The Ingram rapier thrust is kindly but double-edged. Just after the last war he was walking with a junior officer in New Zealand. As they passed a group of street-corner cowboys, one of the group yelled, "I say, now, Americans, and who won the bloody war?" Lieutenant Commander Ingram flung back, "New Zealand, you son of a ——!"

Occasionally, however, the snapper is on him. One day he barreled onto the terrace of a watering place in Brazil. Noticing his pilot chatting with a woman, he yodeled in his unabashed baritone, "Hey, Lannigan, stop chasing those skirts and come over and have lunch with me."

"That skirt," said Commander Lannigan as he sat down, "was Senhora Vargas."

ADMIRAL INGRAM plans his strategy against Nazi sea raiders and U-boats the same way he formulated his attack and defense when he was head football coach at the Naval Academy. He pulls naval equivalents of the sleeper play, quick kick and flying tackle, and when he pins a medal on his airmen for knocking off a submarine or ship, he talks as though he were conducting a pep session between halves of a football game.

"Well, son," he told an aviator whom he was awarding three medals at a formal ceremony, "I guess you hit the jack pot."

His daily nine-o'clock conferences are as informal as Sunday afternoons down on the farm. Speaking in racy locker-room lingo, he tells his men to pull together, to put a curve on the ball, to tackle low. He followed up his recent buzz-bomb alert with the statement: "I'll catch everything that comes over here. I'll catch it with a glove."

His coastal defenses are primed, and any enemy submarines, ships, or planes will find it tough indeed to get through Ingram.

No violet by a mossy stone, he has the dominating presence of a man who steals the spotlight from babies at christenings and from grooms at weddings. From the moment he blows into a room, a puckish gleam in his brown eyes, the fireworks begin.

Of no particular religious denomination, he attends various churches, "mostly Catholic, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian." One Christmas Eve he ordered his flag secretary, Lieutenant Commander Charles Dunn, to accompany him to Catholic services. "I need someone who belongs to the club to tell me when to hit the deck."

The dinners Ingram serves on his yacht depend on his mood of the moment. He orders menu No. 1, 2, or 3, according to whom he is dining. He also has a label for each uniform. "Get my Park Avenue outfit out for this shindig," he tells his flag lieutenant. "This is a gold-plate affair." His unconventional uniforms make it difficult for lower rankers invited to the same parties to dress as he does unless they have consulted a fortune teller beforehand.

Gleefully admitting he is the most non-reg man in the Navy, Jonas Ingram wears his garrison hat cockily aslant, works in shirt sleeves, often wears gold shoulder boards and brown shoes with gray uniforms, and has been caught reading dispatches in his cabin while clad in underwear. He had on something like moccasins when Admiral King deplaned at Ingram's South American headquarters in 1943. "I see, Jonas, that you are as regulation as ever—in your bedroom slippers," smiled the Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet. The photographs Ingram distributes show his stars sewn cockeyed on his collar. "But they look better this way, Ernie," he

(*Continued on page 80*)

In moments of relaxation the admiral's attire is something less than formal. But below he poses all dressed up with an undressed friend.

Movie Queen

BY LAMONT BUCHANAN

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT STORY

There were two people who didn't believe the gossip about Vixanna Sheldon, the movie queen—because, better than anyone in the world, they knew the kind of girl she really was

LIKE most people, I and my wife go to the movies, and we see and best admire Vixanna Sheldon, the movie queen, the what they call "Poof" girl. Like a lot of other folks, we've seen every picture she has made. We are authorities on Vixanna Sheldon. My wife reads all those columns in the paper that talk about movie people, and the magazines about them. She comes to me sometimes and we talk about the things they say about the stars, and especially about the biggest star of all—Vixanna.

We don't like the way those writers talk about Miss Sheldon. They say, for instance—and this is the mildest of all—they say Vixanna Sheldon isn't her real name, that it's Maria Tildarian. And what's wrong with that? Only today my wife, Rosalind, came with a magazine in her hand.

"Gregor, look at this. Look what they say here about Vixanna Sheldon."

And I read where she showed me. It's about how Vixanna, now that she is a great person, has become "very high stuff."

You see, Vixanna comes from our block. It is a humble neighborhood of poor people and old houses, and for everything there is, there is much more that is needed. But Vixanna is ours.

Mr. Betchkos down at the corner delicatessen likes to wave his hands and say, "I always knew she'd be something. Such a bright little face, and coal-black hair and straight legs."

Around us the city has changed. The bridge that takes some of our light has even been painted since Maria—I mean Vixanna—went away. New buildings stick their heads up from the outside as though to look into our little street, but this neighborhood has stayed the same.

You can well see, I think, how all of us feel about Vixanna, who grew up right here between Betchkos' delicatessen and McKorkle's bakery. She went to the old-fashioned gray-stone school two blocks up the avenue with the rest of the children. She swam in the same city swimming pool over near the docks where you can see ships from the Old Country, and all the old countries, go up and down the river. Oh, we know all about how much fame and money comes to Miss Sheldon now. That's fine, and all of us feel very proud for her, but we still don't like the things they say about her.

Mr. Nevian, who has been at the school since Vixanna was there, shakes his head: "These people in the papers and magazines are paid to think up little stories about the stars. They have to write just so many words. Sometimes they run out of nice things to say."

We can see, Rosalind and me, that this kind of writing is done about all the stars, but we don't think that is any reason why it should be done about Vixanna.

You see, every so often, and it is often, Vixanna, who to us is always Maria Tildarian, comes back to the old street. She has a fine car now and a dressed-up gentleman who drives it for her, but she leaves them out on the avenue. These movie writers say she has airs, but I don't think they would think this if they saw her walk through our neighborhood. The way she stops in at the delicatessen and says, "Hello, Mrs. Betchkos," or waves to Pete Eblen, the iceman, or calls up to the Mangin girl on the little fire escape.

"Hello, Josie," Vixanna calls, and like as not she climbs up there because Josie Mangin can't come down any more. And when she gets to the top she always has a present with her. Josie's mother has told Rosalind that Vixanna sits out on the fire escape and the two talk about the days when they used to be in school plays. Rosalind swears poor old Mrs. Mangin's tired face lights up with a smile when she tells about it: "Sitting out there they speak lines just like actresses. Always, Josie is better and happier afterward."

Nobody asks Vixanna to do these things. She just does them naturally. More naturally, it seems to us, than her acting, which they say is "superb because of its simplicity and unaffectedness . . ." I took that right out of the papers.

WHY, in the basement of our school we now have the best children's workshop in the city. Nobody is supposed to know, says Mr. Nevian, but Vixanna gave the money for it.

I see in the papers whenever the other movie stars go anywhere, there are the newspapermen taking pictures of them smiling and waving and doing this or that. When Vixanna comes here, she says to us she has "sneaked off." So nobody knows but this neighborhood. We aren't likely to tell, because we're too fond of her to want to share her off the screen as we must on the screen.

All of us here in the block feel we had a part in making Vixanna what she is. She is the brightest promise of tomorrow for each of our children in the neighborhood. For as Mr. Nevian says to his pupils, "A plant that grows back of Mr. McKorkle's bakery, almost under the shadow of the El, can still blossom and be as beautiful as one that blooms anywhere." All the McKorkle children—and there are so many one is always going to the school—look important at this, but of course the story isn't so much about Mr. McKorkle's neat back-yard garden as it is about Vixanna.

So of course we get angry when we read, like: "Vixanna Sheldon was seen at the Pink Elephant Café sitting by herself. Your reporter wonders whether she isn't overdoing the 'I want to be alone' line."

Or in another paper: "Miss Vixanna Sheldon is the hardest to see young star in Hollywood. She should remember that the friends she makes now on the way up will be the cushions she'll need later on the way down!"

THOSE things we don't like to read. And, most of all, this, in Ig Walnut's column in last week's Evening Chronicle—Rosalind cut it out and showed me.

It had a great deal about Vixanna forgetting her old friends and being "changed" by stardom and all the money she makes. I don't know who these friends are. None of us do here on the block. We are her friends, and she has always treated us the best.

Why, only last month on our Special Celebration Day, she walked with the procession down to the playground. She bowed her head with the rest of us when the prayer was spoken, and then afterward she took off her shoes and went wading with the children, and everybody loved her.

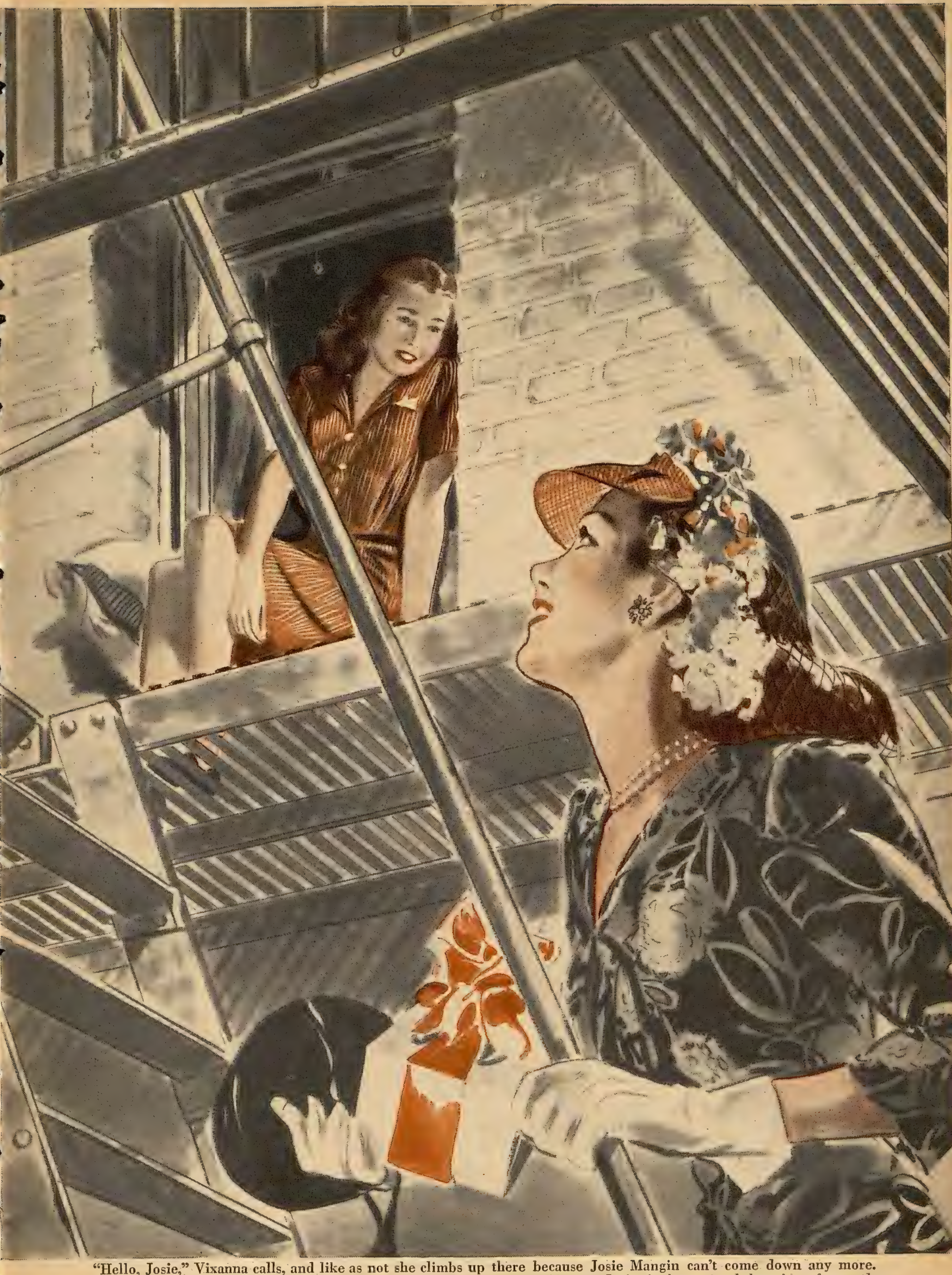
But there, I meant to read for you this column by Ig Walnut. He has, he says, uncovered something "big." He writes that "While Miss Vixanna Sheldon lives in luxury in Hollywood on three thousand a week, she has left others behind in squalor"—that means "poor," Mr. Nevian says.

Ig Walnut ends: "You know who we mean, Vixanna!"

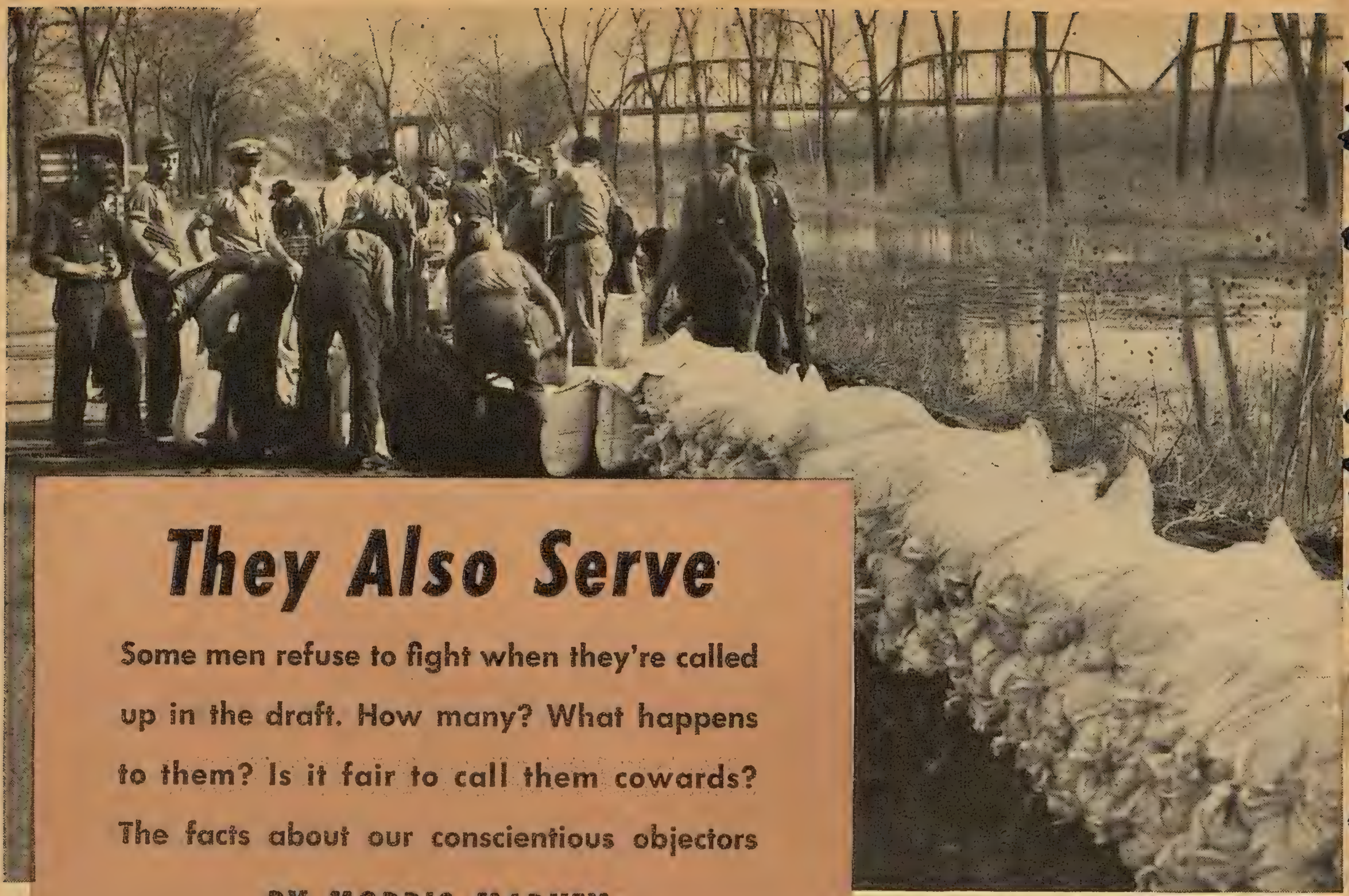
That makes me and Rosalind think of all the times Vixanna has put her arms around us and begged us to come to Hollywood.

And we have said, "No, daughter, we belong here in this neighborhood, but our love goes with you everywhere."

THE END



"Hello, Josie," Vixanna calls, and like as not she climbs up there because Josie Mangin can't come down any more. And when she gets to the top, she always has a present with her. Always, Josie is better and happier afterward.



They Also Serve

Some men refuse to fight when they're called up in the draft. How many? What happens to them? Is it fair to call them cowards? The facts about our conscientious objectors

BY MORRIS MARKEY

PHOTOS FROM ACME

C.O.s volunteer for all kinds of difficult jobs. Here they strengthen the dikes at Council Bluffs, Iowa, as the Missouri River rises.

NOT all of this war's heroes come to light in battle, or even in their country's armed forces. Some of them emerge from very strange directions indeed.

Would you be likely to glance toward the ranks of the conscientious objectors, the men who refuse to fight, if you were in search of men "brave and gallant beyond the call of duty"?

During the last war it was very difficult for most of us to accept the idea of "conscientious objection." It smelled suspiciously of cowardice for any red-blooded young man to announce that he simply declined to share the common peril. His explanation that his conscience, his moral or religious convictions, would not permit him to bear arms sounded to the majority of us rather thin and doubtful.

Consequently the "conchies" of 1917 were generally held in public contempt, and few people made any effort to understand or make use of them. For the most part, conchies were tucked away in internment camps and forgotten, as one tries to forget the black sheep of the family.

At the very outset of this war, however, there was an incident which focused national attention upon the problem of the conscientious objector. That was the announcement by a very widely known young man that he refused to fight. His name was Lew Ayres. He had gained a measure of fame portraying the character of Young Doctor Kildare in the movies. A great many people liked him (or his fictional identity) so well that they simply could not believe he was a coward. And they were justified by the fact that Ayres soon joined the Army Medical Corps, a nonfighting branch of the service whose members have died on battlefields all over the world. The Ayres case strongly influenced the public attitude, which in turn was reflected in the official attitude toward the conchies.

As a result, the C. O.s of this war have not been secluded unceremoniously in obscure labor battalions. They have been invited to volunteer for difficult and dangerous jobs of a hundred sorts—often more difficult and dangerous than trying to kill the enemy, which is what they refuse to do. Many thousands of them face enemy fire every day, with no opportunity or inclination to strike back. Hundreds have offered themselves as human guinea pigs in medical and scientific experiments. They have deliberately suffered wild fevers of strange diseases so that doctors might find the causes of those diseases and, if possible, the cures for them. Other hundreds have volunteered and served in the hazardous "smoke-jumper" units in the Far West, jumping by parachute to fight forest fires. Still others are engaged in health and rehabilitation work in the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico. And more than 1,500 are working as attendants in insane asylums.

In proportion to the total draft, there are three times as many conscientious objectors in this war as there were in 1917-18. The exact number is not certain, but it is in the neighborhood of 70,000—perhaps more. To the young man who answers his call from the draft board with the statement that he refuses to fight, there are three courses open:

1. He may accept limited service, though with full military status, in the Army Medical Corps. Nearly 60,000 have done so, including Lew Ayres. And none of us needs to have repeated here the magnificent story of courage and steadfastness in the face of death which is the record of these men in battle.

2. He may refuse to join the Army in any capacity at all, but state his willingness to serve the country in any other role. Whereupon he will be sent to a C. O. work camp, operated and directed by the Civilian Public Service. About 4,000 men are in the thirty-two C. O. camps scattered around the country.

3. He may flatly decline to have anything to do with the war, however indirectly. And that means he goes to prison. Nearly 5,000 men have been given jail sentences of from three to five years and are serving them now. A great number are Jehovah's Witnesses. Very few are Quakers, for the Quakers generally have displayed eagerness to help in every possible way short of firing a gun.

Of course, the C. O. in the Medical Corps is indistinguishable from any other soldier, and most corpsmen are not objectors at all. The conchie in this service receives full military pay and allowances and is in fact a member of the Army, entitled to honorable discharge upon his separation.

The 4,000 men in the camps—usually former CCC camps—endure a singularly rugged existence for the sake of their convictions. They must bear the sneers of the ill-informed, relinquish all earning power, and work harder than most soldiers do. They receive no pay at all from the government and no dependency allotments, though more than half of them were married. They do not wear uniforms and must provide their own clothing. Also, when financially able, they must pay for their own subsistence, approximately thirty dollars a month. They receive no accident or death compensation, even when they are injured or die in the pursuit of voluntary duties.

The workday runs from 7.25 A. M. to P. M., six days a week. The men are allowed two overnight leaves a month and are entitled to one thirty-day furlough a year. Visitors may come to the camps at specified times. In any typical camp, the men vary in type and background almost as sharply as they do in religious belief. The majority of the country's conchies are farmers. Next in number are teachers, and it is a curious fact that among the conchies as a whole there is wide difference of opinion as to the meaning of Pacifism and the reasons for conscientious objection.

In one New England camp where 165 men are stationed, one sixth are teachers, many of them with doctors' degrees. In addition, there are several authors, four radio announcers, three fashion designers, an actor, a ballet dancer, and a circus clown.

They all perform the same daily labor, most of it out of doors. But frequently there are calls for volunteers for very special undertakings, and invariably more men than are really needed step forward. Those who volunteer as smoke jumpers at least get exciting action out of their dangerous work. But for the most part the heroes among the conchies take deliberate, undramatic suffering as their lot in the war.

FOR example, one considerable group, under the direction of the Surgeon General for Air, submitted themselves to a prolonged period of violent climatic changes. These were produced artificially in sealed observation chambers. The men went into the chambers. Instruments to record the changes of body temperature, heart action, and rate of breathing were strapped to their persons. And while doctors looked on through windows, the changes of climate were run in swift succession: bitter cold and dry; the steaming, suffocating heat of a South Sea jungle; the heavy atmospheric pressure of sea level; the rarefied air of high altitudes. When all the charts were collated, an immensely valuable body of clinical data had been obtained; data that might well save the lives of fliers, submarine crews, soldiers in the European winter or the Asiatic monsoon.

Again, some scientists believed it might be possible for men adrift in life rafts or cast up on desert islands to drink sea water. At least, they thought, its terrible consequences might have been exaggerated by legend. The only way to make sure was by mass tests. Several scores of conscientious objectors offered themselves. Many of them suffered agonies. But when the tests were all done, it was definitely proved that marooned men could safely mix one part of sea water with three parts of fresh. This would not only stretch out scanty supplies; it would be of actual benefit to the bodily functions of men living on emergency rations under the stress of exposure. And so appropriate instructions were sent out to the entire Pacific area.

Many groups of conscientious objectors have deliberately subjected themselves to grave diseases. The man who will volunteer to have the germs of typhus injected into his blood stream is quite a hero. For the agony of this most vicious of all the fevers is appalling.

To lie quietly on a hospital bed while a doctor pumps pneumonia germs into your system would demand exceptional courage. Yet many of the conchies have done just that. They have also submitted themselves to the germs of influenza and dengue fever. Perhaps that is not quite tough enough, for we have fairly well-established cures for those ailments. Well, then, how would you like to lie down and have somebody inject into your blood stream the organisms of tropical diseases of which we know practically nothing? The conscientious objectors, for no pay at all, have done just that.

The additions to medical knowledge which these experiments have provided are of incalculable value to all humanity. They could not have been achieved except through the use of men of great courage—whatever we may choose to think of mental attitudes which prevent a man from fighting for his country.

Many of us are aware that the No. 1 menace to the health of our armed forces in the Pacific is malarial fever. This mosquito-borne disease has wrought more havoc among our men than all other diseases put together. Although not often fatal, it renders a man incapable of doing anything at all for a prolonged period. And perhaps its worst feature is that no specific cure has ever been found. In the great majority of cases it recurs periodically for many years, and each recurrence is nearly as severe as the original onset.

For generations the treatment for malaria has been quinine, though quinine brings only relief, not cure. When the Japanese overran the Dutch East Indies, they cut off our supply of quinine, which is made from the bark of the cinchona tree. Our medical researchers promptly developed a substitute drug, atabrine, for which great hopes were held. But atabrine also has its shortcomings.

This posed a serious problem to medical science. The inroads of malaria upon our fighting troops were bad enough, but there was another consideration: Soldiers invalided home with the disease might become active carriers of it among the population here if they settled in mosquito-infested areas. It was imperative to seek not only a new drug for relief of symptoms but an actual cure. Chemists and pathologists got to work in their laboratories and produced a half dozen new drugs which, theoretically at least, might really cure malaria. At any rate, these drugs worked in the test tubes.

But would they work on human beings?

Trying out new drugs on living men is always a touchy business. The drugs might leave dogs and other animals quite unharmed and yet prove ruinous, if not fatal, to humans.

A CALL went out for volunteers. More than 100 conscientious objectors stepped forward, quite willing to take anything the doctors ordered. The tests were set up elaborately, under the direction of Army and Navy medical departments and the U. S. Public Health Service. In order to produce reliable clinical data, with no chance of confusing cross infections, it was necessary for each patient to be confined in a room by himself—that is, totally quarantined except for the attending doctors and nurses.

The group was divided into units, each unit to be tested with one of the new drugs. Only in this way could it be determined which, if any, was effective.

Of course, each of the human guinea pigs had to be a vigorous and sound specimen before he walked into his lonely cubicle, got into his pajamas, and permitted the experimenters to make a very sick man of him.

The first experiments, before the malaria germs were introduced into the patients, concerned the toxicity of the drugs themselves. The men, while still quite well, were given injections to determine whether the drugs would produce bad effects in a healthy body. In one or two cases, one drug brought unfavorable reactions, and it was abandoned. The other drugs were, at least, not poisonous.

With this much established, thousands of live mosquitoes were brought to the hospital. They were the dread anopheles which had been in recent contact with soldiers suffering severely from malaria and therefore had within their bodies the most virulent strains of the disease. The patients submitted quietly to their bites.

That is the story up to this point. Final clinical data have not been compiled. If any one of the drugs turns out to be a cure for malaria, then all the patients may look forward to being again as well and vigorous as they were when they allowed the mosquitoes to bite them, and the whole world will be able to rejoice that one of its most painful scourges has been conquered. If, on the other hand, none of the drugs turns out to be effective, then the conchies who volunteered must settle back to doses of atabrine, with the certain knowledge that malaria will be in their systems until a cure *is* found.

That is the sort of job the conscientious objectors are doing.

Curiously enough, relatively few conscientious objectors come from the ranks of the Quakers or the Brethren. Indeed, only

(*Continued on page 81*)

The most famous C. O. in the country—Lew Ayres, of the Army Medical Corps.

Are Your Feet Wet, Son?

Whenever an Allied plane runs into trouble on a mission over the Continent, Air Sea Rescue takes over and—almost always—brings the boys safely home. The thrilling story of a remarkable organization

by C. D. Frazer

Captain Fred Graf.

In this Operations room Air Sea Rescue plotters keep tabs on Allied bombers.

CAPTAIN FRED WILLIAM GRAF, the Air Sea Rescue controller of the Eighth Air Force, looked through the windows of his glass booth to the Operations room beyond. Picking up his computing instruments, he checked a blackboard with code names chalked on it, looked at a clock marked off in varying colors, and then turned his attention to a plotting table on which was painted a thirty-foot map of England and the Continent. Red metal plaques, numbered to indicate squadrons of American bombers and fighters, were being moved across the map. They traveled westward out of Germany, returning from a mission. A few had already reached the Dutch coast.

Suddenly Graf adjusted the earpieces of his radio headset. A voice had come onto the emergency radio channel calling, "Mayday, mayday, mayday." That call meant distress. Somewhere up there above the lead-gray seas a plane was in trouble. To Captain Graf it meant that another job had begun. From now on the lives of a bomber crew would be largely in his hands.

THE pilot of the plane, after his mayday signal, rattles off the bomber's code sign, its altitude, air speed, and the number of feet a minute the plane is losing. Then he says, "We can't possibly make it. I'm going to ring the bail-out bell."

Graf, in a cool Massachusetts twang, replies quickly, "What do you want to do that for, old boy? What's wrong?"

The pilot explains: A couple of engines are bad . . . their gas is nearly gone . . . German flak over the target wrecked the hydraulic system . . . the bomb-bay doors are hanging open and can't be closed. While relating these troubles, the pilot grows calmer.

Meanwhile, the complicated but smooth machinery of Air Sea Rescue has gone into motion. Graf's first need is a "fix," the position of the plane. Radio operators working in chilly huts along the bleak coast of East Anglia have taken bearings on the limping bomber. Three bearings give an accurate fix. In a few seconds this information has been telephoned to the Operations room, and now Graf's assistant marks the spot with color pencil on the desk map before him.

The pilot is correct. In its condition the bomber cannot get home. Flying just west of the Dutch islands, it has too far to go. But Graf knows the dangers of bailing out.

The wind and seas of the English Channel are at "Force 8," virtually a gale. Men who bail into those high-running waves may never be able to inflate their dinghies or crawl into them. If they do, they surely will be tossed out again. Fliers rarely live more than forty minutes in the wintry Channel. Rescue launches couldn't possibly reach the plane's distant position in time.

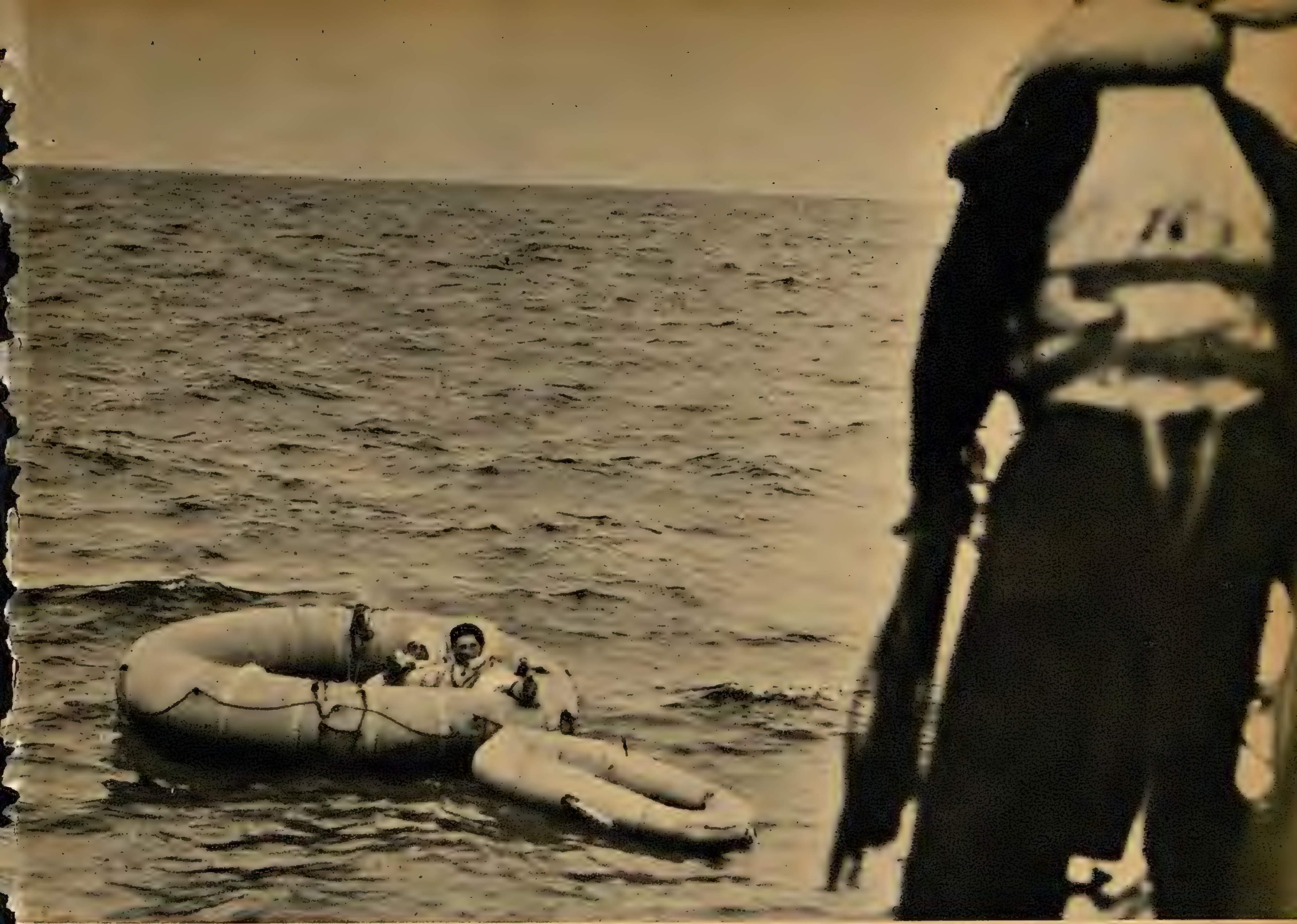
But if the plane can keep going a little longer, if it can get to the English side, where the seas are not so bad, where it can ditch—75 per cent of the men who ditch are saved—the crew has a good chance of survival.

"Hang on up there, son," Graf calls over the radio. "We can help you. But don't bail. There's a launch just a few miles ahead. Stand by and steer three-zero-zero till I call back."

Graf's moves, quick and decisive, form a definite pattern. British Spitfires and American Thunderbolts equipped with inflatable dinghies, smoke bombs, and cakes of chemical which spread a green light on the water, are sent to the crippled plane. They range alongside it, waggling their wings in friendly salute. In case of a sudden crash, they will drop the dinghies and containers of rescue equipment to the crew in the sea, then remain above the spot, circling, giving the position over their own radios.

Larger planes, British Warwicks and Hudsons already on patrol, are directed toward the bomber. They carry wooden lifeboats with engines, sails, rations, water casks, and other equipment. The lifeboats can be dropped by triple parachute.

Ungainly Walrus seaplanes also make their way to the scene, on the chance that they may be able, somehow, to land on the white-capped water.



Saved! Air Sea Rescue brings back its own—in this case two fliers who had been forced down in the North Sea and spent eight days afloat.

Rescue motor launches of the Royal Navy and high-speed launches of the R. A. F. Coastal Command foam through the heavy seas, deploying along the line over which Captain Graf will direct the plane home. Other British Navy vessels, destroyers and corvettes, have been alerted.

Meanwhile Graf keeps radio contact with the pilot, steering him, advising, encouraging, obtaining new fixes, reminding the crew of each detail of ditching procedure and, with all the power of his own mind, trying to root that bomber home.

At last the plane must ditch. But the pilot, steady and cool now, brings it down to the water beautifully, almost alongside a launch and the Royal Navy's waiting arms. All the men are saved.

WHILE this case is fairly typical of the work performed by Air Sea Rescue, many of its jobs are far more difficult, especially when fliers must literally be snatched from under enemy guns.

Some time ago an American bomber had to ditch off the Danish coast, 240 miles from England. A long night's search got no results. Next day, however, a Fortress on another mission sighted the crew floating about in dinghies. Air Sea Rescue planes flew to the position and dropped a wooden lifeboat, and a launch plowed northward for a rendezvous.

Before the launch could arrive, the crew was picked up by a fishing boat which began heading rapidly toward German territory. Darkness closed in and the Americans seemed destined for a prison camp. But early the following morning Captain Graf sent Thunderbolts and Mustangs to seek the Axis boat. They found it and, after a few minutes' persuasion with fifty-caliber guns, turned it back toward England, where it arrived, carefully escorted, thirty-six hours later.

In the busy days of last June nine men of another crew came down in the harbor of Ijmuiden, on the Netherlands coast. A British high-speed launch went into that harbor for them. The crew was pulled aboard, but before the launch could get away it was attacked by German JU-88s. Despite Allied fighters, one 88 got through and shot up the boat so badly it sank. Both the rescued bomber men and the crew of the launch took to the water.

Another launch and more fighter planes were dispatched. Graf, knowing the men would be wounded and suffering from exposure, also sent out a seaplane carrying a medical officer.

This time the rescue was completed. Largely as a result of the doctor's work, seventeen of a total of twenty-three men lived. One of those lost was from the crashed bomber. Another was the skipper of the first launch, who drowned trying to swim to a dinghy. He had been one of Graf's closest friends.

Once in a while, however, a rescue has its lighter side. Smiling, Graf recalls the fighter pilot who some months before the invasion of France went down singing. Fifty miles inside enemy territory the plane's engine had begun to act badly. Graf nursed the airman out and over the English Channel and was starting to breathe easier when the pilot suddenly bellowed a sort of singsong chant: "Mayday, heyday, payday, mayday, heyday, payday! My engine's conked out. I'm bailing out. Come and get me. I'll be in the drink."

"We did get him, too," says Graf. "About thirty minutes later. There he was, in his dinghy, paddling happily along."

Graf points to a map on the wall of his office. This map, with blue pins marking the positions of successful rescues, brown pins denoting failures, and a few pinks marking spots where planes were known to crash but never found, shows at a glance the achievements of Air Sea Rescue. There are hundreds of blue pins. And the locations of some are astounding.

THOUGH the bulk of rescues have taken place off the southern and eastern coasts of England, the blue pins show that Army Air Force men have been picked up way down in the Bay of Biscay and as far north as the Frisian Islands.

What the map fails to reveal, however, are the months of patient work that went into the development of the Air Sea Rescue service. Graf arrived in England in the summer of 1943 (after a year of aircraft-control training in the States) along with several other officers whose job it was to set up the first American fighter-control headquarters in the United Kingdom. His assignment was to plan, with the R. A. F. and Royal Navy, a method by which British rescue facilities could be enlarged and adapted to American operations.

Willie Graf liked his job, and he liked the British officers. They, in turn, liked the red-faced Willie, perhaps because he's as frankly American as the Boston Tea Party. (He ran a trucking business in

(Continued on page 56)

Actors' Heaven

THE Thespis Club had an upstairs and a downstairs, which wouldn't have been unusual except that the two belonged to different worlds. Downstairs were the bar, the pool tables, and the grill, and here the younger actors and playwrights and an occasional Hollywood upstart disported themselves. Anyone aged fifty or under in the Thespis Club was considered young and definitely a downstairs boy.

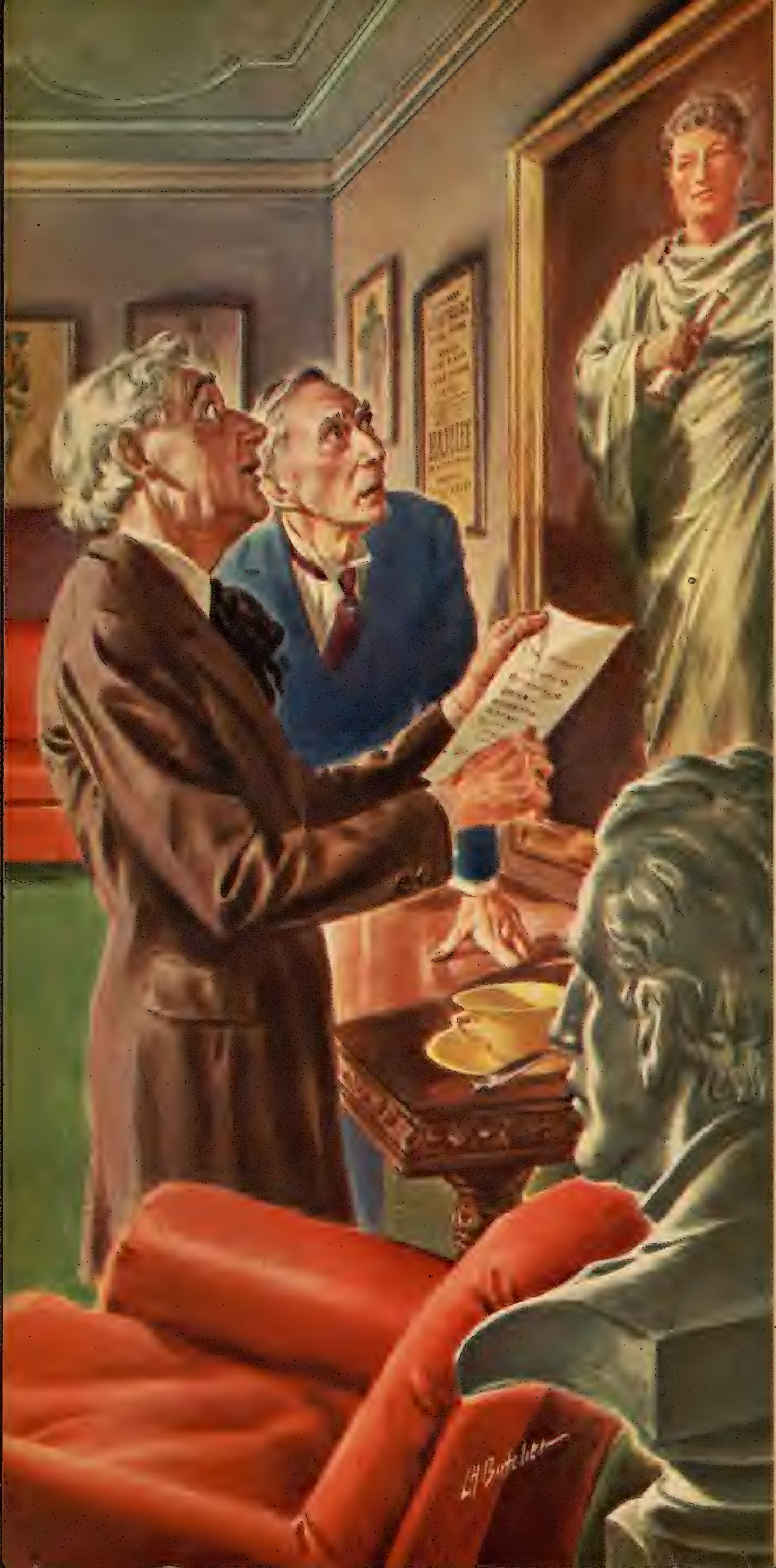
Upstairs, the oldsters relaxed in deep well-worn chairs, heavy carpets under their feet to insulate against sounds from below, in case exuberance ran high over Kelly pool or the third Martini. There were oak tables upstairs so huge that the walls of the old brownstone mansion seemingly had been built around them, and the proper publications laid out with great decorum, and old playbills and portraits of departed giants of the stage covering the walls. Here the senior members of Thespis sat and talked and drank tea every afternoon. Tea was on the house, a club tradition, and whenever a senior's flow of reminiscence was checked he would pour himself a cup to see him through the boredom of listening to someone else.

The change of worlds in the Thespis Club took place exactly halfway up the wide carpeted stairway. For here, on the wall beside the seventh step, hung the first photograph of the great Leslie Ward Cartaret.

Mr. Cartaret was the founder, the patron saint, and the hallowed and revered ghost of the Thespis Club. A gigantic bust of him was mounted in a corner of the upstairs lounge, and his portraits all but monopolized the wall space. His likenesses scowled and beamed and brooded at the senior Thespians as King Lear, Falstaff, Hamlet, and a host of others. He displayed himself in a cardinal's robes, tights, a formal frock coat, a leopard-skin loincloth, a clown's suit, a Roman toga, an ancient bathing suit of the 1890s, and even (this to prove him the greatest farceur of his day as well as the greatest tragedian) in a female ballet skirt and red wig.

He had founded the Thespis Club in 1900 as a place of rest and refuge for the brotherhood of the theater, and there were still two members who remembered the testimonial dinner tendered him after sixty consecutive years on the stage, and who could recall the strange promise he had made that night.

The story had been told so often around the huge oak table that any senior could repeat it word for word. It had been toward the end of the evening, when the



"'I want you to know, sir,'" he read aloud, "'what I think of you. You are a swaggering, overrated—'"

BY MATT TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

Ever hear of an actor who didn't read his press notices? Here's the startling story of one who kept it up even after he was dead

eighth toast had been proposed, that it had happened. Someone had said, conventionally enough, "To our hope, Mr. Cartaret, of your return after another ten years!"

Mr. Cartaret sipped his Napoleon brandy and smiled quizzically before he answered, and the guests leaned back, anticipating another barbed shaft of his wit. But Mr. Cartaret merely said, mildly amused but obviously not facetious, "Why not to my return after another hundred years?"

The guests looked at one another in dismay. After all, Mr. Cartaret had just turned seventy-five at the time. "Are you a believer in spiritism, sir?" someone asked weakly, after an awkward silence.

Mr. Cartaret toyed with his thin-stemmed glass. "I speak only as an actor," he replied at last. "I know very little about the human animal in general, being aware of its existence only when its applause thunders across the footlights at me. I am a child of the theater, and we of the theater are a breed apart. So I speak of spiritism only in regard to actors." He paused and leaned forward, his long artistic fingers spread wide on the table. "Who among you," he demanded in his deepest and most resonant voice, usually reserved for Hamlet's soliloquy, "ever heard of an actor who didn't want to read his press notices?"

He waited for any murmured reply, heard none, and went on. "I can't conceive of any actor, dead or alive, not wanting to hear what people were saying about him. To know one's art is being discussed, analyzed—and yet to be indifferent? It is unthinkable! We cannot change our spots, gentlemen, in this world or the next. An actor would be miserable, he would writhe with curiosity, cooped up in the conventional heaven. So there must be a special one for him—a heaven from which his ghost may return to listen whenever he is talked about on earth!"

AN elderly character man leaned forward, his eyes aglow. "By Jove!" he whispered. "Then you'll still be a member of Thespis—even *afterward!*"

Mr. Cartaret sighed, finished his brandy, half closed his eyes and smiled dreamily. "If you ever chance to talk about me," he murmured, "I will be here among you, listening. And I will give some sign of my presence. That I promise you, gentlemen!"

All this had happened thirty-five years ago when the Thespis Club was young and the senior Thespians mere boys of forty or so. Mr. Cartaret's promise was, of course, recalled when word reached the club that the great man had passed on, and that very night, of their own accord and without prompting, the entire membership had assembled in solemn conclave to make the test. There were scoffers and there were firm believers and there were men of open minds. They intended to find out, once and for all, about Mr. Cartaret's actors' heaven.

"He was greater than Booth," one member said, standing directly beneath Mr. Cartaret in his leopard-skin loincloth and staring up as though challenging him to leap from the frame and join the party.

"His Falstaff was never equaled," said another.

"His comedy was superb," said a third. "I recall that delightfully shocking moment in the play I wrote for him when he discovered the lady's garter in his waistcoat pocket."

They went on like this for an hour, putting Mr. Cartaret on a pedestal, removing him tenderly, polishing him up, and replacing him higher than ever. Then, when there was a pause, someone said, "Does anyone feel his presence?"

There was a long suspenseful silence. But not one member raised his voice. No one had heard Mr. Cartaret's whisper in his ear, or felt his hand on the shoulder, or seen anything remotely resembling an ectoplasm. "Ghosts, indeed!" one of the scoffers said. "He didn't know what he was talking about!"

"He always entered on cue before," one of the believers argued. "Perhaps he hasn't had time to get here yet. There may be certain formalities."

THEY waited a week and tried again. They talked over Mr. Cartaret's fabulous career and his consummate genius for two hours. And still there was no sign of his presence. The scoffers made new recruits. "If there is any place he would like to have been for the past two hours," said one of them, "it is right here with us as we sang his praises. And since he isn't here, I can only conclude that he is not allowed to do what he wholeheartedly wants to do. Ergo, I am sorry to say, Mr. Cartaret is confined some place against his will. He is not in any heaven, actors' or otherwise."

"Unless," suggested a believer, "he has been purged of all vanity in the Beyond."

"The same thing," said the scoffer. "An actor without his vanity—he *would* be in hell!"

After a year they no longer laid snares to catch Mr. Cartaret's ghost. But a few of the believers were die-hards, and whenever they mentioned casually Mr. Cartaret's greatness or super-greatness, they stole a sly glance at his Hamlet portrait, always in the hope that the brooding look might lift a little as a token that he was with them and enjoying himself to the full. But never was there the slightest sign. One after another the die-hard believers lost faith, or drifted away, or forgot about the matter entirely. So it was, thirty years after Mr. Cartaret's passing, that there were but two believers left.

These were Brewster Kimball, the greatest Iago of his time, and Beaman Turner, the greatest Mercutio of his. It was these two who had been guests at Mr. Cartaret's sixtieth anniversary dinner and had heard the promise from his own lips. Artfully and often they drew his name into the drone of conversation and held their breath, waiting for the sign they knew would come some day. Once they thought they had it. Brewster Kimball clapped a hand to his brow when Mr. Cartaret's name was spoken. *"He's with us!"* he cried. "I feel his touch. My brow is icy."

But it was not so. Kimball's brow indeed was chilled, but soon other things became wrong with him for which Mr. Cartaret's ghostly touch could hardly be blamed. The sign had been merely the cheese soufflé Kimball had enjoyed for lunch.

Midsummer, when the heat was heavy on the city and many a theater dark, was always a quiet time at the Thespis Club. So it was that Kimball the great Iago and Turner the great Mercutio sat alone this July afternoon, sipping tea and listening to the faint click of pool balls from below. For a long time they did not speak, but stole furtive glances at each other and sighed, both longing for the courage to come out with what was on their minds.

FINALLY Kimball found it. "You have heard the rumors, I suppose?" he said softly.

Turner nodded his head gravely. "I was wondering if you had," he replied.

"They are no longer rumors," said Kimball sadly. "Next week they start remodeling the Thespis Club. They'll move the bar up here, so they can enlarge the grill. They've admitted a great number of new members—young whippersnappers only remotely connected with the theater. Three afternoons a week will be named Ladies' Day. Women will overrun the place!"

Turner sighed. "It is the end," he said. "I shall go and live with my granddaughter in North Carolina."

"My niece in Highland Park has room for me," said Kimball. "What I regret most of all is leaving without finding out about—" he nodded his head in the direction of Mr. Cartaret in his cardinal's robes "—*him*. Has his ghost been with us in this room all the time? We'll never know now."

"We've tried and he has given no sign," said Turner. "We've sung his praises, traced his career, recalled his triumphs at Daly's, at Ford's in Baltimore, at the Drury Lane in London, at—I say, old boy! Is something the matter?"

Kimball had clapped his hands three times and now he was snapping his fingers. "That's it exactly!" he cried, his eyes glowing. "We've done nothing but praise him! Do you remember fifty years ago when that dramatic critic on the old Courier belittled Mr. Cartaret's Othello?"

"That critic was an oaf!" said Turner. "He should have been horsewhipped!"

"Mr. Cartaret was furious," went on Kimball, chuckling excitedly, "when he read that notice the next day. That afternoon he ran the critic to earth at the Murray Hill bar and chased him all the way to Delmonico's, waving his gold-headed cane and yelling like a madman. Oh, don't you see, Turner? Mr. Cartaret's ghost has been sitting between us all these years. But why should he show himself if we do nothing but praise him? On the other hand, if we give him a bad notice, if we infuriate him by belittling his genius—"

"A sacrilege!" cried Turner. "You wouldn't!"

Outside, the sun was suddenly darkened and the west was black with storm clouds. Thunder rumbled ominously, as though the very heavens were protesting the threatened outrage.

"It's the only way we'll ever be sure!" argued Kimball hotly. "It's the only way the sign will come. We'll have to make him mad—as mad as that critic made him years ago. Wait here!"

He hurried to the writing desk, and for a minute the scratch of his pen moving across the paper was heard between thunderclaps. Then he stood up, waving the paper wet with ink, and strode swiftly to his old friend. "I wrote it," he said. "You read it aloud to him."

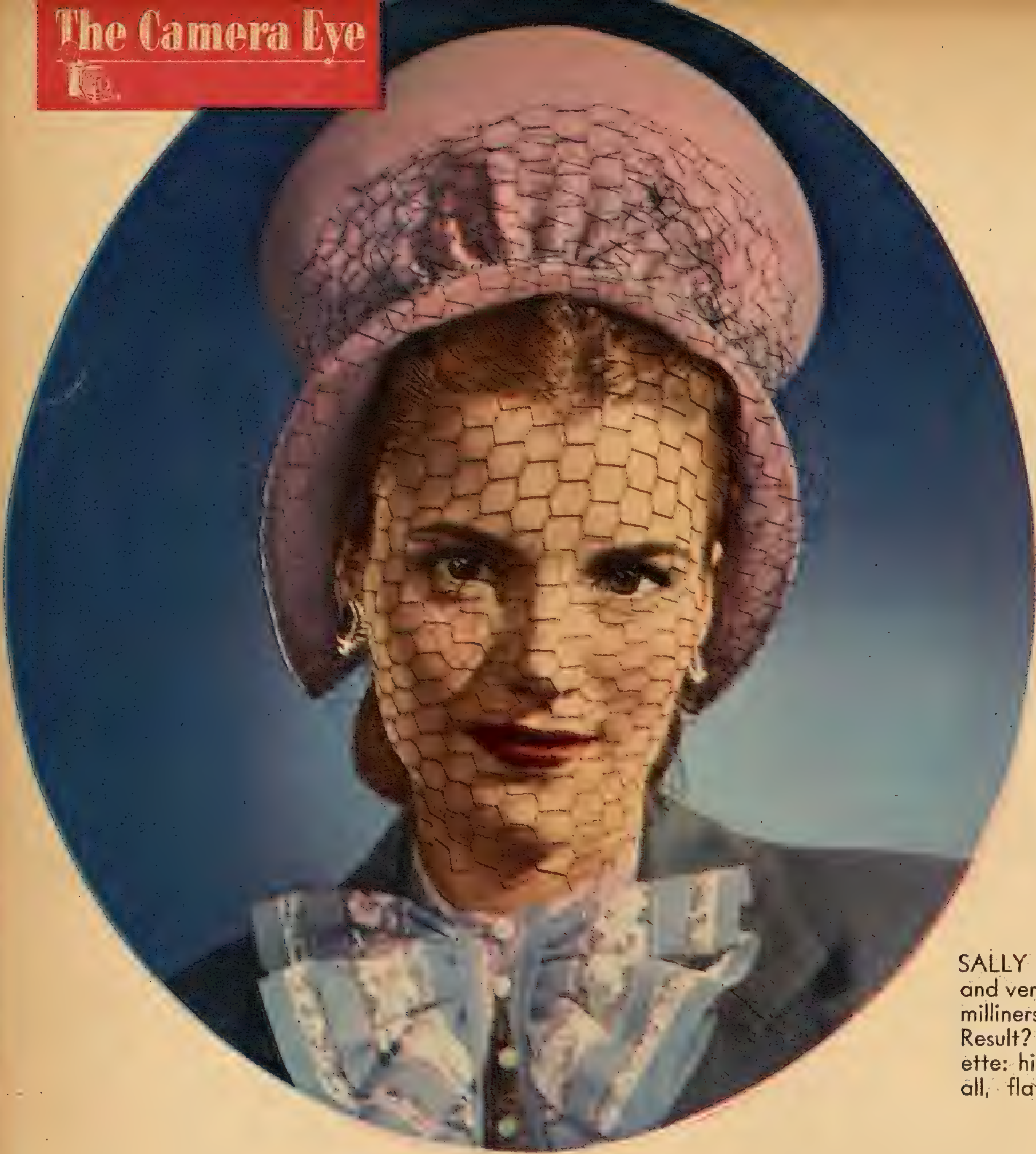
Turner glanced at the first sentence and turned pale. The second, along with a roar of thunder that shook the windows, made him wince. He handed back the pa-

(*Continued on page 52*)

Hat

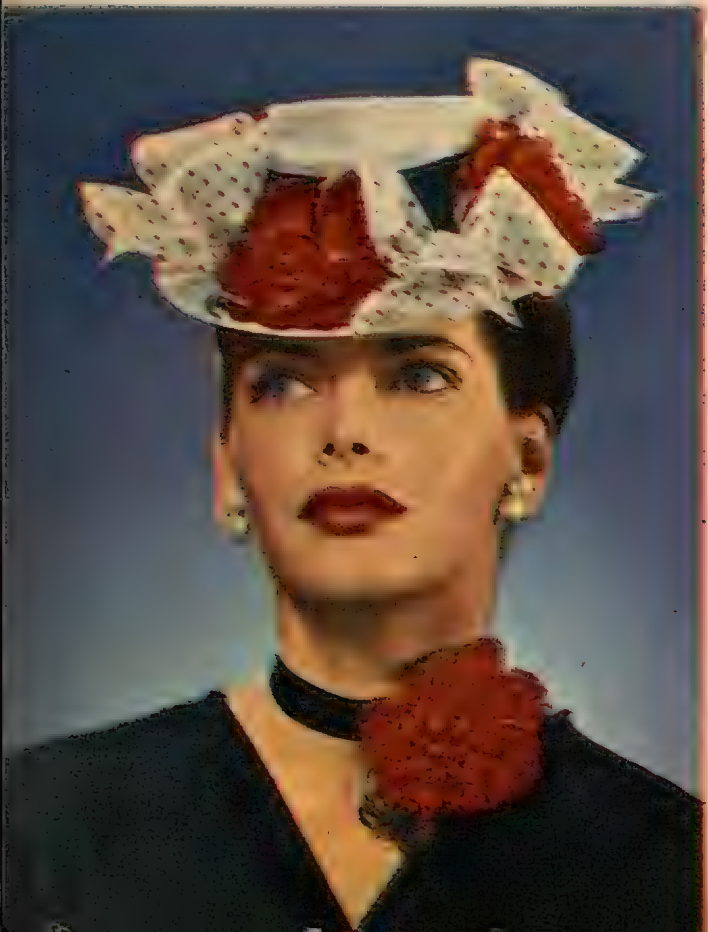
THIS season there is mor glamor, more excitement, more fashion news in hat than in any other clothes women will wear. All the famous milliners, with marke individuality, have create this important new trend. I balances the slim skirt and fu top of the wartime silhouette Here are today's hats fo fashion leaders. They are tomorrow's hats for all of u They are the highlights fron top-name American millinery designers.

Photographs by Edelmann—Muray Studi

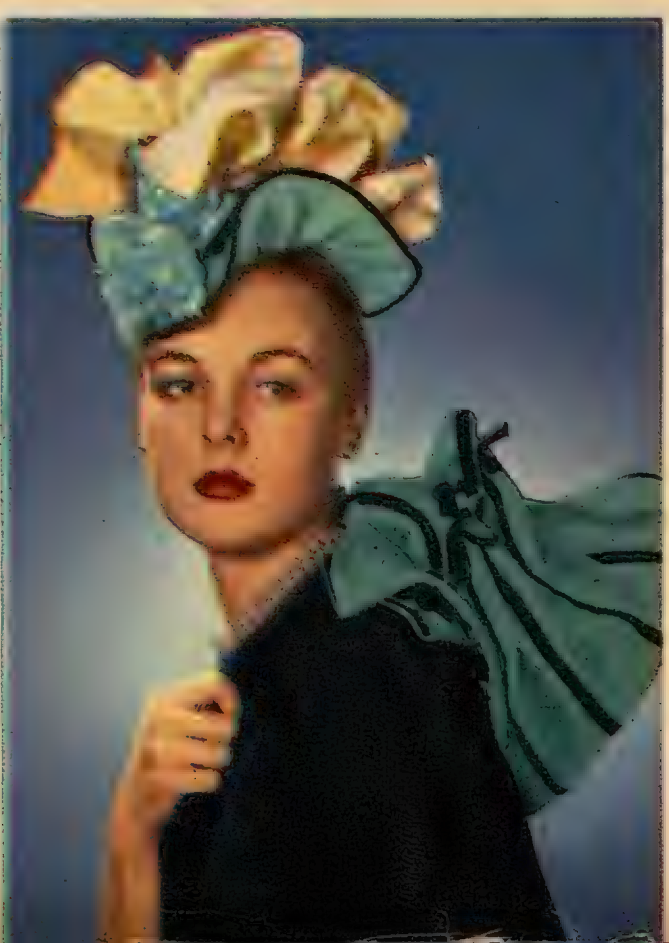


SALLY VICTOR, most popular and versatile of the great-name milliners, adds a brim to a beret. Result? The new hat silhouette: higher, wider, and, above all, flattering to most faces!

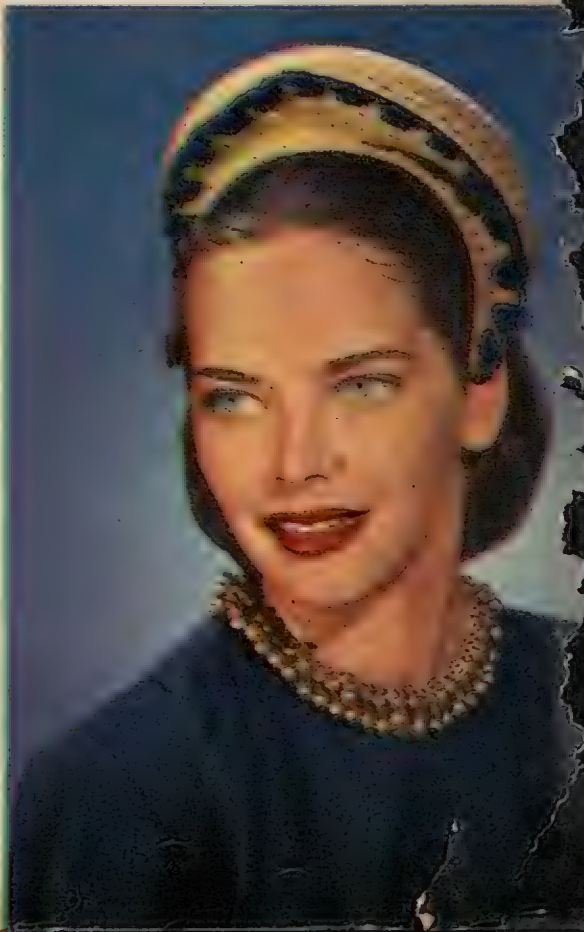
WALTER FLORELL glamorizes and adds width to the perennial straw sailor. Presented at a fashion show held at the Ritz in New York City.



ANITA ANDRÉ uses spun glass for this dramatic set. What next? Mature women prefer down-on-the-forehead styles similar to this one.

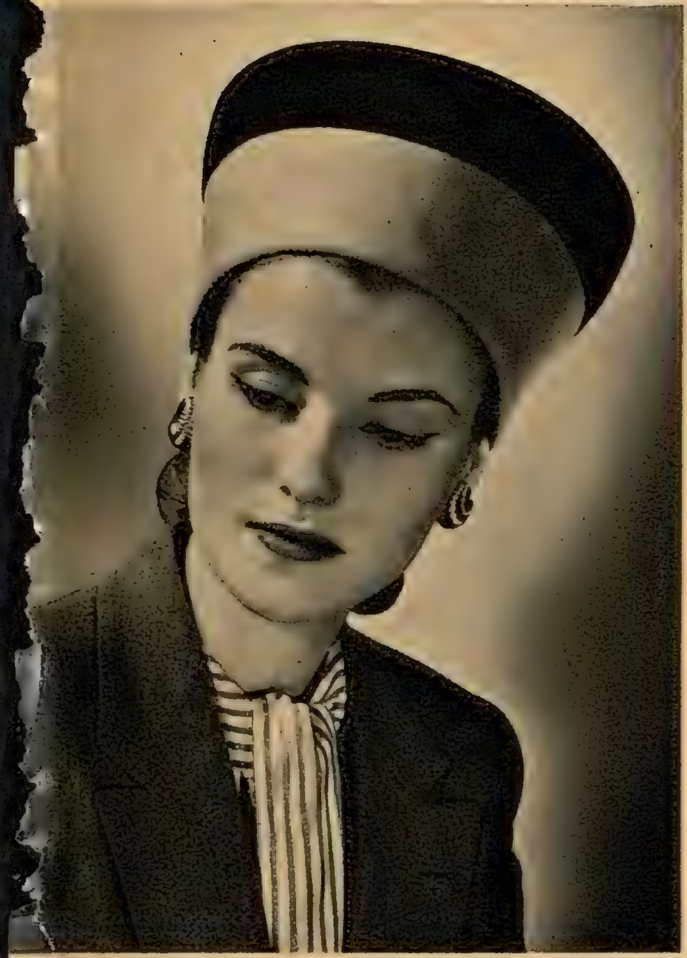


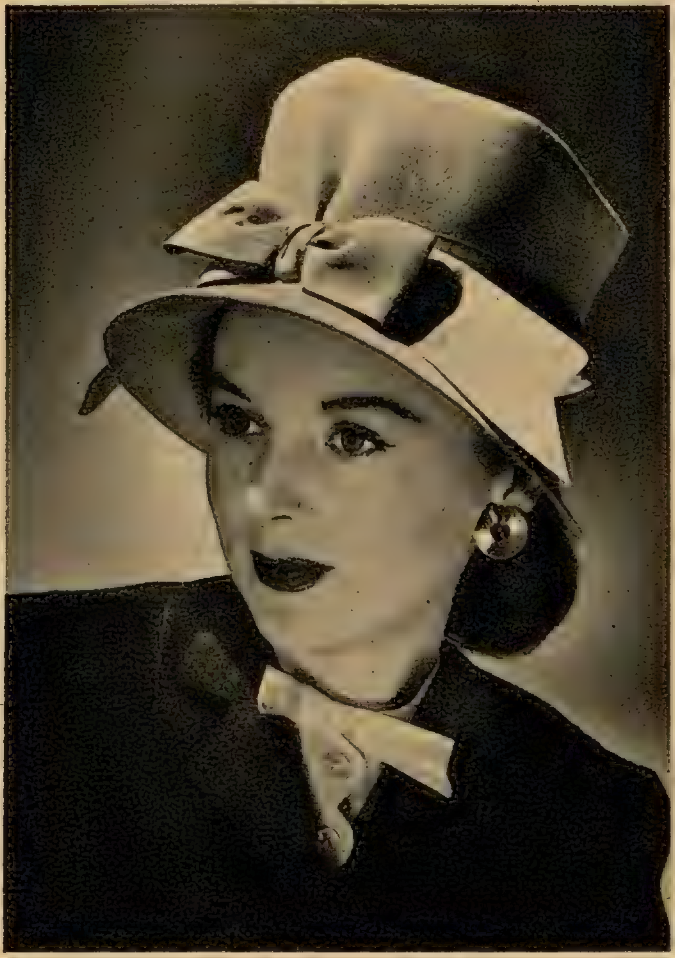
FLORENCE REICHMAN creates clever kind of halo beret. It ho tight at the temples. It's the perfec thing for the page-boy hair-c

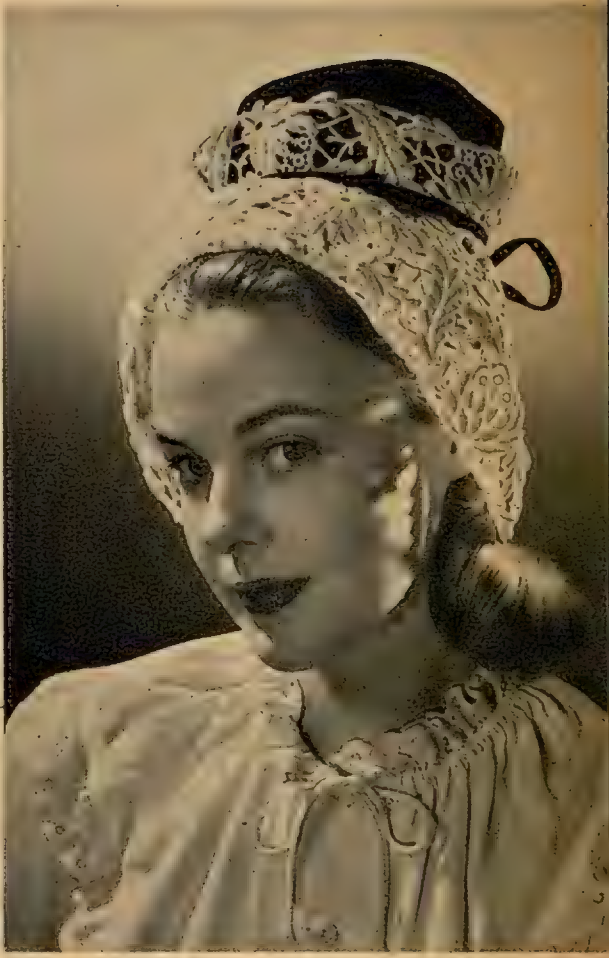


Go High, Wide'n Handsome

BY HELEN FAITH KEANE







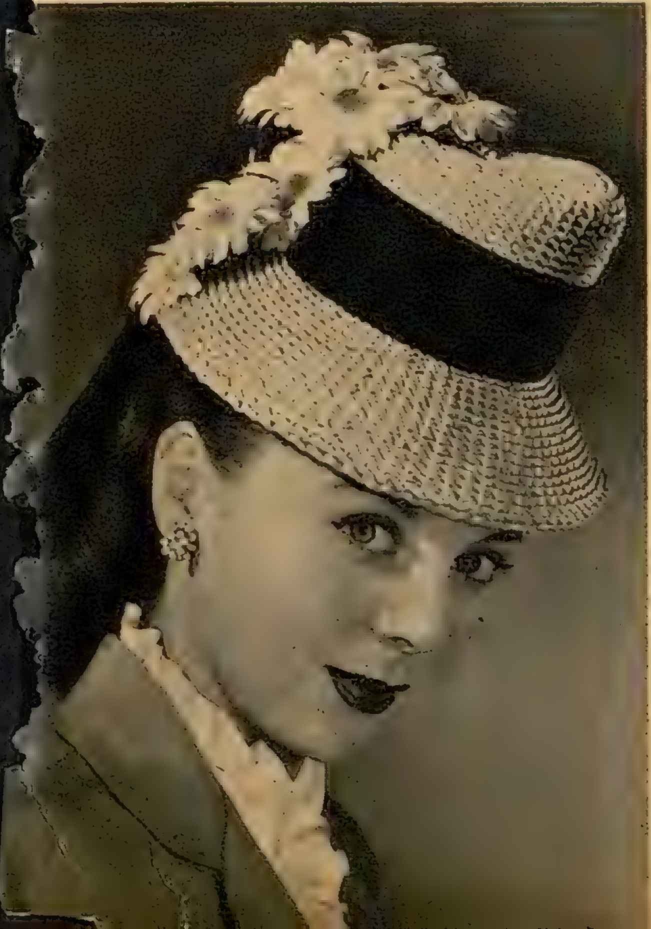
JOHN-FREDERICS, genius at creating new trends in casual felts, gets that spanking new 1945 look—high, wide, 'n' handsome—in these two head-hugging favorites. The Fez changes from a narrow Turkish top to a wide Egyptian top. The Classic takes on a new air with this tall square crown. Felts come in lighter, brighter, pungent colors.

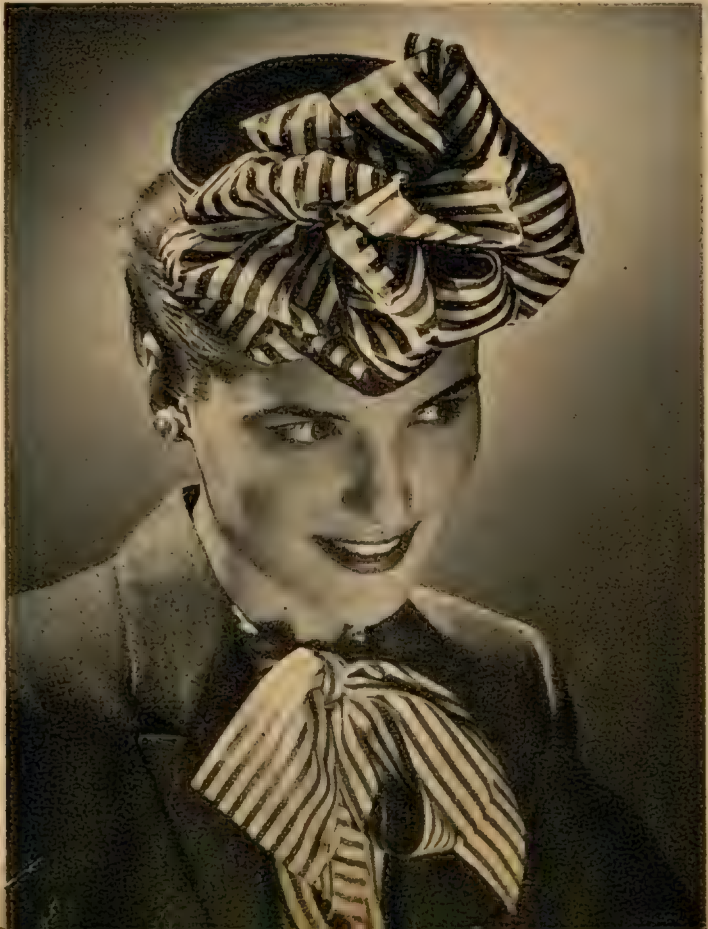
LADDIE NORTHRIDGE introduces starched lace for an Easter bonnet. What could be more alluring! Note the important high ribbon crown.

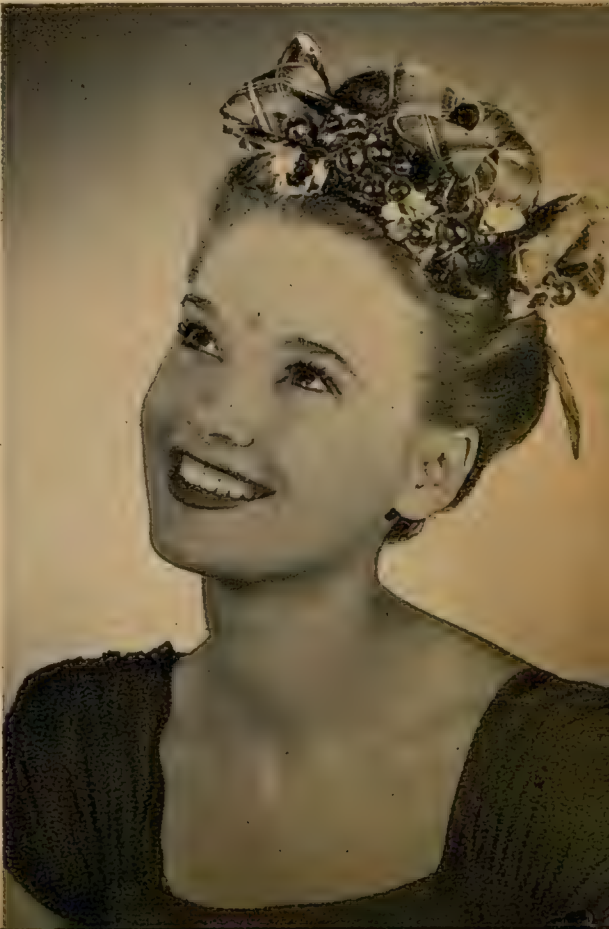
KENETH HOPKINS of Beverly Hills, the smart movie-star milliner, makes use of a daisy bouquet as a bustle on this easy-to-wear basket hat.

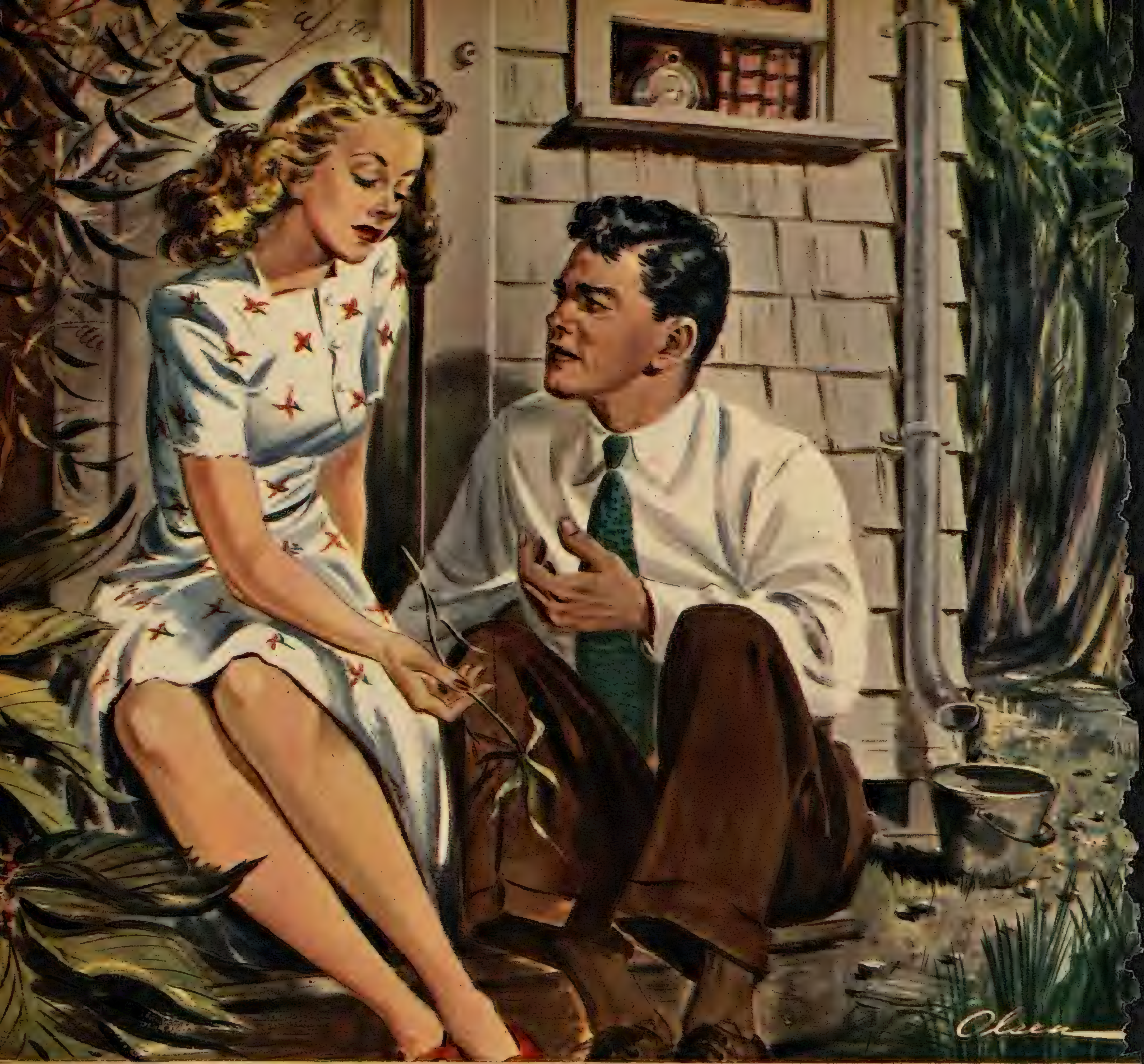
MADAME PAULINE modernizes the popular little pillbox with a pointed front and a built-up swishy bow. Ideal duet with soft suits.

SALLY VICTOR'S "Circlet" is designed to fit around the ballet dancer's bun. In this particular case it's the new junior hair-do that is high.









Rafe said, "How is your papa ever going to succeed when he insists on acting like a wild Indian?"

BY MORAN TUDURY

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB OLSEN

A girl who could work with Papa Jules would make a fine wife for any man—but it looked as if Suzanne might *never* marry after Papa threw the family of her intended out of his restaurant

ONLY a Cajun cook could have stood the heat of Papa Jules' kitchen. But it held no terrors for Suzanne. She was too excited and pleased tonight. Papa Jules was preparing the restaurant's specialty for Suzanne's own guests—a delicate sauté named in honor of General de Gaulle. Her fiancé, Rafe Garon, and four members of his family had been invited for dinner.

And everything free of charge for them, Suzanne reflected, with the best on the menu—the frog legs of de Gaulle. Now who can say that my papa does not do things in a big way?

Papa Jules added two cloves of garlic to the saucepan, sighing as the artist does when pleased with his labors. Suzanne almost believed the stories—that one bowl of Papa Jules' green-turtle soup gave new life to the afflicted, and his pecan pralines made curly the heads of the young. Tonight Suzanne forgave everything—even Papa Jules' anger at the slightest reflection cast upon any dish that had been cooked by his hand.

She observed their guests through the glass peephole of the kitchen door. Rafe, dark and curly-haired, had been released from the Army after a wound in the foot at Cherbourg. "Eh, what is a limp, *chérie?*" Rafe had said with Cajun unconcern. "I always limped in the Sunday shoes, so how am I worse off now?" His mother and the twin sisters, Cleo and Clio, were also at the table, and his father, M'sieu Garon, the monarch of all of Bayou Rouge's muskrat trappers.

This was the family she was going to marry into one day. . . . Suzanne woke from these glamorous reflections and was surprised to see that Papa Jules was no

Every Customer a Friend

longer peacefully employed at his charcoal stove. He was peering through the kitchen door, with signs of agitation.

"What is old Garon doing out there, my little?" he asked. "The man is behaving in the manner of a caged tiger."

Suzanne observed the behavior of Rafe's father with some uneasiness. A bayou feud had existed for a long time between Papa Jules and M'sieu Garon. Only Suzanne's engagement to Rafe had ended their feud. Tonight she had hoped the celebration dinner would proceed peacefully. But M'sieu Garon was a great one for clowning when he realized it might annoy Papa Jules.

Now M'sieu Garon rose from his chair, proceeded to test its strength—then reseated himself with an elaborately comical exhibition of caution. Next he tapped quite loudly upon his glass with a spoon. These actions increased Suzanne's anxiety.

Her father muttered, "Now the man wipes off the forks with his napkin! What have we out there—a building inspector?"

It seemed to Suzanne that the kitchen suddenly had grown unbearably hot. Geysers of steam shot up fitfully from a soup pot, like her father's angry thoughts. She prayed for any interruption that would restore Papa Jules' good humor. Her prayer was answered. The kitchen door swung open and the gloomy-faced waiter, Moustique, appeared. But Moustique was returning to the kitchen with a trayload of bread. He looked worried and harassed.

Papa Jules asked sharply, "Why are you bringing the bread back? Am I expected to cook in such commotion? Tell me that, somebody. Or am I a mule?"

"It is M'sieu Garon," Moustique answered. "He don't care for the bread. He ask me, 'Don't the house have any good bread today?' Then he laugh, saying to those around him, 'Thank God I still got a tooth left in my head!' "

Papa Jules stood erect. Suzanne grew afraid for the success of the dinner. Then, with an elaborate display of self-control, Papa Jules returned to his saucepan. But for the sauté, she thought, who could foresee what explosions might take place now? What demon was driving M'sieu Garon to such extremes?

Suzanne asked of Providence, "Please do not let M'sieu Garon do anything more that is comical to anger Papa Jules and ruin this beautiful dinner."

Her father was sampling the contents of the saucepan. To her relief, he beamed. "It is finished. I have never equaled this sauté. Add one more condiment and this dish becomes garbage. Suzanne, the plates!"

She hurried to obey.

"I tell you, the Garons are lucky to marry into our family," Papa Jules said thoughtfully. "Old Garon out there could trap muskrats for six months and not be able to afford this feast. Quickly, Moustique—put it on the table." He removed his apron and chef's cap, donning his black alpaca coat. Suzanne had pinned a pink rosebud in his lapel for today. They went out to join their guests.

Papa Jules sat at the head of the table. Suzanne held Rafe's hand. It was a relief to hear Papa Jules teasing them: "Must you and Rafe eat off the same plate?"

Then Suzanne saw something which frightened her.

M'sieu Garon was tasting his Frog Legs à la Général de Gaulle with an intensity that seemed mischievous. He put down his fork and made small tasting noises. His lips pursed out with an expression that was disappointed. Suzanne saw with a sinking heart that Papa Jules was watching his guest's unflattering actions.

M'sieu Garon spoke heavily, "Jules, tell me something," he said. "You have not forgotten to season this dish?"

Suzanne hurriedly resumed her supplications to Providence.

"M'sieu Garon," Papa Jules said, with a warning in his voice, "the mayor of the city of Nouvelle Orléans has complimented my frog legs. The recipe itself has come directly from my Great-uncle Hercule, who was second fish cook at the Hôtel Métropole in Marseille. The flavor is very delicate and delicious."

M'sieu Garon shrugged ill-humoredly. "That may be—but for me, I like a good taste to my food." He reached across the table for the saltcellar. His hand was still poised in mid-air when Papa Jules' voice checked him.

"Garon, do not salt that dish," Papa Jules said sharply. "One pinch of salt and it is ruined. Put down the salt, I ask you like a gentleman. Don't spoil it."

M'sieu Garon's wife took one look at Suzanne's frightened face and said quickly: "Papa, leave alone the salt. Eat it, enjoyable or not."

Cleo and Clio were also frightened. "Obey mama, papa—no salt. Take it like medicine."

Rafe said, "Remember that it is free. It costs you nothing. You should have seen what I had to eat in the Army."

M'sieu Garon's eyes went angrily around the table.

"What is this? Am I going crazy, you all?" he demanded. "I say this dish got no taste and I like my food to taste right. Is that a crime?" He held the saltcellar above his plate and shook it violently—inundating the Frog Legs à la Général de Gaulle with the completeness of a small sandstorm. "Mama, Cleo, Clio—pass your plates, all of you!" he cried. "*Ma foi*, I'll fix your food for you so it will taste like something!"

Suzanne heard her father's exclamation and automatically covered her face with her hands. A chair was overturned. Looking up, she beheld her father in the act of seizing M'sieu Garon with both hands. Rafe attempted to disentangle the two older men but was thrust aside. Then it seemed as if the entire Family Garon was being swept by some magical and powerful propulsion toward the door.

Suzanne got to her feet shakily, but it was too late to interfere. Disaster was full and complete. Her father was ejecting M'sieu Garon bodily from the restaurant. Mme. Garon, Cleo, and Clio followed, all of them now abusing Papa Jules in loud and hysterical voices. Rafe's expression was angry and offended.

"Rafe," she called, but he did not even pause.

Suzanne wept for this terrible ending to a day that was to have been one of great rejoicing.

"He insults me—Jules LeVey, the best damn chef on the bayou!" Papa Jules said angrily. "What does he think I am, a cook in a fish-fry house? My little, you are well rid of this muskrat family. Eat off their table and you would get yourself poisoned!"

TWILIGHT had fallen over the Restaurant Jules with its hospitable sign, "Every Customer a Friend." Suzanne sat on the kitchen step and thoughtfully regarded the frog farm. All the months Rafe had been in the Army she had tended the jumbo frogs alone. She had hoped that one day Rafe himself would be the proud proprietor of the frog farm. A wagon and Cajun pony would enable them to deliver frogs to customers for miles around.

But no one lightly could throw the Garon family out of a restaurant. This might mean the end of Rafe, wagon, frogs, all.

It would be easy for her to lose Rafe. With his whole family antagonized, their marriage would be impossible. She spoke his name, "Rafe"—and three frogs, which had been watching her with their large eyes, suddenly hopped.

Perhaps this is an omen, Suzanne thought. . . .

The omen was one of good fortune, for presently she saw Rafe approaching. He sat down on the kitchen step and they listened for a few moments to the croaking of the frogs.

"That was a bad thing your papa did, *chérie*," he said.

"You have to understand Papa Jules, Rafe," she answered earnestly. "So proud to cook everything just right."

"But to throw out one whole family for a little salt—"

"My papa is really kind," Suzanne said loyally. "To the sick at St. Jean's he sends little cakes of anise. He feeds free the soldiers and sailors. Look at our waiter.

(Continued on page 73)

WHISTLE STOP

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AN AMAZING STORY OF AIR TRANSPORT AT WAR

Barely five years have elapsed since the first trans-Atlantic airline schedule was announced. It offered three trips a week to Europe by air! Today, the big pond is a short haul, and countries have become whistle stops. There's a trans-Atlantic take-off every 13 minutes of the day and night . . . a trans-Pacific flight every 90 minutes daily . . . a Curtiss Commando over "the Hump" on China's aerial Burma Road every 15 minutes, around the clock. Yet this is only part of the amazing job being done by U. S. airlines and the transport wings of our armed services. In the time it takes you to read this article, some 3,000 miles will be flown by American transport planes. They will evacuate wounded . . . *more than 500,000 sick and wounded have been moved by U. S. planes since 1942.*

They will transport cargo . . . *one major U. S. air terminal reports an average of 1,800 cargo shipments daily.*

They'll carry passengers, *over a billion passenger miles annually, on 160,000 miles of global air routes.*

Few Americans are yet aware of the full meaning of all this to our way of life, to our outlook and to our incomes, but these facts are significant:

The best estimates indicate that there will be 20 million airline passengers within three years after the war, at rates you are used to paying for first-class travel by rail . . . *The chances are you will travel by air!*

Such equipment as the new Curtiss Commando can profitably transport air cargo at a small fraction of pre-war rates . . . *The chances are you will ship by air!*

With millions of jobs resulting either directly or indirectly from American aviation, and with business already basing its plans upon planes . . . *the chances are you will profit from the air!*

a Home again! One of more than 5,000 wounded flown to U. S. monthly by the ATC. Among the flying ambulances helping to save American lives is the Curtiss C-46 Commando.

b The U. S. Navy's Martin Mars, world's largest flying boat, is powered with Wright Cyclone engines harnessed to Curtiss electric propellers.

c Three-fourths of all the supplies flown over "the Hump" into China have been carried by Curtiss Commandos.

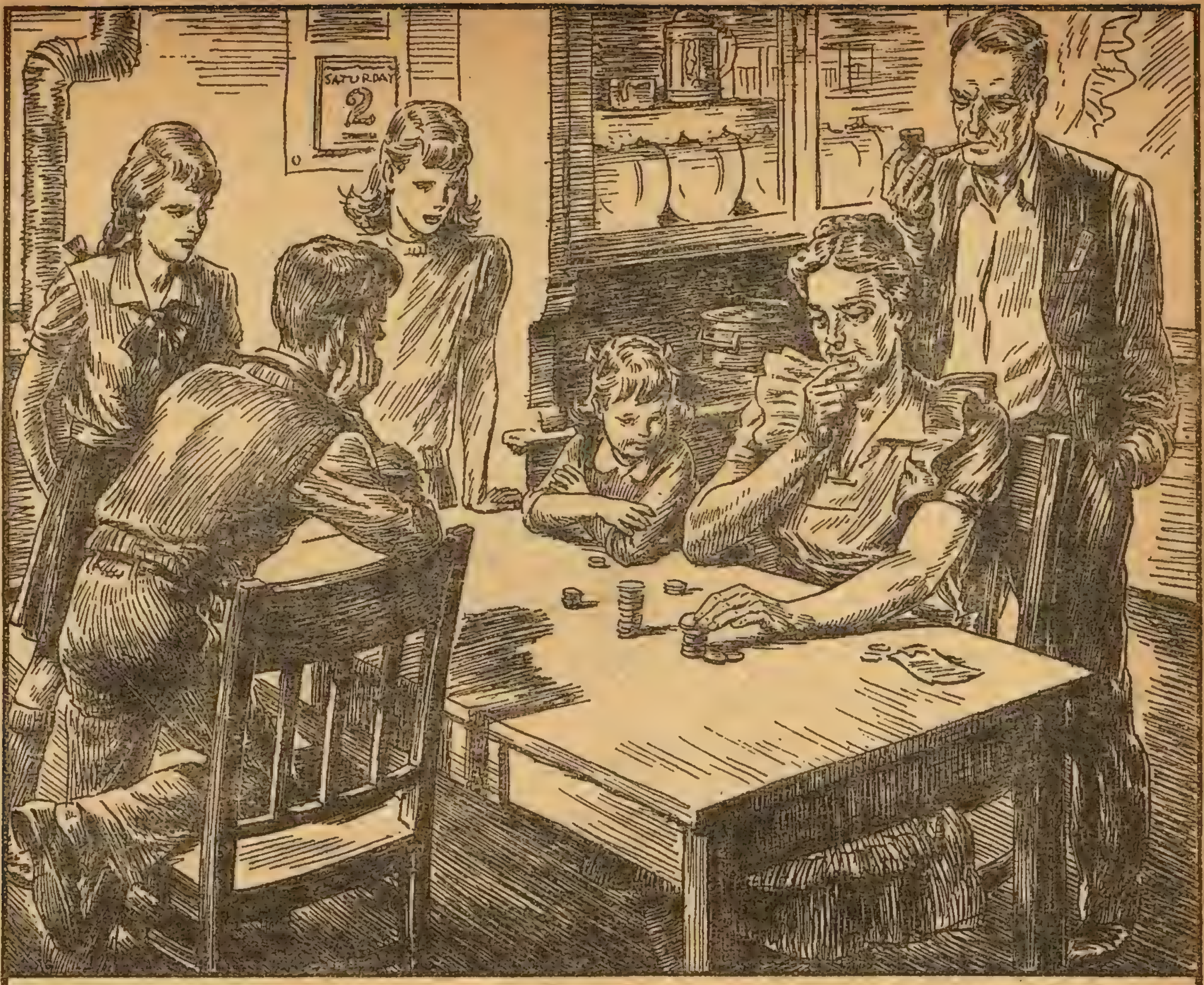
d Four Wright Cyclone engines equip the giant Boeing B-29 Superfortress.

FOR TRADE AND FOR SECURITY — LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!

CURTISS-WRIGHT

AIRPLANES
WRIGHT ENGINES
PROPELLERS

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING



Mama's Bank Account

BY KATHRYN FORBES

This heart-warming family chronicle won recognition overnight as a great American document. It is now delighting Broadway theatergoers under the title I Remember Mama. The first of these ten anecdotes has had previous magazine publication, in the Reader's Digest.

ILLUSTRATED BY
REYNOLD POLLAK

MAMA AND HER BANK ACCOUNT

FOR as long as I could remember, the small cottage on Castro Street, San Francisco, had been home. The familiar background was there: Mama, Papa, my only brother, Nels.

There was my sister Christine, closest to me in age, yet ever secret and withdrawn—and the littlest sister, Dagmar.

There, too, came the Aunts, Mama's four sisters: Aunt Jenny, who was the oldest and the bossiest; Aunt Sigrid; Aunt Marta; and our maiden aunt, Trina.

The Aunts' old bachelor uncle, my Great-uncle Chris—the "black Norwegian"—came with his great impatience, his shouting and stamping, and brought mystery and excitement to our humdrum days.

But the first awareness was of Mama.

I remember that every Saturday night Mama would sit down by the scrubbed kitchen table and with much wrinkling of usually placid brows count out the money Papa had brought home in the little envelope.

There would be various stacks.

"For the landlord," Mama would say, piling up the big silver pieces.

"For the grocer." Another group of coins.

"For Katrin's shoes to be half-soled." And Mama would count out the little silver.

"Teacher says this week I'll need a notebook." That would be Christine or Nels or I.

Mama would solemnly detach a nickel or a dime and set it aside.

We would watch the diminishing pile with breathless interest.

At last Papa would ask, "Is all?"

And when Mama nodded, we could relax a little and reach for school books and homework. For Mama would look up then and smile. "Is good," she'd murmur. "We do not have to go to the Bank."

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It was a wonderful thing, that Bank Account of Mama's. We were all so proud of it. It gave us such a warm, secure feeling. No one else we knew had money in a big bank downtown.

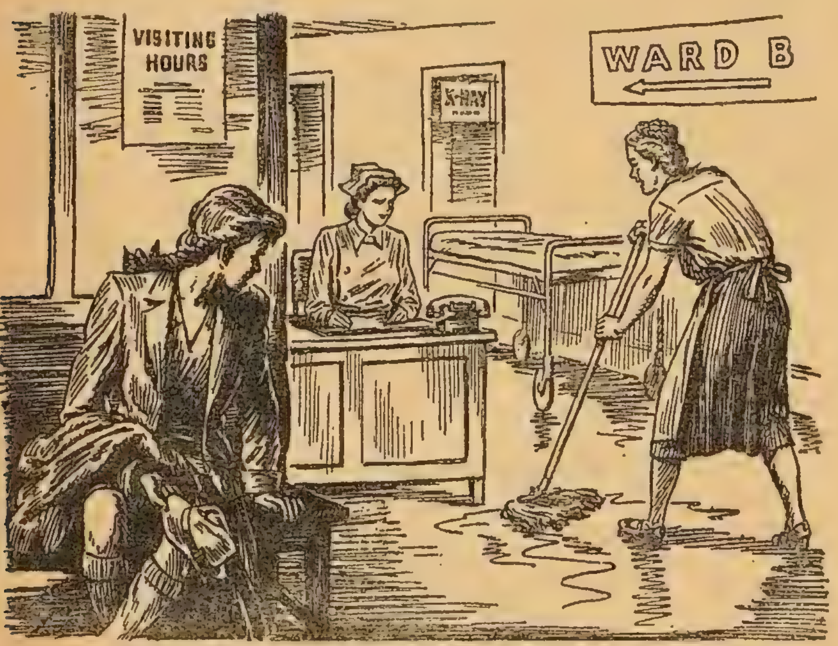
I remember when the Jensens down the street were put out because they couldn't pay their rent. We children watched the big strange men carry out the furniture, took furtive notice of poor Mrs. Jensen's tears, and I was choked with sudden fear. This, then, happened to people who did not have the stack of coins marked "Landlord." Might this, could this, violence happen to us?

I clutched Christine's hands. "*We* have a Bank Account," she reassured me calmly, and suddenly I could breathe again.

When Nels graduated from grammar school he wanted to go on to high. "Is good," Mama said, and Papa nodded approvingly.

"It will cost a little money," Nels said.

Eagerly we brought up chairs and gathered around the table. I took down the gaily-painted box that Aunt Sigrid had sent us from Norway one Christmas and laid it carefully in front of Mama.



This was the "Little Bank." Not to be confused, you understand, with the Big Bank downtown. The Little Bank was used for sudden emergencies, such as the time Christine broke her arm and had to be taken to a doctor, or when Dagmar got croup and Papa had to go to the drugstore for medicine to put into the steam kettle.

Nels had it all written out neatly. So much for carfare, for clothes, for notebooks and supplies. Mama looked at the figures for a long time. Then she counted out the money in the Little Bank. There was not enough.

She pursed her lips. "We do not," she reminded us gently, "want to have to go to the Bank."

We all shook our heads.

"I will work in Dillon's grocery after school," Nels volunteered.

Mama gave him a bright smile and laboriously wrote down a sum and added and subtracted. Papa did it in his head. He was very quick on arithmetic. "Is not enough," he said. Then he took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at it for a long time. "I give up tobacco," he said suddenly.

Mama reached across the table and touched Papa's sleeve, but she didn't say anything. Just wrote down another figure.

"I will mind the Elvington children every Friday night," I said. "Christine can help me."

"Is good," Mama said.

We all felt very good. We had passed another milestone without having to go downtown and draw money out of Mama's Bank Account. The Little Bank was sufficient for the present.

So many things, I remember, came out of the Little Bank that year. Christine's costume for the school play, Dagmar's tonsil operation, my Girl Scout uniform. And always, in the background, was the comforting knowledge that should our efforts fail, we still had the Bank to depend upon.

Even when the Strike came, Mama would not let us worry unduly. We all worked together so that the momentous trip downtown could be postponed. It was almost like a game.

During that time Mama "helped out" at Kruper's bakery for a big sack of only slightly stale bread and coffeecake. And, as Mama said, fresh bread was not too good for a person and if you put the coffeecake into the hot oven it was nearly as nice as when first baked.

Papa washed bottles at the Castro creamery every night, and they gave him three quarts of fresh milk and all the sour milk he could carry away. Mama made fine cheese.

The day the Strike was over and Papa went back to work, I saw Mama stand a little straighter, as if to get a kink out of her back.

She looked around at us proudly. "Is *good,*" she smiled. "See? We did not have to go down to the Bank."

THAT was twenty years ago.

Last year I sold my first story. When the check came, I hurried over to Mama's and put the long green slip of paper in her lap. "For you," I said, "to put in your Bank Account."

And I noticed for the first time how old Mama and Papa looked. Papa seemed shorter now, and Mama's wheaten braids were sheened with silver.

Mama fingered the check and looked at Papa.

"Is good," she said, and her eyes were proud.

"Tomorrow," I told her, "you must take it to the Bank."

"You will go with me, Katrin?"

"That won't be necessary, Mama. See? I've endorsed the check to you. Just hand it to the teller; he'll deposit it to your account."

Mama looked at me. "Is no account," she said. "In all my life I never been inside a bank."

And when I didn't—couldn't—answer, Mama said earnestly, "Is not *good* for little ones to be afraid—to not feel secure."

MAMA AND THE HOSPITAL

Mama had tried everything she knew of to stop poor little Dagmar's earache. She'd warmed sweet oil and garlic, used the medicine Mr. Shultz had sent from the drugstore, but nothing had helped.

When Dr. Johnson came, he told Mama that Dagmar must be taken to the hospital.

"At once," he said. "We will have to operate."

I watched Mama's eyes grow dark with fright.

"Can wait?" she asked. "Until my husband comes home from work?"

"No time," the doctor said. "You must decide this morning. An immediate operation is her best chance."

Operation! Mama took a deep breath.

"We go," she said, and took down the Little Bank and emptied its contents onto the kitchen table. Then she looked up at the doctor. "Is enough?" she asked hopefully.

The doctor looked uncomfortable. "I was thinking of the County Hospital," he explained.

"No," Mama said. "No. We pay."

"Well, then, take her to the Clinic Hospital."

"Clinic?"

"Yes. There you pay what you can afford," Dr. Johnson explained. "Dagmar will be well taken care of, I promise you. I myself will do the operation."

"Is so good of you," Mama said, and sent Nels for a blanket to wrap around Dagmar. And because Papa was at work, Nels and I went to the hospital with Mama.

When we got there, two nurses put Dagmar on a high table and started to wheel her down the hall. Mama tried to go along too.

"She is my little girl," Mama explained.

"Hospital rules," the nurse said firmly. "You must wait here."

Mama obediently let go of Dagmar's hand then, and walked with slow steps to the desk. They gave her papers to sign, but she didn't even try to read them. Her eyes kept looking down the hall.

Nels and I had never been in a hospital before. With great interest we watched ladies in blue-and-white uniforms and important-looking men with little black bags hurry in and out of doors; watched the cleaning women as they took mops and buckets and long-handled brooms out of the closet by the elevator.

"Dr. Johnson is *fine* doctor," Mama said suddenly. "Surely Dagmar will be all right."

I started to cry then, and Mama patted my shoulder and told stories of the old country. But somehow Mama didn't tell the stories as well as usual; she kept forgetting parts of them.

When Dr. Johnson came hurrying down the hall, Mama stood up quickly.

"Dagmar came through it fine," he told us. "She is sleeping now, from the anesthetic."

Mama smiled tremulously and shook hands twice with the doctor.

"I go to her now," she said happily.

Dr. Johnson coughed. "Sorry. Against clinic rules. See her tomorrow."

"But she is so *little,*" Mama said. "When she wakes she will be frightened."

"The nurses will take excellent care of her. Don't worry. You see, for the first twenty-four hours, clinic patients are not allowed visitors. The wards must be kept quiet. No interruption of routine."

Mama didn't seem to understand. "I will not make a *sound,*" she said.

Dr. Johnson looked at his watch, lifted his hat politely, and hurried out of the hospital.

Mama looked bewildered. "Come," she said to Nels and to me. "Come. We go find Dagmar."

The nurse at the desk had quite a time explaining hospital rules to Mama.

"Your child is getting the best of care, madam," the lady kept repeating.

"Is *fine* hospital," Mama agreed. "I see her now?"

"*No* visitors for the first twenty-four hours, madam."

"Am *not* visitor," Mama explained patiently. "I am her Mama."

"*Against—the—rules!*" The nurse spoke loudly and slowly and with great finality.

Mama stood looking down the hall for such a long time that I had to touch her arm to remind her that Nels and I were still there.

She held my hand tightly as we walked to the streetcar and never said a word all the way home.

Christine had kept lunch hot for us, but Mama just drank two cups of coffee. She did not take off her hat.

"We must think of some way," she worried, and we children sat very still.

"They'll let you see Dagmar tomorrow," Nels reminded her. "They said so."

"But unless I see her today," Mama asked, "how will I know that all is well with her? What can I tell Papa when he comes home from work?"

She shook her head. "No. *Today* I see Dagmar."

She stood up suddenly and took paper and string out of the kitchen drawer. Carefully she wrapped Dagmar's little doll in one neat package and our big picture book in another. We watched uneasily.

"It will be like this," Mama explained. "I will go past the hospital desk very quickly. If anyone asks where I go, I will just say, 'Delivering packages to Dagmar.'"

WHEN Mama came back—still carrying the packages—we knew she'd been unsuccessful. We knew, too, she was upset, because she answered us in Norwegian.

"Almost," she said wearily, "almost did I get down the hall."

Then she tied the big apron around her waist, filled the bucket with hot soapy water, and started to scrub the kitchen floor.

"You scrubbed yesterday," Christine reminded her.

"And the floor isn't a speck dirty," I said.

"It's almost time to get dinner," Nels protested.

"Comes a time," Mama answered strangely, "when you must get down on your knees."

And the whiteness of her face made me want to cry again.

Mama had scrubbed all but the part near the back door when she stood up suddenly and handed the scrub brush to Christine.

"You finish the floor. Katrin, you come with me."

"Come where, Mama?"

"To the hospital." Her face was serene. "I have thought of way to see Dagmar sure."

We walked in so quietly that the nurse at the desk didn't even look up. Mama motioned for me to sit in the big chair by the door. While I watched—mouth open in surprise—Mama took off her hat and coat and gave them to me to hold. Only then did I notice that she'd kept her apron on. She tiptoed over to the big closet by the elevator and took out a damp mop. She pushed the mop past the desk and as the nurse looked up, Mama nodded brightly.

"Very dirty floors," Mama said.

"Yes. I'm glad they've finally decided to clean them," the nurse answered. She looked at Mama curiously. "Aren't you working late?"

Mama just pushed more vigorously, each swipe of the mop taking her farther and farther down the hall. I watched until she was out of sight and the nurse had turned back to writing in the big book. Then I saw that I had held Mama's hat so tightly one side was all out of shape.

After a long time Mama came back. Her eyes were shining.

While the nurse stared with amazement, Mama placed the mop neatly back in the closet, put on her hat and coat, and took my hand. As we turned to go out the door, Mama bowed politely to the nurse and said, "Thank you."

Outside, Mama told me, "Dagmar is fine. No fever. I felt her forehead."

"You *saw* her, Mama?"

"Of course. She wakened while I was with her. I told her about clinic rules. She will not expect us until tomorrow."

"You won't try to see her again," I asked, "before then?"

"Why," Mama said, "that would be against the rules. Besides, I have seen for myself that all goes well with her. Papa will not worry now."

I swallowed hard.

"Is a *fine* hospital," Mama said happily.

Then she clicked her tongue disapprovingly. "But such floors! A mop is never good. Floors should be scrubbed with a brush."

MAMA'S UNCLE CHRIS

Papa called Mama's Uncle Chris a "black Norwegian"—because of his singular swarthiness and dark mustache; but there were others in the family who maintained that old Uncle Chris was "black" in a different way. Notably in his heart.

He was a giant of a man, my Great-uncle Chris, and his voice was a bellow. I never knew him to move slowly, and whenever he limped furiously through our house, we children scattered.

When the Aunts were together and their bachelor uncle's name was mentioned, they would begin to cluck disapprovingly. Strange tales would be told of his disturbing secretiveness, dark hints dropped; and the smaller children would be sent out of the room.

For one thing, Uncle Chris was head of the family, and he never allowed them to forget it. Grown women though the Aunts might be, he treated them always as if they were stupid children. Except Mama. To her he gave a certain grudging approval. Papa thought it was because Mama was the only one of the sisters to resemble Uncle Chris's mother.

Then too, Mama was the only one who ever spoke up for Uncle Chris. "He walks ever with pain," she would excuse him.

"Nonsense!" the Aunts said. Oh, true it was, they conceded, that Uncle Chris limped, but had anyone ever heard him complain of pain? No, she need not waste any sympathy, they told Mama; he was just downright mean.

Ah, but the Aunts were brave when they discussed their absent uncle. When he was there, fuming with his great impatience, roaring at them, scolding them—it was a different story. It was a meek "Yes, Uncle Chris. No, Uncle Chris. You are right, Uncle Chris."

Papa said it was a good thing for the Aunts that Uncle Chris came to the city only a few times a year. The rest of the time he roamed up and down the state, buying run-down farms. These he would work furiously, bully back to productivity, and then sell.

"At a handsome profit, never doubt," Aunt Jenny said.

And the Aunts would speculate anew as to *what* Uncle Chris did with all his money.

We never knew just when Uncle Chris would descend upon us. One moment everything would be peaceful and quiet; then, without warning, there would be a stamping and a roaring, and we knew that he was back in town.

We children would have to line up for inspection, and Uncle Chris's blue eyes, startlingly light against the blackness of his brows, would glare at us. Like as not, he would thump us sharply between our shoulder blades. "Stand tall!" he would command. Then, "You brush your teet' *good?"*

We would nod timidly.

"Oranges!" he would shout at Mama. "Gif dem more oranges!"

Grumbling and snorting, he would go down to the wholesale district and send us up boxes of oranges.

"Sour old things," Aunt Marta would complain. "What good are oranges?"

Mama didn't know, but we children had to eat them.

Oranges, Aunt Sigrid said, were the only things Uncle Chris ever gave away, he was that stingy.

Aunt Jenny guessed he needed his money for other purposes. "Bottles," she hinted darkly. And we children were able to add another piece to the fascinating puzzle that was Uncle Chris. Uncle Chris drank.

He had done other terrible things, too. Just take, for example, the matter of the family's two cherished heirlooms: Great-great-grandma's carved bridal chest and the viking drinking horn. Hadn't Uncle Chris, without consulting anyone, gone ahead and *sold* them?

When the Aunts reproached him timidly, he'd glared.

"In your veins runs de blood of de Kings of Norvay!" he had shouted. "What need haf you of heirlooms?"

And he never would tell them what he did with the money.

Take, too, the matter of Aunt Trina's dowry.

Trina was our maiden aunt, and the family had despaired of ever getting her married. Then she met Mr. Thirkelsen. He was a small and extremely timid gentleman, and old Uncle Chris thundered question after question at poor Mr. Thirkelsen, demanding to know in detail all about his family, his financial status, and his intentions toward Trina. And no sooner had Mr. Thirkelsen weathered that storm and got his breath back than Uncle Chris took him out to the kitchen and talked him right out of Aunt Trina's dowry money!

It was a miracle, the Aunts said later, that they finally got Trina married.

BUT the very blackest thing Uncle Chris did was to Aunt Marta, and we thought she would never forgive him. Marta's youngest boy, my cousin Arne, had fallen off a coal wagon and injured his knee against the cobblestones. Although Aunt Marta poulticed it carefully, the swelling didn't go down. We noticed that Arne favored the knee as he walked, that he complained sometimes of its hurting him, but Aunt Marta said there was nothing to worry about.

But Uncle Chris thought differently. When he saw the queer lump on Arne's knee, he shouted with rage. And before we knew it, he had Arne in a hospital and in a plaster cast! All this, mind you, without once consulting Aunt Marta or her husband.

Uncle Chris's highhandedness, Aunt Marta said, had gone just too far this time. To put a child of Arne's age through such unnecessary pain! Hadn't she raised four children, she demanded of the Aunts? Didn't he think a mother knew anything?

But Uncle Chris just glared at everyone and said, "Vomen! Phh!"

Arne told me about the hospital later. He said that when the pain was at its very worst, there in the beginning, Uncle Chris had shouted at him, "Arne! Don't you know any svear vords?"

Arne said he was so shocked that he stopped crying. (And that all he could think of was the big bar of brown laundry soap his mother had at home.)

When he shook his head, Uncle Chris said, "I vill tell you two fine ones to use ven de pain is bad." And he did.

Arne said that they helped.

"Nights, when I couldn't sleep," Arne told me in a whisper, "Uncle Chris sat by my bed and sang songs to me. Soft, in Norwegian."

I was shocked beyond words. "Uncle Chris *singing?* Arne! You must have been dreaming!"

Arne shook his head stubbornly. "He sang."

Neither of us ever told, though. We knew the Aunts wouldn't believe us.

UNCLE CHRIS was gone for a long time after that. When next we heard, he was on a farm in one of the valley towns, and very ill. Dying, the letter said.

Aunt Jenny wouldn't believe it. According to her, Uncle Chris was too mean to die.

"The wages of sin," Aunt Marta said.

"Oh, no!" Mama protested. "He is old. It is perhaps time for him to go."

Aunt Trina fluttered that everyone must be brave, and while she did not like to mention such a matter at a time like this, when they divided Uncle Chris's estate would the Aunts please remember that there was her dowry money to be paid back first?

Uncle Chris's neighbor met us at the train and took us out to the farm. Before we reached the front door, we could hear Uncle Chris shouting—for a drink of whisky.

Mama looked stricken, but she marched into his room and took his big hand in hers.

"Uncle Chris," she scolded gently, "that will not help now."

He looked at her for a long time, his great head moving restlessly against the pillow. *"Lille ven,"* he said—which means "Little friend" in Norwegian—*"Lille ven.* I must not die. Is yet so much to—" Then he seemed to notice the Aunts there at the foot of the bed.

"You t'ink I am afraid to die?" he raged at them. He sat right up and roared. "Get out! Get out!"

And as I scurried after them, I heard him say to Mama, "Vomen! Vomen! Phh!"

We sat in the dusty old-fashioned parlor, waiting. At last Mama came out. "Uncle Chris is—gone," she said, and put her head down on Papa's shoulder.

Aunt Trina cleared her throat several times. Mama looked up and held out a grimy faded notebook.

"Ah," Aunt Trina sighed. "Oh, his will."

Mama shook her head. "There is no money left."

There was a shocked silence. Aunt Trina wept into her handkerchief and mourned her dowry money. Aunt Sigrid spoke of viking horns and bridal chests, while Aunt Jenny muttered, "Bottles!"

"Not so!" Mama cried. "Uncle Chris wrote it all down—how he spent the money. Here," she handed the notebook to me, "read it. Out loud."

I had a hard time deciphering the cramped smudged handwriting. There was a name and an amount at the head of each page.

" 'Joseph Spinelli,' " I read. " 'Four yrs old. Tubercular left leg. $237.00. Walks.' "

I turned the page. " 'Jaimie Kelly. Nine yrs. Curvature. $433.00. Walks.' "

One after the other, I read the items.

" 'Esta Jensen. Eleven yrs. Braces, $121.00.' "

There were more names, but my throat had tightened so that I could not read on.

Mama looked pleadingly at the Aunts. "It was good," she said firmly. But she also seemed to be asking a question of them.

Aunt Sigrid stood up and took off her coat. "There is work to be done," was all she said.

Aunt Trina put her handkerchief into her purse and offered to make coffee for everyone. Aunt Marta looked at Arne.

"It was *good,"* Mama insisted again.

Aunt Jenny, who was the oldest, touched Mama's hand briefly. "It was good," she agreed.

And all the Aunts nodded briskly.

MAMA AND THE BIG CITY

In those days, if anyone had asked Mama unexpectedly, "What nationality are you?" I believe she would have answered without hesitation, "I am a San Franciscan."

Then quickly, lest you tease her, she would add, "I mean Norvegian. American citizen."

But her first statement would be the true one.

Because from the moment she was to step off the ferryboat, confused and lonely in a strange land, San Francisco was to become suddenly and uniquely her own.

"Is like Norvay," the Aunts said Mama had declared.

And straightway she'd taken the city to her heart.

Mama learned so many things about San Francisco. She could tell you how to get to Telegraph Hill; what time the boats came in at Fisherman's Wharf; the names of the young boys who tended the steaming crab kettles along Bay Street; and where to find the blue and yellow lupins at Land's End.

The cable cars were an endless delight, and Mama's idea of a perfect Sunday was for Papa to take us riding on them from one transfer point to another.

Papa would tell of the time Mama took out her citizenship papers and astounded the solemn court by suddenly reciting the names of the streets. "Turk, Eddy, Ellis, O'Farrell," Mama had said proudly. "Geary, Post, Sutter, Bush, and Pine."

Papa said the clerk had quite a time making Mama understand that such knowledge was not necessary for citizenship.

Mama made friends with an Armenian lady who had a store out on Third Street, and gave her her best *lutefisk* recipe. Best of all, though, Mama liked to explore Chinatown. Old Sing Fat and Mama held long conversations over the counters of his Grant Avenue Bazaar. Like as not, she would come home to Castro Street with a tiny bag of lichee nuts or preserved ginger. And if any of us were ill in bed, Mama would go down and get us a small package of those Chinese water flowers that open into amazing beauty when dropped into water.

And if anyone ever asked us where we were born, Mama instructed us we should say "San Francisco." Didn't copies of our birth certificates, neatly framed and hung on the wall of Papa and Mama's room, testify to that proud fact?

"After all," Papa used to tease her, "after all, San Francisco isn't the *world*."

But to Mama it was just that. The world.

PAPA had been working steadily for a long time now, and for once we had a little money ahead. And Mama had told us that within a few months there would be a new brother or sister.

Then—a Real Estate Salesman got hold of Papa and tried to sell him a chicken ranch across the Bay.

Just a little money down, the salesman said, and Papa could pay off the balance like rent. And just think, he told us, there were also five whole acres of fruit trees.

"Sunshine!" the man said enthusiastically. "No fog."

Mama bridled as if someone had said something against one of her children.

"Fog is good," she declared. "Is healthy."

"But there will be eggs for the little ones," he countered, "and plenty of milk."

"There is a cow?" Papa asked.

Well, no, the salesman admitted, no cow. But there were four fine goats.

I saw Mama wrinkle her nose.

Only after Papa said that it would be nice to be your own boss and have a place of your own, instead of being a carpenter—only after we children and Nels had coaxed and pleaded—did Mama reluctantly agree to the move across the Bay.

It was fun at first, helping Papa to prune the trees and to mend the roof of the sagging little house; fun to carry the water from the well and to chop the wood. I remember what a great time Nels had whitewashing the chicken coop. Dagmar helped Mama start a little vegetable garden, and Christine and I took turns milking the ever-present goats.

But when the cold weather came, our enthusiasm for country life waned rapidly. We children were not used to tumbling sleepily out of bed while it was still dark, eating our breakfast by lamplight, then trudging miles to school.

Nor were we used to a one-room schoolhouse, to playmates who called us "Scandahoovians." Ours had been a more cosmopolitan atmosphere.

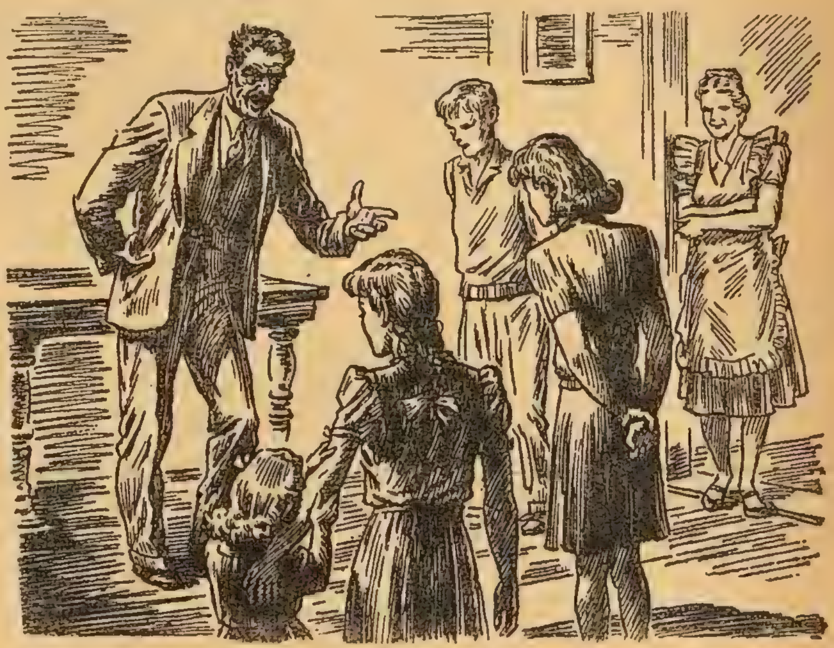
"Hicks!" Christine and I retaliated sulkily. "Country hicks!" And knew a deep homesickness.

Dagmar mourned the merry-go-round and the ponies at the park, while Nels spoke often and wistfully of the big city library with its thousands of books.

Christine and I missed the sidewalks. Our beloved roller skates hung idly in the closet, and as we oiled them carefully every Saturday morning, we remembered that once we had been the very best skaters on the block.

Only Mama never complained. But we saw her stand for long moments at the window—looking westward.

Papa worked early and late, but fought a losing battle. We watched the young trees in the orchard, our carefully-tended garden shrivel and blacken with frost. We had not had money enough to provide smudge pots.



The chickens came down with a strange and baffling illness; most of them died and the few surviving hens stopped laying eggs.

Only the goats kept producing. Our pantry shelves were stocked with the brown goat cheese Mama had made.

For the first Christmas in our lives we children did not get to see the big city stores and the wonderful window displays. And Papa's toolbox was packed away in the closet with our skates.

On New Year's Eve we were allowed to stay up. Mama made "sweet soup" for us, and she and Papa said *Skoal!* and wished us each a *Godt Nytaar* as they drank their coffee.

At midnight Mama held up her hand. "Listen!" she said.

We couldn't hear anything.

"Bells!" Mama said. "Bells and whistles in San Francisco."

Papa looked worried. "Is too far to hear," he told her gently. "You imagine things."

I thought I saw tears in Mama's eyes, but I must have been mistaken. Mama never cried.

"It is not good," Papa said heavily, "for carpenter to try to be farmer."

"Such talk!" Mama protested. But Papa's shoulders did not straighten. And the next day he went to see the Real Estate Salesman. But the man didn't seem interested in us any more. So then Papa had Nels write out an advertisement for the newspaper. But even that wasn't successful.

We only had one answer, an old couple by the name of Sonderman. They liked the chicken ranch, but, as Mr. Sonderman explained, they had their big house on Steiner Street to dispose of first.

"Eleven rooms," Mrs. Sonderman told us, "and since our boys are grown and gone away, Mr. Sonderman and I just rattle around in it."

Of course eleven rooms was too big for us, and never in the world could we get enough money together to put a down payment on it—even counting what Papa had in the chicken ranch.

But Mama never seemed to know when something was hopeless. She made several trips over to the city to see the Steiner Street house and to talk with the Sondermans.

Then Aunt Jenny came over to see us.

"To visit for a while," she said brightly. And we children were much too polite to tell her we knew she'd come to stay with us until after our new baby was born.

Mama made fresh coffee and she and Aunt Jenny and Papa sat down to the kitchen table.

"What is wrong with the children?" Aunt Jenny demanded.

Mama's eyes were worried as she looked at each of us. "They do not look good?" she asked anxiously.

"Such long faces they have," Aunt Jenny explained.

Mama looked at us again. "I see what you mean," she said slowly. "They have not happiness."

Aunt Jenny told us news of the old neighborhood. We remembered the Andersons? Well, they had moved over to Castro Street. And Peter Larson, Anna Lundquist's brother, had got the carpenter contract on the new high school, and he had told Aunt Jenny he just wished he had Papa for a carpenter foreman.

Papa held out his earth-stained hands. "Would be good," he sighed, "to hold tools again, to smell the fresh new wood."

Mama stood up suddenly. "I just think," she said. "That Sonderman house—eleven rooms. Jenny, that would make a fine boardinghouse."

Aunt Jenny laughed shortly. "Indeed. And where would you find time—*now*—to do the work?"

Mama's face reddened. "But *after*—Papa, the children—all would help. We would work together."

Absolute nonsense, Aunt Jenny declared. Besides, she pointed out, we had only about four rooms of furniture.

"But we could get more, Jenny. With Papa working for Peter Larson."

Aunt Jenny shook her head as if the whole plan was hopeless.

"I think," Mama said stubbornly, "that the Sondermans would be willing to give us three—maybe four—months' rent on the Steiner Street house for what we have paid on this place. Mrs. Sonderman *likes* chicken farm."

Papa laughed out loud for the first time in months. "And goats," he said. "Old Mr. Sonderman likes goats."

Mama and Papa looked at each other for a long time. Then Papa went down the road to phone. When he came back he nodded his head and said, "Four months' free rent." And he brought his tool chest out of the closet and started sharpening the tools.

"We go," Mama said happily, "we go." And sent Nels for boxes.

"Wait," Aunt Jenny pleaded. "Wait and talk this over. You should think a long time before you make a move like this."

"We go," Mama said again. "We go today." And started taking the dishes off the shelves.

Aunt Jenny choked on her coffee. "Such foolishness! You can't. You must wait until after—"

There was a strange urgency in Mama's voice. "We go *today*. The house is vacant. The Sondermans moved their things over to their married son's last week."

"And what of all your hard work here?" Aunt Jenny demanded. "What have you got out of it?"

"Four months' free rent in a big house in San Francisco," Mama said. "And goat cheese." She pointed to the pantry shelves. "*Lots* of goat cheese."

LATE that afternoon, when Papa had brought the last box into what had been the Sondermans' house and was now ours, Mama sent us children out to play.

Eagerly and joyously we skated up and down the block, exploring the new neighborhood, making plans for the next day.

When it grew dark, we went home for dinner and found that all the Aunts were there. It was Aunt Jenny, however, who told us the news. She looked as if someone had played a trick on her.

"You have a new baby sister," she told us grimly, and took us down the hall to the room that was now Papa and Mama's.

Mama smiled reassuringly at us as we tiptoed in. She lifted the blanket from the tiny bundle on her arm. "Her name is Kaaren," she said.

Papa turned to beam at us, and we saw that he was hanging our framed birth certificates in a neat row against the wall. He took a tack out of his mouth.

Aunt Sigrid came in with soup for Mama. "Say," she said, "isn't it funny how all your children are born in San Francisco?"

"Funny?" Aunt Jenny demanded crossly. "*Funny?*"

"Is good," Mama said happily. "Is good."

MAMA AND THE OCCASION

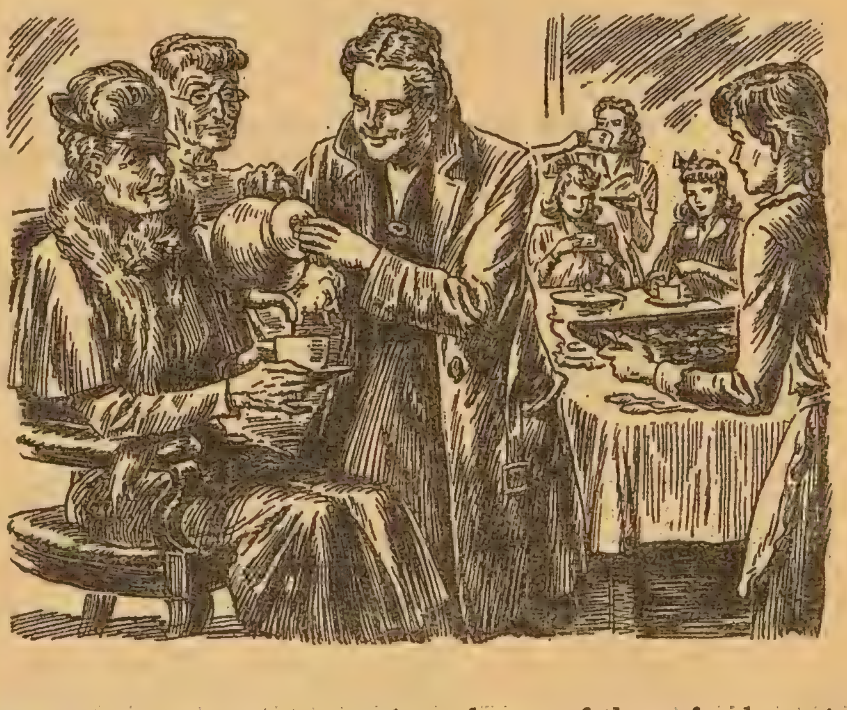
There was excitement at school.

Winford, it was whispered, was to have an exceedingly distinguished visitor.

Miss Grimes, our principal, called a special assembly to confirm the news. "We are to be honored," she announced, "by a visit from Mrs. Reed Winford, that gr-eat lady." Miss Grimes rolled her words like our minister did when he preached Damnation.

"Mrs. Winford is," she continued, "the widow of that gr-eat and no-ble educator for whom our school is named. She will be with us on Chuesday week."

Genteel excitement ran high among the teachers, but our eighth grade was not particularly interested until Miss Grimes gave us complete charge of the refreshments for the reception.



Miss Scanlon twittered with delight and appointed Hester Prinn the chairman. Hester took elocution lessons and knew how to speak pieces. She never blushed or seemed ill at ease when she had to stand up in front of the class.

Now she said, "Let us all work together, girls, to make this a never-to-be-forgotten *Occasion*. Wouldn't it be nice if several of us brought some special little tidbit from home? Made this a real fancy tea?"

Miss Scanlon smiled and nodded. Hester nodded back graciously and held her hands together, very ladylike. "I," she said condescendingly, "shall be glad to bring our Silver Tea Service and our Sterling Silver Cake Plate from home for the Occasion."

The girls clapped politely. And for one moment I hated Hester Prinn more than anything else in the world. I envied her assurance; I had never in my life seen a Silver Tea Service, much less owned one—and I hadn't the slightest idea what a "tidbit" was.

"Now, won't someone else," Hester begged prettily, "also volunteer?"

"My mother makes lovely currant cake," Madeline said.

"And *mine* makes fancy little cucumber sandwiches when *she* has a tea. I know she will let me bring some." Thyra Marin smiled primly at the rest of us.

"Fine!" Hester said heartily. "Someone else?"

Carmelita raised her hand. "I'll bring something. I don't know what. I'll have to ask my mother."

Now, I loved Carmelita dearly, but it was unthinkable that she be allowed to get ahead of me.

"I, too, will bring something," I announced loudly. I had no idea what it would be, and to forestall questions I added hastily, "A tidbit—a special tidbit."

"Thank you all so very much," Hester said. "I appoint the girls who are contributing to be the serving committee."

Before school was dismissed that afternoon, I sneaked a glance in the big dictionary on Miss Scanlon's desk. "Tidbit," it said, "a choice morsel of food."

I breathed a sigh of relief.

When I got home from school I found Aunt Jenny in the kitchen, visiting with Mama. I told them about the distinguished visitor that was coming to Winford and bragged about being appointed to the serving committee.

"Mama," I asked, "what do you cook specially well? A—a choice morsel?"

"I just cook plain," Mama said.

Aunt Jenny snorted. "You are too modest," she said. "I just wish I had your knack with pastry, with *lutefisk*." She closed her eyes. "And your *kjödboller*," she said dreamily, "in the cream sauce. Why, they melt in a person's mouth."

Mama blushed at Aunt Jenny's praise. "Perhaps," she conceded, "perhaps I do make the good *kjödboller*—the meat balls."

"Oh, Mama," I begged, "would you make some for me to take to the reception for Mrs. Winford?"

Mama did not think that meat balls were quite appropriate for the Occasion. "Why not a cake?" she suggested.

"One of the girls already offered to bring a cake."

"Give them something to eat," Aunt Jenny said heartily, "something they can smack their lips over."

Mama looked uncertain. But Aunt Jenny and I disposed of her gentle arguments, one after the other. I was obsessed with the idea of showing the "clique" what a wonderful cook my mother was; of bringing some "tidbit" that would so outshine the other contributions that the Occasion would stand out in their memories forever. The girls could not *help* liking me—wanting to be my friends—if I made the Occasion a big success.

And Aunt Jenny was determined that the poor teachers, "thin as sticks, every one of them," should, for once in their lives, taste real food.

Keeping the meat balls hot? Easy. One of Aunt Jenny's neighbors had a contraption called a chafing dish that was guaranteed to keep food hot. And if Katrin would promise to be very careful of it—

"Oh, I *will*, Aunt Jenny."

Aunt Jenny planned it all out very capably. I could come home for lunch on the day of the reception and take the meat balls back to school with me. Aunt Jenny would instruct me how to light the alcohol lamp under the contraption, and there you were. What was wrong with that?

Mama had to admit that it sounded all right.

SINCE Carmelita hadn't told the girls what she was going to bring, I decided not to tell about my wonderful contribution either.

"Wait and see," I told Hester when she asked me. "And will you be surprised!"

Hester and Madeline and Thyra were almost nice to me during the days we waited for the Occasion. Once they let me play in their jacks game, and twice they walked clear across the schoolyard with me during recess.

I was quietly happy. After the reception, I dreamed, after the teachers and Mrs. Reed Winford had smacked their lips over Mama's delicious meat balls, the girls would notice me even more.

"I simply *must* have the recipe," I could hear Miss Grimes say.

And Mrs. Winford would ask to meet the girl whose mother cooked so wonderfully. "Quite the nicest tidbit," she would say, "of this whole reception."

And the girls would smile and nod at me. They might even clap. And I wouldn't blush a bit.

"Chuesday week" finally arrived, and I rushed home at lunchtime to get the Tidbit.

Mama was flushed but happy. "Never," she told me, "have I had such good luck with the *kjödboller*. Just taste."

I tasted, and assured her that she had indeed outdone herself. Flaky, tender, swimming in the creamy sauce, the meat balls looked like a picture out of a magazine.

Carefully we transferred them to the chafing dish. It started to rain when I got to the corner, but I was too excited to go back home for my raincoat and umbrella. Shielding the precious burden as best I could, I raced the two blocks to school.

When I got there, Miss Scanlon sent me down to the furnace room to dry my shoes. On my way, I tiptoed into the auditorium and deposited the chafing dish on the long white-clothed table that held Hester's gleaming Silver Tea Service. I wasn't even jealous; the chafing dish looked every bit as nice.

WHEN I got to the furnace room, the janitress was sitting on an upturned soapbox.

She looked at me sternly. "Don't I always keep this school clean?"

I nodded timidly and moved closer to the furnace.

"Better," she declared, "than any other janitress ever did. Ask anyone. Ask the Board of Education. They'll tell you that Mrs. Kronever, she takes pride in her work.

"Ha!" she continued. "Ha! Reception!" She rocked back and forth and glared at me. "Who," she demanded—"who works hardest at this Winford school?"

"I guess you do, Mrs. Kronever."

"Then why am I not asked to the Reception, too?"

"I—I don't know."

"Ha!" she said again. "All right, all right. Let them have their old Reception. Without me!"

I stood up. Wet shoes or not, I'd better get back to the classroom. This, I decided, was what Miss Scanlon meant when she said that Mrs. Kronever was temperamental.

The afternoon session dragged by. A cold rain had darkened the day, and we shivered. Three times Miss Scanlon had to send girls down to Mrs. Kronever with requests for more heat, without tangible results.

Dismissal bell finally rang, and the lower grades were sent home. We favored ones in the eighth congregated in the hall outside the auditorium, waiting with the teachers for Miss Grimes and the Distinguished Visitor.

For the first time, I noticed that Carmelita held a long paper-wrapped package.

"What did you bring?" I whispered, hoping anxiously that it would not be something to compete with the delectable meat balls.

"A bottle of fine wine," she whispered back, and tore off a piece of the paper to show me the bottle, cased in straw.

I shuddered. A faint doubt entered my mind. Were we doing the right thing, Carmelita and I? Of course, meat balls were different from *wine*—but—

"What will Miss Grimes say?" I asked anxiously.

Carmelita shrugged. "The wine," she said, "is very good for the stommack."

I remembered the lecture Miss Grimes had given us on the evils of rum. Had she mentioned wine? I was torn between two loyalties: I did not want to hurt my friend's feelings, nor did I want her held up to the ridicule of the school.

"Wrap it up again," I implored her. "Let me think."

"Is good for the stommack," Carmelita persisted, and tore off the rest of the wrapping.

Miss Grimes came bustling down the hall then, followed by a tall gray-haired lady in a black fitted suit. We stood back bashfully and Miss Grimes opened the auditorium door with a flourish, and bade our Distinguished Visitor enter.

We trooped after her, I to my chosen place by the chafing dish, along with the other members of the serving committee; the rest of the class and the teachers to chairs placed in front of the platform.

The pungent odor of meat balls greeted us, and I sniffed appreciatively as I lighted the lamp under the chafing dish. Miss Grimes looked uncomfortable and wrinkled her nose a little, but she gave a wonderful introduction to the Distinguished Visitor.

Mrs. Winford was a beautiful lady. She stood up and told us how happy she was to be with us; how she had looked forward to meeting us all—I lost the rest of the speech because Hester was motioning to Miss Scanlon from the doorway, and I was curious.

I began to notice how cold it was in the auditorium and wondered why someone didn't turn on the lights. Then Miss Scanlon rushed in and whispered something to Miss Grimes and Miss Grimes rushed out the door.

Mrs. Winford finished talking and we clapped politely. She stood there on the platform until Miss Grimes came rushing back again. Miss Grimes' face had turned awful red.

"Most unfortunate," she announced, "but we are unable to find our janitress. She—she forgot to turn on the heat. And, stupidly enough, she had also gone off with the key to the domestic science room and the girls cannot get in to boil the water for tea.

"But if you will just be patient," she promised, "we will have everything under way very shortly. I know we are all anxious for our tea."

MRS. WINFORD looked as if she could do with a cup of hot tea. But she just smiled graciously and held her coat more tightly around herself. Miss Scanlon sneezed twice, and Miss Grimes glared at her. The teachers went on vain expeditions for the missing janitress.

Miss Grimes and the teachers sat in a group by the platform and made valiant conversation with our shivering guest, while the nerves of the serving committee became increasingly edgy. We watched the dainty little cucumber sandwiches become soggy and limp. Madeline tried to cut the currant cake with the cake server, and it fell into crumbs. Hester made futile little dashes from the tea table to the hall.

"It's getting late," Hester fretted, "and colder. Miss Lyons thinks she may have a key to the domestic science room at her home. She's gone to see." She noticed Carmelita. "What in the world," Hester asked crossly, "are you holding?"

"Wine."

"Wine? *Wine?* Don't you know that all teachers are W. C. T. U.?"

I didn't know what W. C. T. U. was, but Carmelita was my Best Friend. "It is good," I parroted, "for the stommack."

"They'll probably *expel* you!" Hester hissed.

Carmelita gulped but held tightly to the wine.

"And what are *you* being so mysterious about?" Hester asked me impatiently. "What have you got in that old chafing dish?"

Reverently I lifted the cover. "Meat balls," I breathed. "In cream sauce."

It was the signal for laughter. Harsh and high-pitched laughter, vainly smothered by crammed handkerchiefs. Hester and Madeline and Thyra giggled and sputtered, then held tightly to one another and kept repeating "Meat balls!" "To a fancy tea she brings *meat balls!"*

From her seat by the platform, Miss Grimes frowned at the unseemly noise and signaled us to be quiet.

The girls wiped streaming eyes—looked at me—and collapsed into one another's arms again.

"Meat balls!" Hester grimaced. *"Poor* people eat meat balls."

"For *dinner,* if ever," Madeline hiccuped, "not at a tea."

My cheeks burned. My eyes smarted. But I dared not let the tears fall. Soon, now, Miss Grimes and Mrs. Winford would discover my stupidity. And the teachers. And everyone would laugh and laugh. And never, now, would my classmates be friendly.

Through the haze of unshed tears I saw my sister Christine.

She was standing by the tea table, holding out my raincoat and rubbers. "Mama sent me back with them," she said matter-of-factly. "It's pouring, out."

"Go home!" I whispered fiercely. "Go home!"

Her calm gaze went to the table—to the girls. "I heard —" she began.

"Go home!" I clutched her arm, pulled her out of earshot of the still giggling girls. "If you dare tell Mama—"

Christine shook off my hand. "You and Carmelita should have known better," she said reasonably. "Mama should have known better."

"But her feelings will be hurt, Christine," I pleaded. "Please don't ever tell." Quickly I explained about the janitress. Christine shrugged, and with a cool look at the girls standing by the table, she moved away.

And I watched her go—envying her from the bottom of my aching heart. Christine would have known better. Christine had been born knowing the proper things. She was never impulsive, headstrong. Never did foolish, stupid things. Christine moved calmly and clearly through life, serene and—invulnerable.

Miss Grimes mounted the platform to announce that since it was getting late, and stormier, all but the girls on the serving committee would be dismissed.

Those of us left stood awkwardly about the tea table. Madeline and Hester would look at the chafing dish and then make silly faces at each other. I examined the tips of my shoes with infinite care. Carmelita moved closer to me, as if for comfort.

It got darker and colder. One by one, the teachers made their excuses and escaped.

At last, only the serving committee, the Distinguished Visitor, and Miss Grimes were left.

"Miss Lyons should certainly be here with the key soon," Miss Grimes fretted. "Hark! I hear someone coming along the hall."

We watched the doorway hopefully.

And Mama came in!

In her arms she carried two bulky newspaper-wrapped packages.

Silently, desperately I prayed: Please, oh, please, let Mama go back home before she finds out. If the girls dared to laugh at my mother—

Mama smiled at me and walked right over to Miss Grimes and Mrs. Winford.

"You will catch cold," she scolded gently. "You need the good hot coffee to warm you up."

Mrs. Winford laughed ruefully. "What wouldn't I give," she sighed, "for a cup of hot coffee!"

Miss Grimes sneezed violently.

Mama clucked sympathetically. "See now what I have brought." She herded us down to the tea table, smiled at Hester, Thyra, Mary, Madeline, and Carmelita.

She set her packages down. "In this one—the hot coffee." Mama brought forth our copper pitcher, fragrant steam escaping from it. "And in this one," she unwrapped the other package, "is the hot chocolate for Katrin's friends."

WITHIN a few minutes Mama had us all comfortably seated about the tea table. Mrs. Winford and Miss Grimes drank great loud draughts of the steaming coffee. The girls and I were just as greedy with the hot chocolate.

Mama was always good at making folks comfortable. Now she passed the fancy cookies and the crumbs of currant cake. She said that Mary's cookies were about the nicest she had ever tasted, and she complimented Madeline on the delicious cake. She also commiserated with Thyra about the collapse of the cucumber sandwiches, and wholeheartedly admired Hester's tea set.

Warm and relaxed, we finally drained the last drop of coffee and of chocolate. Miss Grimes thanked Mama so sincerely that she seemed like a different person from the austere principal we were so used to. She thanked the serving committee too, and said that she was proud of us. She said that although we had been confronted with a trying situation, we had acted like Little Ladies.

Mrs. Winford complimented us, too. And when she was leaving, she took Mama's hands in both of hers, and they spoke together for a long time.

After Miss Grimes and the visitor had gone, we began to clear the table. Mama worked with us. Hester started to speak several times. Finally she blurted, "I would—excuse me, but—I would like to taste the—meat balls."

I gulped indignantly and started to say something, but Mama shook her head at me. Serenely she took a clean saucer, heaped it with *kjödboller,* and passed it to Hester. Hester tasted. "Why," she said wonderingly, "why, they're delicious!"

And as the rest of us passed our saucers to Mama for portions, she spoke of other Norwegian dishes. Of *svisker grod*, of the festive *Yule Kage*, and *pannkaka med lingon.* The girls seemed interested.

"You must bring your friends to our home, Katrin," Mama said to me. "I will make for you the *Norske kroner* —the Norvegian cookies."

I didn't, couldn't answer.

"Perhaps," Mama continued quietly, "the girls would like to see the baby Kaaren."

Hester's face got pink. "A baby? Have you a baby at your house?"

Mama nodded and smiled.

"We had a baby once," Hester said softly. "My little brother. We—we lost him."

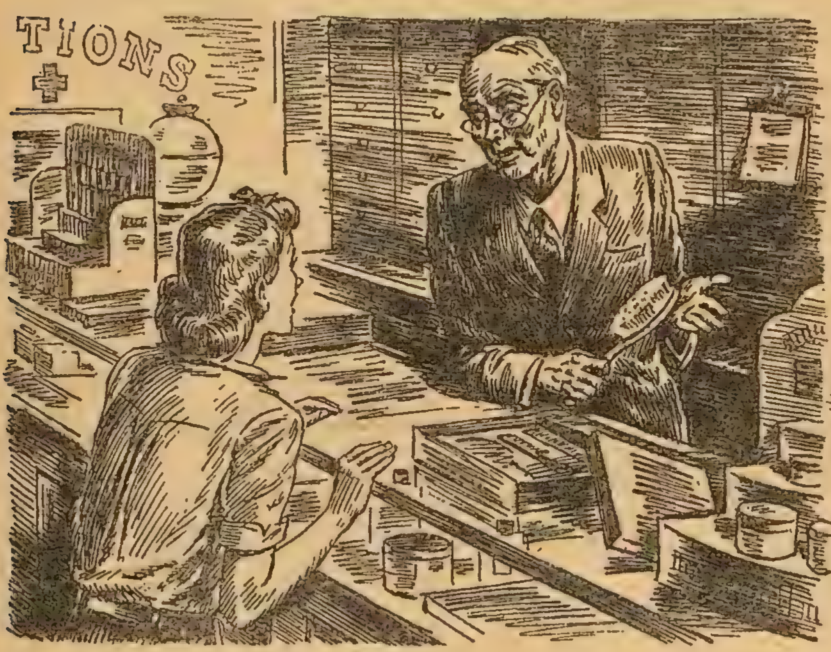
"Kathryn has a big attic, too!" Carmelita bragged.

"An attic all your very own?" Madeline asked.

I looked at the girls. Their faces were friendly.

"Next Wednesday," Mama said. "Come next Wednesday after school. We will make of it a party, yes?"

The girls said they would come. We locked the auditorium door and went out into the schoolyard. Hester, Madeline, Thyra, and Mary not only smiled as they left but waved, too, and said, "Last look!"



Carmelita and I trudged after Mama.

"The wine," I remembered suddenly. "What of the wine?"

"Under the table your Mama put it," Carmelita said succinctly. "For Mrs. Kronever maybe."

"It will be good," I joked, "for her stommack."

And Carmelita and I giggled happily all the way home.

MAMA AND THE GRADUATION PRESENT

We rented the big downstairs bedroom to two brothers, Mr. Sam and Mr. George Stanton.

The Stantons worked in the office of the Gas and Electric Company. They were nice young men, and after dinner every night they would come out to the kitchen to tell Mama how much they enjoyed her cooking.

After they got better acquainted with Miss Durant, our first boarder, they teased her about her "rabbit food" and made bets with each other as to which one of them would be the first to coax her to eat a big thick steak—medium rare.

Winford School had become the most important thing in life to me. I was finally friends with the girls, and Carmelita and I were invited to all their parties. Every other Wednesday they came to my house and we would sit up in my attic, drink chocolate, eat cookies, and make plans about our graduation.

We were enthralled with our superiority. *We* were going to be the first class at Winford to have evening graduation exercises; *we* were having a play; *we* were making our own graduation dresses in sewing class.

And when I was given the second lead in the play—the part of the Grecian boy—I found my own great importance hard to bear. I alone, of all the girls, had to go downtown to the costumer's to rent a wig, a coarse black wig that smelled of disinfectant, but made me feel like Geraldine Farrar. At every opportunity I would put it on and have Papa listen to my part of the play.

Then the girls started talking about graduation presents.

Madeline said she was getting an onyx ring with a small diamond. Hester was getting a wrist watch, and Thyra's family was going to add seven pearls to the necklace they had started for her when she was a baby. Even Carmelita was getting something: her sister Rose was putting a dollar every payday onto a manicure set.

I was intrigued, and wondered what great surprise my family had in store for me. I talked about it endlessly, hoping for some clue. It would be terrible if my present were not as nice as the rest.

"It is the custom, then," Mama asked, "the giving of gifts when one graduates?"

"My goodness, Mama," I said, "it's practically the most important time in a girl's life—when she graduates."

I had seen a beautiful pink celluloid dresser set at Mr. Schiller's drugstore, and I set my heart upon it. I dropped hint after hint, until Nels took me aside and reminded me that we did not have money for that sort of thing.

"I don't care!" I cried recklessly. "I *must* have a graduation present. Why, Nels, think how I will feel if I don't get any! When the girls ask me—"

Nels got impatient and said he thought I was turning into a spoiled brat. And I retorted that, since he was a boy, he naturally couldn't be expected to understand certain things.

WHEN Mama and I were alone one day, she asked me how I would like her silver brooch for a graduation present. Mama thought a lot of that brooch—it had been her mother's.

"Mama," I said reasonably, "what in the world would I want an old brooch for?"

"It would be like a-an heirloom, Katrin. It was your grandmother's."

"No, thank you, Mama."

"I could polish it up, Katrin."

I shook my head. "Look, Mama. A graduation present is something like—well, like that beautiful dresser set in Mr. Schiller's window."

There, now, I had told. Surely, with such a hint—

Mama looked worried, but she didn't say anything. Just pinned the silver brooch back on her dress.

I was so sure that Mama would find some way to get the dresser set, I bragged to the girls as if it were a sure thing. I even took them by Schiller's window to admire it. They agreed with me that it was wonderful. There was a comb, a brush, a mirror, a pincushion, a clothesbrush, and even something called a hair receiver.

Graduation night was a flurry of excitement and I didn't forget a single word of my part in the play.

Flushed and triumphant, I heard Miss Scanlon say that I was every bit as good as Hester, who had taken elocution lessons for years. And when I went up to the platform for my diploma, the applause for me was long. Of course the aunts and uncles were all there, and Uncle Ole and Uncle Peter could clap very loud, but I pretended that it was because I was so popular.

And when I got home—there was the pink celluloid dresser set!

Mama and Papa beamed at my delight, but Nels and Christine, I noticed, didn't say anything. I decided that they were jealous, and felt sorry that they would not join me in my joy.

I carried the box up to my attic and placed the comb and brush on my dresser. It took me a long while to arrange everything to my satisfaction. The mirror, so. The pincushion, here. The hair receiver, there.

Mama let me sleep late the next morning. When I got down to breakfast, she had already gone downtown to do her shopping. Nels was reading the want-ad section of the paper. Since it was vacation, he was going to try to get a job. He read the jobs aloud to Papa and they discussed each one.

After my breakfast, Christine and I went upstairs to make the beds. I made her wait while I ran up to my attic to look again at my wonderful present. Dagmar came with me, and when she touched the mirror, I scolded her so hard she started to cry.

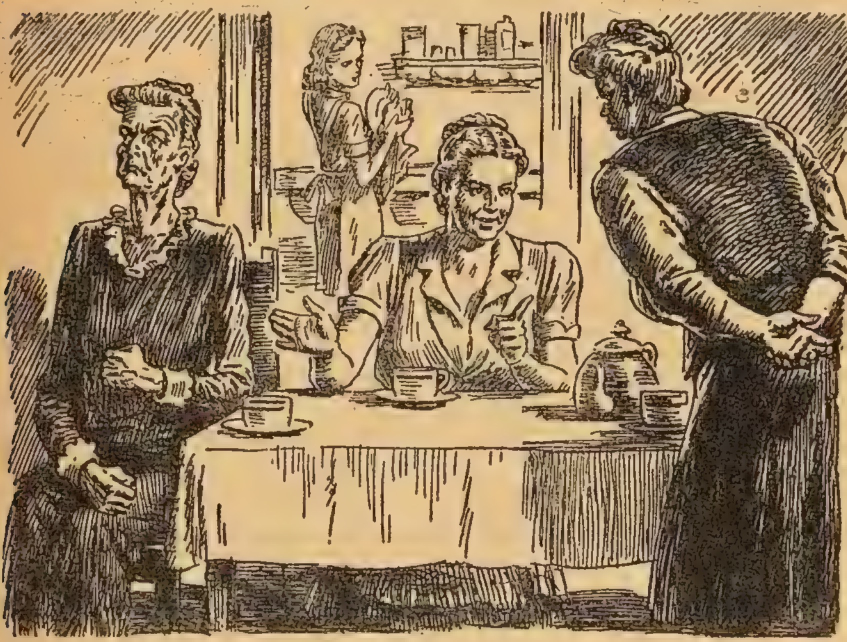
Christine came up then and wiped Dagmar's tears and sent her to Papa. She looked at me for a long time.

"Why do you look at me like that, Christine?"

"What do you care? You got what you wanted, didn't you?" She pointed to the dresser set. "Trash," she said, "cheap trash."

"Don't you *dare* talk about my lovely present like that! You're jealous, that's what. I'll tell Mama on you."

"And while you're telling her," Christine said, "ask her what she did with her silver brooch. The one her very own mother gave her. Ask her that."



I looked at Christine with horror. "What? You mean—Did Mama—"

Christine walked away.

I grabbed up the dresser set and ran down the stairs to the kitchen. Papa was drinking his second cup of coffee and Dagmar was playing with her doll in front of the stove.

"Papa, oh, Papa!" I cried. "Did Mama—Christine says—" I started to cry then, and Papa had me sit on his lap.

"There now," he said, and patted my shoulder.

And he dipped a cube of sugar into his coffee and fed it to me. We were not allowed to drink coffee until we were considered grown up, but all of us children loved that occasional lump of sugar dipped in coffee.

After my sobbing had stopped, Papa talked to me very seriously. It was like this, he said, I had wanted the graduation present. Mama had wanted my happiness more than she had wanted the silver brooch. So she had traded it to Mr. Schiller for the dresser set.

"But I never wanted her to do that, Papa. If I had known—I would never have let her—"

"It was what Mama wanted to do, Katrin."

"But she *loved* it so. It was all she had of Grandmother's."

"She always meant it for you, Katrin."

I stood up slowly. I knew what I must do.

And all the way up to Mr. Schiller's drugstore, the graduation present in my arms, I thought of how hard it must have been for Mama to ask Mr. Schiller to take the brooch as payment. It was never easy for Mama to talk to strangers.

Mr. Schiller examined the dresser set. He didn't know, he said, about taking it back. After all, a bargain was a bargain, and he had been thinking of giving the brooch to his wife for her birthday next month.

Recklessly I mortgaged my vacation.

If he would take back the dresser set, if he would give me back the brooch, I would come in and work for him every single day, even Saturdays.

"I'll shine the showcases," I begged. "I'll sweep the floor for you."

Mr. Schiller said that would not be necessary. Since I wanted the brooch back so badly, he would call the deal off. But if I was serious about working during vacation, he might be able to use me.

So I walked out of Mr. Schiller's drugstore not only with Mama's brooch, but with a job that started the next morning. I felt very proud. The dresser set suddenly seemed a childish and silly thing.

I put the brooch on the table in front of Papa.

He looked at me proudly. "Was it so hard to do, Daughter?"

"Not so hard as I thought." I pinned the brooch on my dress. "I'll wear it always," I said. "I'll keep it forever."

"Mama will be glad, Katrin."

Papa dipped a lump of sugar and held it out to me. I shook my head. "Somehow," I said, "I just don't feel like it, Papa."

"So?" Papa said. "So?"

And he stood up and poured out a cup of coffee and handed it to me.

"For me?" I asked wonderingly.

Papa smiled and nodded. "For my grown-up daughter," he said.

I sat up straight in my chair. And felt very proud as I drank my first cup of coffee.

MAMA'S AUNT ELNA

For once, Aunt Trina knew some family gossip before Aunt Jenny did, and she made the most of it. She wouldn't come right out and say what it was; she just dropped little hints, shook her head sadly, and from time to time sighed, "Poor, *poor* old Aunt Elna."

The Aunts were all sitting around our kitchen table having coffee with Mama, and I made the drying of the lunch dishes last a long time, so that I would have an excuse to stay and hear their talk. I was eager to hear anything that had to do with my Great-aunt Elna; her tragic story had always enthralled me.

But Aunt Jenny pretended that she didn't hear Aunt Trina's hints, and kept the conversation on other matters. When Aunt Marta tried to question Aunt Trina, Jenny raised her voice and demanded that the sugar be passed.

That was the way Aunt Jenny was. Whenever she disapproved of someone (and she and her mother's sister had quarreled bitterly in times gone by), she simply refused to hear any discussion of that person.

This day, too, Aunt Jenny was particularly cross, because she was having so many worries about her boardinghouse. Here she'd gone deep into debt to buy new kitchen equipment—had even had Uncle Ole and Papa and Uncle Peter enlarge the dining room and kitchen of her house—but instead of getting and keeping new boarders, she was losing the old ones.

But I had heard all that before, and now I was anxious that Aunt Trina be allowed to tell her news of my Great-aunt Elna.

What could it be? Though Aunt Elna was very old now, and deaf, she remained a storybook figure to us children. The few times we saw her, we would stare unblinkingly, trying, as we looked at the straight spare figure, the gray hair pulled uncompromisingly back from the stern face, to discover some trace of the wild young girl who had driven, they said, her false lover to his death.

There was little enough of drama in our lives, and we treasured every colorful detail we could glean about Great-aunt Elna. The story—spoken quickly in Norwegian, so that we children could not readily understand, or told in a hushed, shocked voice when we were considered out of hearing—was as exciting as any saga.

And this was the way the Aunts told it:

The young Elna had been darkly beautiful, but as wild and headstrong as the sea that seemed caught in her narrow green eyes. Ever rebellious, flaunting her elders, scornful of all that was seemly, she was betrothed to Peder.

And oh (my grandmother had told the Aunts), despite the clacking and the mutterings of the older folk, the love of Elna and Peder had been a thing to see. Never quiet, you understand, never a gentle thing; more like a storm over the fjords, or a high and pounding wind. They quarreled as often as they kissed, and vowed undying hatred as quickly as they plighted their troth anew.

"Troll-ridden," my grandmother had said of them sadly. "Troll-ridden."

They loved horses, the young Elna and the tall Peder. And in a day when maidens stayed properly at home, one that was ever ready to fling herself onto the back of the wildest horse to race her lover over the narrow rocky paths would be expected to come to a bad end. Not that Elna minded ever what the old ones said. As she and Peder galloped by, she was like as not to laugh and mock at their shocked faces.

PERHAPS it was meet and just, then, that their final, most terrible quarrel was to be about a horse that Peder had newly bought, a white stallion called Thor that Elna begged to ride.

Peder refused because the horse was still too wild—had never been properly broken.

Elna, they said, raged and shouted that ride him she *would*.

Then indeed had Peder sworn at her, and shouted that likely her spirit needed breaking as badly as Thor's.

One word led to another and they parted in bitterness.

And Peder went to Oslo—Christiania, then—and loud hissed the gossip when he returned to his homeplace within the week—with a wife.

A rabbity-looking creature, the neighbors reported to Elna, watching her out of the corners of their eyes. Gentle-seeming, though, they added slyly, and ever solicitous of her scowling bridegroom.

Elna held her head high. "Then surely must I pay my respects," was all she said.

And though her parents tried to stop her, and her sisters begged and wept, the white-faced girl arrayed herself in the gown that was to have been her wedding dress and bound her long dark hair. (This, though a small thing, was in itself an affront to God-fearing, respectable folk. Because it was an old custom in that part of the country for a girl to keep her hair unbound until she had been made a wife.)

Dressed in such manner, and holding all her betrothal gifts carefully in front of her, Elna had ridden her mare the miles to Peder's home.

The guests who had gathered to greet the young couple stopped their chattering to stare at Elna as she walked into Peder's place that night and laid Peder's gifts in front of his bride.

"For you," Elna said proudly. "These, too, I give to you."

And Peder had raged and sworn. It was not seemly, he shouted, that she should act thus. And forbade his wife to touch the gifts.

And Peder's bride tossed her head and taunted Elna. "What need have I of gifts? *I* have Peder."

But Elna's eyes were searching Peder's face, and what she saw there must have been the reason for the strange smile that twisted her mouth. "Have you?" she asked softly, answering Peder's wife. "Have you Peder?"

Elna turned then, and with tall dignity walked out of Peder's house. The guests stood around awkwardly, each one waiting for his neighbor to break the silence. They heard Elna speak softly to her mare, heard the mare whinny in reply, and stole quick little glances at Peder's unhappy face.

Then, all in one second, so it seemed, they heard the new sound, that of heavy and thundering hoofbeats, and when Peder threw open the door, they saw Elna racing down the road that led to the fjord—riding the stallion Thor.

And her only answer to Peder's frantic call was her high and reckless laugh.

In just the time it takes to draw a breath Peder flung himself onto the back of Elna's waiting mare and rode headlong in pursuit.

What happened then was never truly told, because no one knew. (Except, perhaps, Elna, and she was never to speak of that night again.) Whether the mare stumbled, or a strap had been loosened—all that was known was that in some manner Peder was thrown against the jagged rocks that lined the roadway, and died.

They said that Elna came riding back alone, the stallion stepping high and nervously but doing her bidding. Elna led her mare with Peder's still body across the saddle. She handed the reins to the staring bride and quietly, almost kindly, did she say, "Now truly, indeed, do you have Peder."

That was the way the Aunts told the story.

The rest wasn't interesting. It was just that Elna's parents sent her to America, and she worked for years for a caterer on Mission Street and got older and grimmer and paid but brief visits to her sister and her sister's children. So that it was not often that we had news of her.

I was doing the last of the silverware when Aunt Jenny stood up and said that she must go. I was secretly glad; now Aunt Trina could tell the news.

I was disappointed.

The news was only that old Aunt Elna was to be taken to the Old People's Home.

The Aunts, though, and Mama, were shocked and dismayed.

How could this be? they asked. Hadn't Aunt Elna saved money all the time she worked?

Yes, Aunt Trina said. But since she had become so deaf, she was unable to work, and the money had gone to doctors who had tried vainly to cure her deafness.

"But we must *do* something," Mama said.

The Aunts agreed, and explored the subject endlessly. Each one was more than willing to offer their aunt a home—but would she accept?

I lost interest. It was, I knew, a terrible thing to have someone even remotely connected to you have to go to an *institution*, but even I knew that Great-aunt Elna would accept that before she would take family charity. So what could a person do about it?

I reckoned without Mama.

The next day was Saturday, and when I came down, the breakfast dishes were piled in the sink and Mama was lying down in her room, but she didn't look a bit sick.

"Fix your breakfast," she told me, "then take Dagmar and go out and play."

I was too startled to be happy about getting out of all the Saturday work. "But, Mama! What about changing the beds? What about sweeping the hall stairs? What about these dishes?"

Mama smiled. "Just leave them. This morning I am going to have company."

Then I was sure that Mama must be sick. *Company* coming and a cluttered, unswept house?

"My Aunt Elna," Mama explained. And I began to understand.

BUT I took a long time getting my breakfast, so I was there when my Great-aunt walked in. Mama apologized for the look of the house and told me to make fresh coffee.

Aunt Elna looked at Mama with her piercing eyes. "Again?" she demanded sharply. Mama blushed, but shook her head.

"Five children is enough," Great-aunt Elna declared in her flat voice, and she sat down in the chair that faced Mama's bed.

"Now why else," she wondered, "would you be lying in bed with work undone?"

Mama started to speak, but Aunt Elna stopped her.

"Don't bother," she said grimly. "You were never able to lie. I was to feel that I was needed here, and so would come and live with you?"

Mama nodded.

Aunt Elna snorted. "Understand, I appreciate your offer—but I will take the—the other."

"Please," Mama pleaded. "We would make you happy here—"

Aunt Elna shook her head vigorously. "You have little enough to do with, and two great girls to help you do the work. I would be a—burden."

Mama spoke then of Marta, of Sigrid, of Trina—but old Aunt Elna wouldn't listen. "I want none of it," she declared. "I want just to go my own way the time I have left." Her thin mouth twisted. "Unfortunately I come from a long-lived family."

Mama sat up in bed and reached for Aunt Elna's hand, but Aunt Elna snatched it away. "Look," Mama said eagerly. "Perhaps, then, we can find work for you to do. You are strong—"

"And who," demanded Aunt Elna, "would take a woman past seventy—stone-deaf? An old woman who cannot sleep at night and needs must walk the streets for hours at a time to tire herself sufficiently so that she can catch but winks of sleep? No. I am tired of trying to hear what people shout at me. If I could work alone— Why speak of it? It is impossible."

But Mama wouldn't give up. "If we do," she insisted, "if we do find some sort of job, you would take it?"

For just a second Aunt Elna's face crumpled. "I," she said softly—"I would do almost anything rather than the other." Then she made her back very straight and stood up. "It is foolish to hope, I have learned," she said shortly. "Come now, get out of that bed, and I will help you clear up the kitchen before I—I go."

"Make some of your gingerbread," Mama said.

Great-aunt Elna was a wonderful cook. She made a batch of her famous Danish pastry. It was rising by the stove, her gingerbread was in the oven, and she was pressing out the fancy cookies that were Papa's favorites, when Aunt Jenny walked in.

When she saw her Aunt Elna there, she almost turned to walk out of the kitchen. "So," she said sternly to Mama, "this is why you phoned to me?"

Mama went over and took hold of Aunt Jenny's arm. "You will sit down," she said quietly, "and hear what I have to say. You too," she said to Aunt Elna, who had started to put on her coat.

"I cannot hear you," Aunt Elna said flatly.

"Look at me," Mama said. "And you, Jenny, listen before you answer."

Mama poured out three cups of coffee and made Aunt Jenny and Great-aunt Elna sit down to the table.

"Now," Mama took a deep breath. "First, we must remember that we are all of the same family."

"I want no help from any of you," Great-aunt Elna said loudly and suddenly.

"But," Mama said quietly, "one of us wants help from *you*."

Great-aunt Elna looked interested, Aunt Jenny wary.

"So," Mama said. "So here is Jenny, widowed and alone, losing all that she had put into her boardinghouse because— Wait, Jenny, let me speak out—because she is a very poor cook."

I watched Aunt Jenny's face darken with anger.

"I don't cook so bad," Aunt Jenny protested. "My meats—my gravies—"

"Poor Jenny works night and day," Mama went on serenely, "seeking to save her business. She has made room for twenty-three boarders, but has only— What is it now, Jenny?"

"Five," Aunt Jenny said unwillingly.

"So," Mama said. "And here is Aunt Elna—who would rather cook than do anything else, who is the finest cook I know—making plans to spend her days among strangers and in unhappiness."

"Have you, then, lost your wits?" Aunt Jenny cried. "No one knows better than you how little we are able to get along, Aunt Elna and I."

"A hundred times better the strangers," Great-aunt Elna shouted, "than to work for such as Jenny!"

"Never!" Aunt Jenny shouted back. "Never!"

MAMA stirred her coffee calmly. "I have figured it all out. You would not even see each other. That room off your kitchen, Jenny, you could give to Aunt Elna."

Great-aunt Elna started thumping on the table in disagreement, but Mama went on talking. "Aunt Elna cannot sleep at night, so she will do her work then. You, Jenny, after the dinner dishes are done, will leave the kitchen and not come back. You will have all that will be needed in the pantry, and Aunt Elna will do the baking. The bread, the pies, the cakes, and the doughnuts will all be baked at night. By dawn, Aunt Elna will leave the kitchen, and you, Jenny, will take over.

"Aunt Elna," Mama continued, "will have what she wants: quiet, work, and independence. You, Jenny, will soon have a boardinghouse that will be famous for its good cooking, and more boarders than you will have room for."

Great-aunt Elna and my Aunt Jenny stared at Mama and then at each other. In the silence, Mama drank her coffee.

It was Aunt Jenny who spoke first. "I do not say that such help as that, at this time, would not be God-sent—but—but—"

Great-aunt Elna spoke grudgingly. "Would be good to have a kitchen to myself again. There is a new roll recipe—"

Aunt Jenny unbent a little more. "Never have I said that Aunt Elna was not a fine cook."

Great-aunt Elna: "Always have I said Jenny worked harder than anyone I knew."

"For such help as that," Jenny said fairly, "I could pay a little, as well as giving room and board."

"A person could also put up the lunches for the men," Great-aunt Elna offered.

Mama stood up briskly. "So," she said. "So it is settled, then. Jenny, you will have Aunt Elna's room ready. Papa will bring her over this evening."

"Why," Jenny said, "that won't be necessary. We can go now and get things settled. We can go—together."

And Mama's eyes began to dance. "Is good," she said gravely. "Is very good."

MAMA AND UNCLE ELIZABETH

Our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Karboe, gave Dagmar a cat.

A fierce independent little cat that arched its back and spat vindictively at the slightest provocation.

It was love at first sight. On Dagmar's part, at least. She took one long look and immediately forsook dolls, jacks, and the little boy next door.

"Elizabeth," she crooned. "My Elizabeth."

And from that day forward she carried Elizabeth with her wherever she went. Elizabeth mutinied often, and Dagmar's scratched arms bore testimony to the arguments the two of them must have had.

Christine and I tried to stop the almost constant companionship. We even appealed to Mama.

"First thing you know," Christine said, "she'll have the darned cat sleeping with her."

Dagmar looked interested.

"Oh, my goodness," Aunt Jenny said, "that would never do! Why, everyone knows that a cat draws breath from a sleeping child." She turned to Dagmar. "How would you like to wake up some morning *smothered?*" she asked.

Dagmar looked stubborn. "I wouldn't care! Elizabeth can have *all* my breath." She picked up the unco-operative kitten and blew earnestly into its face. "There! And there! And there!"

Elizabeth spat furiously.

"Besides," Christine said loftily, "Elizabeth is a very silly name for a cat."

Dagmar held the struggling beast close to her and faced us defiantly. "She is my Elizabeth!" she cried with the full passion of her eight years. "She loves me! Even if she doesn't show it—in front of people. 'N Elizabeth is a bee-yoo-tiful name and I'm going to name all her kittens Elizabeth—so there!"

Well, Elizabeth grew older but no more mellowed. Her disposition became, if possible, even meaner, and very soon it became evident that Elizabeth was not the kind of a cat that had kittens named Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, in short, was a tomcat. A wild, fighting, irascible, look-for-trouble tomcat that turned friendly neighbors into bitter enemies.

In deference to Dagmar—who still insisted upon the Elizabeth—the cat became, for name-calling purposes, Uncle Elizabeth.

As Uncle Elizabeth waxed lean and strong, the scars and marks of his ceaseless back-fence battles multiplied. First he lost the tip of one ear, then practically the whole of the other. It became the accepted thing for Uncle Elizabeth to have at least one eye constantly swollen shut.

Mama fretted, but Dagmar just put on her white apron, and with firm gentleness—which consisted of sitting on him—bathed the weary warrior's wounds with boric acid.

But at last came the day when even Dagmar's medical ingenuity failed. Uncle Elizabeth limped home one dawn with half a paw chewed off, a walnut-sized lump on the side of his head, both eyes swollen shut, and one fourth of his tail missing.

He mewed plaintively and told us in no uncertain terms that if he just lived through this debacle, he would be content to stay at home forever after. But all his good intentions and Dagmar's careful nursing went for naught. With suppurating wounds and swollen head, Uncle Elizabeth became a dreadful and terrible sight.

Dagmar's despair was heartbreaking. When Nels and I could stand it no longer, we gave her fifty cents to take him to the veterinary's.

"And listen," Christine said. "If he can't do anything for the poor thing, tell him to put it out of its misery."

Dagmar's lips tightened, but she took the money.

Within an hour she was back, still clutching Uncle Elizabeth and the half dollar. "He's no doctor!" she yelled indignantly. "He says my beautiful darling cat is practically dead now."

Mama took the cat away from Dagmar. "This has gone far enough," she scolded gently. "Would it not be better for the poor thing to go quietly to sleep?"

"No!"

"But he is suffering, Dagmar."

"No, Mama, no! Make him live, Mama. Make him well again. *Please.*"

Mama turned away from the pleading eyes and put the cat in the big box on the back porch.

"Are you going to fix Uncle Elizabeth, Mama? Are you going to make him well for me?"

"But, Dagmar, little Daughter, if even a doctor could not help him—"

"Please, Mama, say that you will make him well for me."

Mama started to speak, then turned away. "Let us see how the cat gets through the night," she said. "You go to bed now."

But as we sat around the table late that night and listened to the mournful howls, it didn't look as if any of us could get through the night.

"If only Papa were here," Mama said. "He would know what to do."

But Papa had gone to a union meeting and would not be home until very late.

"Oh, the *poor* thing," Mama said, as a wilder, more dismal howl reached our ears, "he is in agony. If he must die anyhow—will one of you—"

We shook our heads more vigorously, and Christine said that she had heard that chloroform was good.

Mama stood up. "It is the only kind thing to do," she said, and sent Christine to the drugstore for a bottle of chloroform.

MAMA gave Uncle Elizabeth a prodigious last supper of cream, tucked him gently into his bed, and proceeded to turn it into a lethal chamber.

First she moistened the big sponge with all the chloroform and put it into the box with Uncle Elizabeth, and then piled sacks and blankets on top of the box. There wasn't a sound from the interior—not even one last mournful mew.

We watched with admiration.

"I don't envy you your job in the morning, Mama," I said, "having to tell Dagmar."

Mama nodded sadly. "Poor little girl."

The next morning Dagmar's face was sunny with anticipation when she burst into the kitchen. "Is Uncle Elizabeth all better yet, Mama?"

Mama tried to take Dagmar on her lap. "Daughter," she said gently, "there is something I must tell you."

But Dagmar had danced away to the box that held all that was left of Uncle Elizabeth. She took off the blankets and sacks, one by one. "My goodness," she said, "did you think he'd catch cold?"

Mama appealed to Papa in an anxious whisper: "Tell her. Do something."

Dagmar leaned over the box. "What a funny, funny smell. Good morning, my darling, my dear, my Elizabeth."

And out of the box she lifted a sleepy, yawning Uncle Elizabeth! A truly resurrected Uncle Elizabeth! Both eyes were open, the dreadful swelling on the head had gone down, and the wounds were clean and dry.

Dagmar set the miracle down on the floor, then threw herself into Mama's arms. "I *knew* you would fix him," she sobbed, the pent-up tears crowding down her cheeks. "I *knew* you would make him well."

"But, Dagmar, I didn't. Please listen—"

But Dagmar was too busy whispering words of love to the sleepy Lazarus.

"Papa," Mama said to him—"Papa, you tell her."

"A cat," Papa said, "has nine lives. Besides, you probably did not use enough chloroform."

"But it is not *good,*" Mama protested, "to let her grow up believing that I can fix everything."

Papa touched Mama's hand. "Leave her alone," he advised. "She will learn the sad things soon enough. Besides"—and Papa chuckled deep in his throat—"besides, I know *exactly* how Dagmar feels."

MAMA AND NELS

One of Mama's dreams had been realized at last:

We had enough boarders so that all the leaves must be put in the dining-room table.

With the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Sully, who worked in offices downtown, and of the dark and vivid Miss Bartlett, who taught art, we had fifteen boarders.

Although the boardinghouse made money now and Papa worked steadily, the old and thrifty ways continued. The Little Bank was full these days, and Mama explained to us how the money would be used. So much for Christine, who wanted to be a nurse; so much for Katrin when she went on to Normal to learn to be a teacher; so much to help Nels establish his practice when his doctor's training would be finished.

Nels was interning at the City and County Hospital, and had just one night a week and Sunday afternoons off. We were all so proud of Nels. He was a great favorite with the boarders, too, and joked and laughed with them when they declared they were just holding back their illnesses until he could take care of them.

Mama's and Papa's eyes would light up whenever they spoke of the time that Nels would be that wonderful person, a *doctor.*

To them, it was a miracle that a child of theirs had achieved such a marvelous thing.

"Just think," Mama would say. "He will be able to help people who are ill. He will save lives."

"He might even," Dagmar boasted, "become famous."

Mama shook her head. "To be famous is not important. But to be able to stop pain—to know how to do so much good—"

I do not know how we learned that Nels was in love with the beautiful and social Cora Martin, and that she wanted him to go into her family's business so that they could get married.

First, I remember overhearing Mama tell Papa that she was worried about Nels.

"Maybe he is in love," Papa teased.

But there was no answering smile from Mama. "If he is," she said slowly, "he is finding small joy in it. And that is not good. So sad he is. So troubled."

Then Nels brought Miss Cora Martin to the house on his next night off. She talked very fast and gushed over Kaaren and said that Dagmar was "quaint" because Dagmar was amazed that Miss Martin had an automobile all her own and could drive it anywhere she pleased.

She called me "Little Sister," and said that she had two brothers, and would give anything in the world if she could blush the way I did.

Miss Martin talked loudly and distinctly to Mama and Papa, as if they could not understand her easily, and she called Nels "Nelson."

"Nels," she said, "is just too, too—imagine introducing anyone as *Nels!*"

Papa tried to explain that only if Nels were the *son* of Nels could he be called "Nels's son." And since Nels had been named for his *grandfather*—but Miss Martin just laughed some more and said that, really, they must go, and she had so enjoyed meeting us all.

Nels stood up obediently, but his face was strained and tired-looking as he said good night. He would take Miss Martin home, he told Mama, and then go on to the hospital.

Miss Martin sighed. "And that's another thing. The way this stubborn boy insists upon slaving for that old M. D. Perhaps"—she held Nels's arm and looked up at him—"perhaps I can make him change his mind."

And even though she laughed, her words sounded firm.

None of us had much to say after they left.

Mama sighed once, then said that we would have to call on Miss Martin's parents. "We will go next Sunday."

Christine looked worried. "Mama, I don't think people do that sort of thing any more."

"But we are the family of the—the boy," Mama explained. "It is our place to make the—the girl welcome. To meet her parents and become friendly."

So, despite Christine's misgivings, on the following Sunday Mama had us dress in our very best clothes and we took the streetcar over to the Sea Cliff district to call on the Martins.

Their house was white and two-storied and surrounded by smooth lawns and a trim and formal rose garden. A Japanese boy in a white coat answered our ring. He asked us to step into the hall, and soon Mrs. Martin came down the polished stairs.

She was pretty, too, and talked even faster than her daughter. "Nice of you to call," she murmured, but her eyes were on the watch on her wrist. "Desolated that I did not know. I'm having a little mah-jongg party this afternoon; a group of us play together regularly. Fascinating game, mah-jongg. Do you play?"

Mama shook her head and made as if to go, but Mrs. Martin said, "We can visit until they come—which won't be for another fifteen minutes. And here is Mr. Martin."

Mr. Martin was small and dark and bitter-looking, but he shook hands heartily with Papa and bowed politely to Mama. "Fine boy you have," he said. "Fine boy, that Nelson."

"Nels," Papa said quietly. *"Nels."*

"Such a healthy animal," Mrs. Martin said vivaciously. "So strong, so virile. I tell Cora it's a good thing she saw him before I did."

Mama frowned faintly.

MRS. MARTIN did not ask us to sit down, so we stood around awkwardly as she asked questions about all of us children.

"Nelson is so proud of you," she told us. "Sometimes I think he puts entirely too much emphasis on family."

"You do not think that is good, Mrs. Martin?" Mama asked.

She shrugged. "I wouldn't know. *I* haven't spoken to my sisters in twenty years."

Just then a little boy peered over the banisters and made a particularly horrid face at us.

"Rupert," Mrs. Martin called. "Rupert darling, come down and meet Nelson's family."

It took five wild minutes to get Rupert down. He yelled and kicked and screamed, and finally hid himself in the velvet portieres that lined the windows.

"Rupert's a problem child," Mrs. Martin said.

"And a spoiled brat," Mr. Martin added. He sounded as if he disliked Rupert intensely.

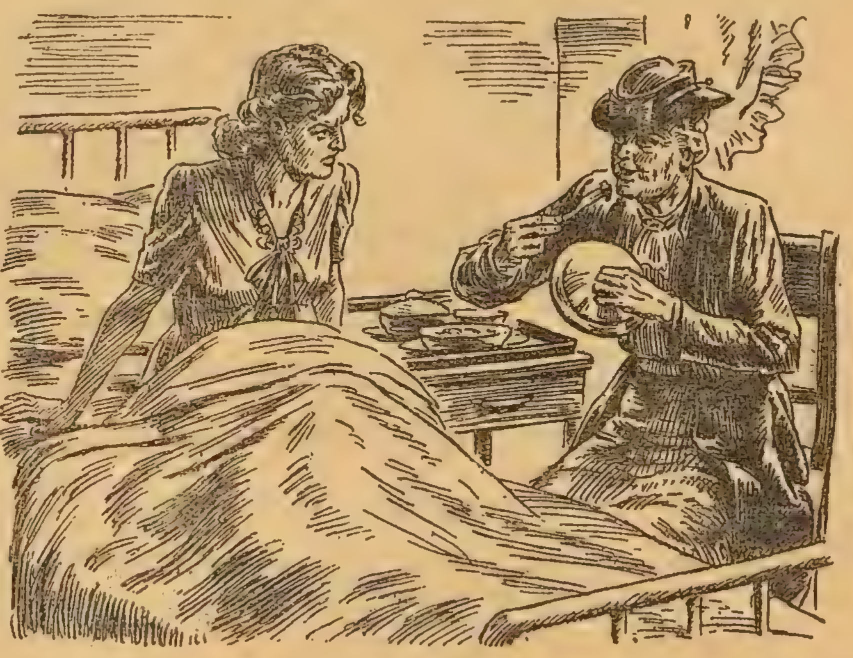
Then we heard a key in the front door and a handsome young man stumbled in.

Mrs. Martin put her arms around him and said, "You bad, bad boy. Why didn't you phone? I worried all night long."

And Mr. Martin's mouth twisted as he looked at the boy's rumpled clothes and reddened eyes.

"My older son, Edward," Mrs. Martin introduced him. "This is Nelson's family, dear."

Edward mumbled something without looking directly at any of us, and started up the stairs, holding tight to the banister.



"You know how it is with boys," Mrs. Martin said to Mama. "They *will* drink, they *will* run around. But as I always say, just give them enough time, give them enough—"

"Give them enough rope," Mr. Martin interrupted, "and the state will hang 'em for you."

I felt so sorry for Mama and Papa. These people acted so queerly, talked so strangely—as if they were quarreling hatefully beneath all their polite words.

Mrs. Martin smiled thinly and changed the subject.

I grew tired of standing, so I leaned against the wall. I brightened, though, when the Japanese boy wheeled a laden tray into the hall. I could see tiny cakes with decorative frosting on their tops, and that big napkin-covered plate *must* be sandwiches.

I caught Christine's eye and nodded, but she only grimaced at me and hissed, "Get out of his way."

I moved away from the wall then, and the servant nodded his thanks as he wheeled the collection past me and into the other room.

Then Nels and Miss Cora Martin walked in.

Miss Martin was dressed all in white and she had a white silk band around her head. She greeted us prettily and hung on Nels's arm. Nels did not say much, but I saw him glance into the other room, saw him mark how we all stood in the hall.

Then Mama said that we would have to leave. The fifteen minutes were up, and Mrs. Martin's guests would be arriving. Mama and Papa shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Martin and Mama asked Nels if he would be home for dinner.

Miss Cora Martin answered for him: "I'm so sorry. We've a date for tennis."

Perhaps, then, Nels suggested quietly, they could drive his folks home?

Cora was sorry again, but there really wasn't time. "The streetcars go regularly," she assured us.

When we got home, Mama and Papa went directly to the kitchen. They closed the door after them, so I hung around the hall unhappily.

I wasn't surprised when I heard Nels's key in the front door.

"Where are they?" he asked me.

"In the kitchen. They are making coffee, I think."

"Did they say anything?"

I shook my head.

Nels's mouth tightened. "That was a beautiful exhibition of snobbery today, wasn't it?"

"Christine was right. We shouldn't have gone."

Nels's mouth did not relax. "Have you ever," he demanded, "seen anyone come into this house that Mama and Papa did not make them feel at ease? Make them welcome?"

"No, Nels."

"Have you ever seen them treat anyone as they were treated today?"

"Please, Nels, don't say any more. It will only spoil things for you and Miss Martin."

Nels laughed shortly. "There's nothing more to spoil."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it's finished. Done with. After you left—"

"But if you are in love with her—"

Nels looked embarrassed. "Look. I'm not. I guess I—I never was. I feel like seven kinds of a fool, but I'm not—you know—in love with her any more."

"How are you going to tell Mama and Papa?"

"I don't know. But that doesn't bother me as much as how I'm going to explain away what happened to them today. They must be deeply hurt." He took my arm. "Come along with me, will you? Maybe you can help."

Mama and Papa looked up at us as we came in and they smiled sadly at Nels.

Nels kissed Mama, which was unusual, and he gripped Papa's shoulder tightly.

"Sit down," Papa said quietly. "We have been speaking of you." And he nodded to Mama.

"It is like this," Mama said slowly. "Papa and I—we do not think it would be a good thing for you to marry Miss Martin."

"Look, Mama. If you're thinking about today—"

"Today, Nels? What about today?"

"Why—the way the Martins acted."

"Oh, that," Mama said. "*That* does not matter. What *does* matter," she continued earnestly, "is that although they are rich and handsome, the family—forgive me for having to say this, Nels—but the family background—it is not good."

Nels looked as bewildered as I.

"Papa and I," Mama coughed delicately, "were thinking of—of your children."

Nels let out a shout, and then his face got solemn. "I see," he said. "I see what you mean."

Mama looked at him sympathetically, reached out her hand to him. "So if you do not mind too much—"

Nels kept his face straight. "I do not mind," he assured her. "And you and Papa are right. A child—it might be like Rupert." He pretended to shudder.

"Nelson," Papa said suddenly. "*Nelson.*"

I giggled at Papa's indignation and he began to laugh too.

But Mama did not smile. She was watching Nels's face, looking into his eyes that were happy again.

"Why," she said, "you *do* not mind, do you?"

Nels wrinkled up his nose and grinned at her.

"Good." Mama sighed relievedly. "*Good.*"

MAMA AND THE GRANDCHILD

Christine was the first of us to marry.

Frank Shields was a doctor, a classmate of Nels's, and he and Christine became engaged during the year she was completing her nurse's training.

Christine was beautiful that day.

She and Frank left immediately after the wedding for the little northern town he had chosen to start his practice in.

During the year we heard from Christine regularly, knew how happy and content she was in her new life, but we did not see her again until Frank brought her down to San Francisco to have her baby.

I was at school, teaching, the day they took Christine to the hospital, and when the telephone call came, I got another teacher to take my class and hurried over there.

Mama was waiting for me in the hall and we waited together outside Christine's door until Nels and Frank came out.

"How is she?" Mama asked anxiously.

Nels shook his head, and Frank took hold of both of Mama's hands, as if for comfort.

"But what is *wrong?*"

"Christine believes," Nels said hopelessly, "that she is going to die."

"But—is she?"

Frank looked down at Mama's hands for a long time. When he looked up, his young face was gaunt.

"She is. Unless she gives us some help. Nothing we say— She's not having an easy time. Now she's given up completely."

Mama took her hands out of Frank's and straightened her hat. "I go in," she said.

CHRISTINE'S face was white against the pillow. "Mama?"

"Yes, Christine."

"Oh, Mama, will you take my baby—afterwards?" Christine's voice seemed caught in her throat. "We children were so happy, so safe. Mama, will you?"

Mama walked over to the window and raised the shade.

"And what," she wanted to know, "will you be doing while I'm raising your baby?"

Tears coursed down Christine's cheeks. "Didn't they tell you? Don't you know? I—I won't be here."

Mama's voice was even. "I had five children. And with every one, I too was certain I was going to die."

"But I *know*. I'm a nurse."

Mama walked over to the bed and looked down at Christine.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "it will be better if you stop being a nurse and start becoming a mother."

Christine closed her eyes and sighed wearily.

A nurse tiptoed in with a tray. "Though I don't suppose," she whispered compassionately, "that she'll be able to eat a thing."

Christine moaned softly and Mama said, "Please leave the tray, anyhow."

After the nurse had gone, Mama took the silver covers off the dishes and poured tea from the pitcher. I saw how her hands trembled, and I stepped back against the wall so that Christine could not see the tears in my eyes.

"Will you eat, my Christine? There is chicken here."

Christine moaned again.

"I will feed you if you like. Perhaps you will try to drink a little of the hot tea?"

Christine shook her head but did not open her eyes.

Mama said, "Is a shame to waste good food."

And Mama sat down by the tray and slowly, methodically she began to eat Christine's lunch.

Christine's eyes flew open. "Mama! What are you doing?"

"Eating your lunch."

"But—but—" Christine sat up in bed. "How can you sit there and eat when I'm—Mama, aren't you worried about me at all?"

Mama shook her head stoically. "You are doing fine. You are just like me. I could never eat, either."

Then Christine began to laugh to herself. She laughed between the spasms of pain, while Mama helped her walk back and forth across the room, and she was still smiling when they wheeled her into the operating room, where she was safely delivered of a seven-pound baby boy.

When Nels came out and said that Christine was fine and that there was nothing more to worry about, Mama's hands stopped trembling.

She leaned on my arms, though, as we walked down the hall to the glass-paned nursery.

A nurse held up a tiny blanketed figure and Mama peered at the wrinkled yawning little face.

My thoughts were back in Christine's hospital room.

"Five times," I said wonderingly. "Five times. And all you went through, raising us—"

"It was good," Mama said.

"How can you say that? Why, I can remember times, Mama—"

"It was good," Mama repeated firmly. "All of it."

THE END

Puzzle 310 3/31/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

EDNA FERBER'S novel **Great Son** is a family chronicle of the rich and powerful Melendys, Seattle pioneers.

Madam Exact Melendy, who wears her diamonds at breakfast and tops off the bacon and eggs with a pipeful of tobacco and a shot of rye, is the matriarch of the clan. Then comes Vaughan Melendy, her seventy-year-old bad boy. Klondike Melendy, Vaughan's illegitimate son, is the vaguely unhappy husband of a glamor girl of the theater.

Edna Ferber

Mike Melendy, the high-spirited boy of today, is heir to the family's wealth and pride—and to the legacy of political indifference that dropped the unfinished business of Pearl Harbor into the lap of his generation. He and Reggie, the dainty refugee whom he marries, are miniatures of our era, drawn with loving precision.

A unique love scene is the one in which Mike disillusions Reggie about the great traditions of his family. To explain his rebellious point of view, he quotes a historic speech by Chief Seattle, the Siwash Indian who gave the town his name. Addressing the government commissioner who told him his tribe was to be put on a reservation, the old Indian said:

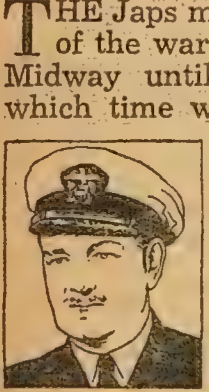
"Why should I mourn at the untimely fate of my people? Tribe follows tribe, and nation follows nation, like the waves of the sea. It is the order of nature, and regret is useless. Your time of decay may be distant, but it will surely come, for even the White Man, whose God walked and talked with him as friend with friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. Let the White Man be just and deal kindly with my people, for the dead are not powerless. Dead, did I say? There is no death, only a change of worlds!"

Miss Ferber says in her introduction to Great Son: "This is not so much a novel as a character outline of what will some day, at other hands, be a stupendous and dazzling piece of Americana."

But the strength of this book lies in the fact that it is intimate, rather than stupendous or dazzling.

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.50.

THE Japs missed one of their greatest opportunities of the war in failing to make an all-out attack on Midway until six months after Pearl Harbor—by which time we were ready to give them a rousing reception—according to **Battle Report**, by **Commander Walter Karig** and **Lieutenant Welbourn Kelley.**


Commander Karig

Written from official sources, this straightforward and thoughtful book is the first volume of the story of our Navy in the war. It begins with Pearl Harbor, and ends on the high note of the Battle of the Coral Sea.

Many an American family will be grateful to the Navy and the publishers for including a list of awards, citations, and casualties. The casualty list covers the first six months of the war, while the others are complete up to September 28, 1944. It's a good idea for history to give recognition to the ordinary seamen, as well as the admirals, whose courage and sacrifice helped write it.

Battle Report is lavishly illustrated with official photographs and maps.

Published for the Council on Books in Wartime, by Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., N. Y. Price $3.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

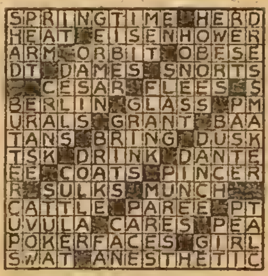
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 The kick line, "Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!" occurs in what poem by Nashe?
7 What's slang for some of Frank Buck's bring 'em backs?
13 Sister Kenny is a great what?
14 Yesterday's famous double-talk song
15 What country did Churchill reject as an ally? (abbr.)
16 The Hanseatic, Three-I, and Ivy are all whats?
18 Name one of football's flank positions (abbr.)
19 Light sock
21 Worms, Hay, and Bunds are whats?
22 Water hole with a vitamin tablet
23 Low shoes used to be called what?
25 Gal's palindromic name
26 What's the chief food of baby whales?
27 What would you call a silent Bronx cheer?
29 Rebottoms
31 Apes (anag.)
33 Name an Army official newspaper
34 Semitic simoleons would be what?
37 What sounds gamy, but really surcharges?
40 What are man's most wasteful occupations?
41 Exclamations
43 Complete: A woman has a better chance of catching a man if she keeps her —— shut!
44 Complete: "—— longa, vita brevis est"
45 Brazil and Lake Superior's environs produce what stone?
47 What sign's been borrowed from theaters by railroads and restaurants? (abbr.)
48 What's the bovine Greek letter?
49 A political independent
51 What Republican President started antitrust legislation?
52 The coward who yields to threats is said to do what to them?
54 A man who wears air-cooled skirts
56 Complete: "——, beware, ——, take care, Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep!"
57 Name the Supermen about to become Inferiormen

VERTICAL

1 Which articles of clothing have the highest percentage of losses?
2 Whom do the French call the Grandma General?
3 Whom would you call the god of sunburn?
4 Name a sickening thing to be—
5 —and a state of necessity
6 What food was domesticated in Neolithic time?
7 What's the most piquant Indian condiment?
8 Name some colorful things
9 Wot did the cockney ballplyer like to mike?
10 Author's brain child (abbr.)
11 Red and blue make what?
12 What are so rare they're eaten after being applied to black eyes?
17 Tar duds are what?
20 That sleigh-bell chorus in spring evening swamps is made by whats?
22 What are the world's soggiest dunking devices?
24 Complete: He who —— shall learn
26 What French artist is the father of Impressionism?
28 Bright gal's name
30 The Egyptians worshiped what animal?
32 Lou Gehrig suggests what word?
34 In India, you'd call your Brahman teachers whats?
35 Name the battleship Colin Kelly is credited with sinking
36 What Irishman's been taking England for a ride for years?
38 French saint known for his cloak
39 Minute organisms
42 Name one weapon rendered archaic in this war
45 Name a kind of mechanized intoxication fast disappearing
46 Mohammedan who can wear a green turban
49 Name a Hongkong coin
50 Name the measure of thickness of carpets, hose, tires
53 What's I/II of XI?
55 Tantalum symbol



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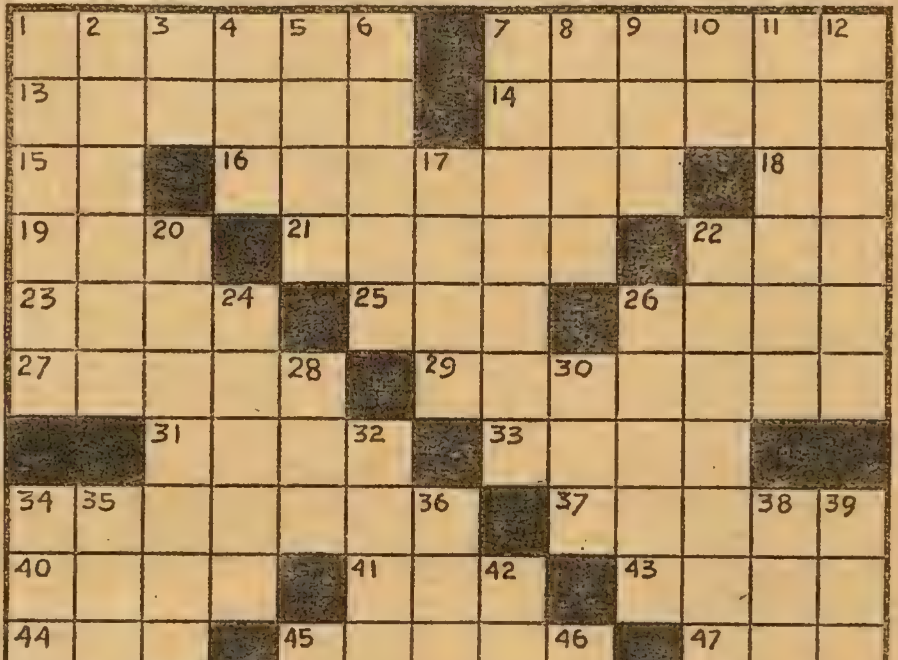
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"Showers and cooler"

American kids are like that. Comes hot weather, they'll roll on the lawn under the hose or leap whooping into ponds and pools to keep cool. And engines are just like people, that way. Keep 'em cool, and they'll be more vigorous and energetic. That's why General Motors creates good weather for them to work in, right inside them. Here's the story:

The minute an engine starts, a cooling system must start right with it.

The temperature has to be brought to the point where the engine operates best, and kept there.

That's why General Motors engineers, always working to make more and better things for more people, studied and tested radiators and cooling systems for so many years.

They devised radiators, oil coolers and air coolers for all kinds of engines. Your own General Motors car benefited enormously from their research — at the same time they were finding out how to liquid-cool a 2000-horsepower airplane motor before it was even built.

Then came a war of machines — engine against engine.

And the cooling systems General Motors men had developed met the test fairly. They helped those LST's and LCI's to swarm up to the beaches on D-Day. They helped to keep subs cool and livable. They helped to keep airplane engines singing their long song. This very minute, our fighting men, earnest and intent, are bent over the gauges and indicators that tell of tip top weather inside their engines.

Here again, peacetime experience and research helped turn the tide of war. The American way of throwing open the doors of opportunity to men of enterprise once more proved its value.

And in the fertile, productive years ahead it will make, in even greater measure, its contribution to the happiness and prosperity of all.

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DON'T WORRY, BOSS, I CAN SHOW YOU THE ANSWER
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Stopper
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STOPPER SAYS—"You can't miss with American Brakeblok brake lining. It's the same swell brake lining used by the majority of manufacturers on new cars, trucks and buses . . . and unless you look good in a striped suit, you'd better plan to have your brakes checked regularly after this."

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American Brakeblok

BRAKE LINING

DIVISION OF AMERICAN Brake Shoe COMPANY

American Brakeblok Division
Detroit 9, Michigan

ACTORS' HEAVEN

Continued from Page 29

per with trembling hand. "I couldn't!" he whispered. "I simply couldn't!"

"Then I will," said Kimball firmly. His fists clenched over the paper so that it would not shake, and he took his stand defiantly under Mr. Cartaret in his Roman toga. " 'I want you to know, sir,' " he read aloud, " 'what I think of you. You are a swaggering, overrated—' "

The voice quavered and broke. Kimball could not go on. "The words stick in my throat," he moaned. "We'll find someone else to read it. Come with me."

Together they moved slowly down the wide stairs. Two men were drinking and talking at the bar, and a mere youth, a cigarette dangling from his lips, practiced pool shots aimlessly. Kimball approached him and cleared his throat. "Young man," he said, "are you a member here?"

The youth nodded pleasantly. "Brand-new," he replied. "Kirkpatrick's the name."

"Are you of the theater, Mr. Kirkpatrick?" demanded Turner.

"Hell, no! I'm advertising."

"Advertising!" breathed Kimball, as though a pain had shot through his heart.

"Oh, I come under the head of writers," explained the youth. "I write slogans and radio jingles, so I'm eligible for membership."

Turner closed his eyes and put his hand to his brow. "Jingles, indeed!" he whispered.

"Will you accompany us upstairs for a moment?" asked Kimball gravely. "It is urgent, I assure you. Most urgent."

The young man looked at them with some surprise and placed his pool cue on the table. "Is the rain coming in through the roof?" he asked.

They did not answer. With young Kirkpatrick between them they mounted the stairs. Still flanking their guest they placed him beneath the brooding Mr. Cartaret as Hamlet. Kimball held forth the paper. "Read this, if you please," he said solemnly. "Read it in a clear loud voice."

"Am I auditioning for something?" asked Kirkpatrick. "I'm a lousy actor."

Kimball sank into the divan beside his old friend. "Please read," he intoned solemnly.

THE young man shrugged and grinned cheerfully, willing enough to humor two old men. " 'I want you to know, sir,' " he read at the top of his voice, " 'what I think of you. You are a swaggering overrated, pompous, boorish amateur. You, Mr. Leslie Ward Cartaret, are—' " The young man lowered the paper. "You're sure taking this guy for a ride, aren't you?" he said.

"Proceed," whispered Kimball, pale but determined.

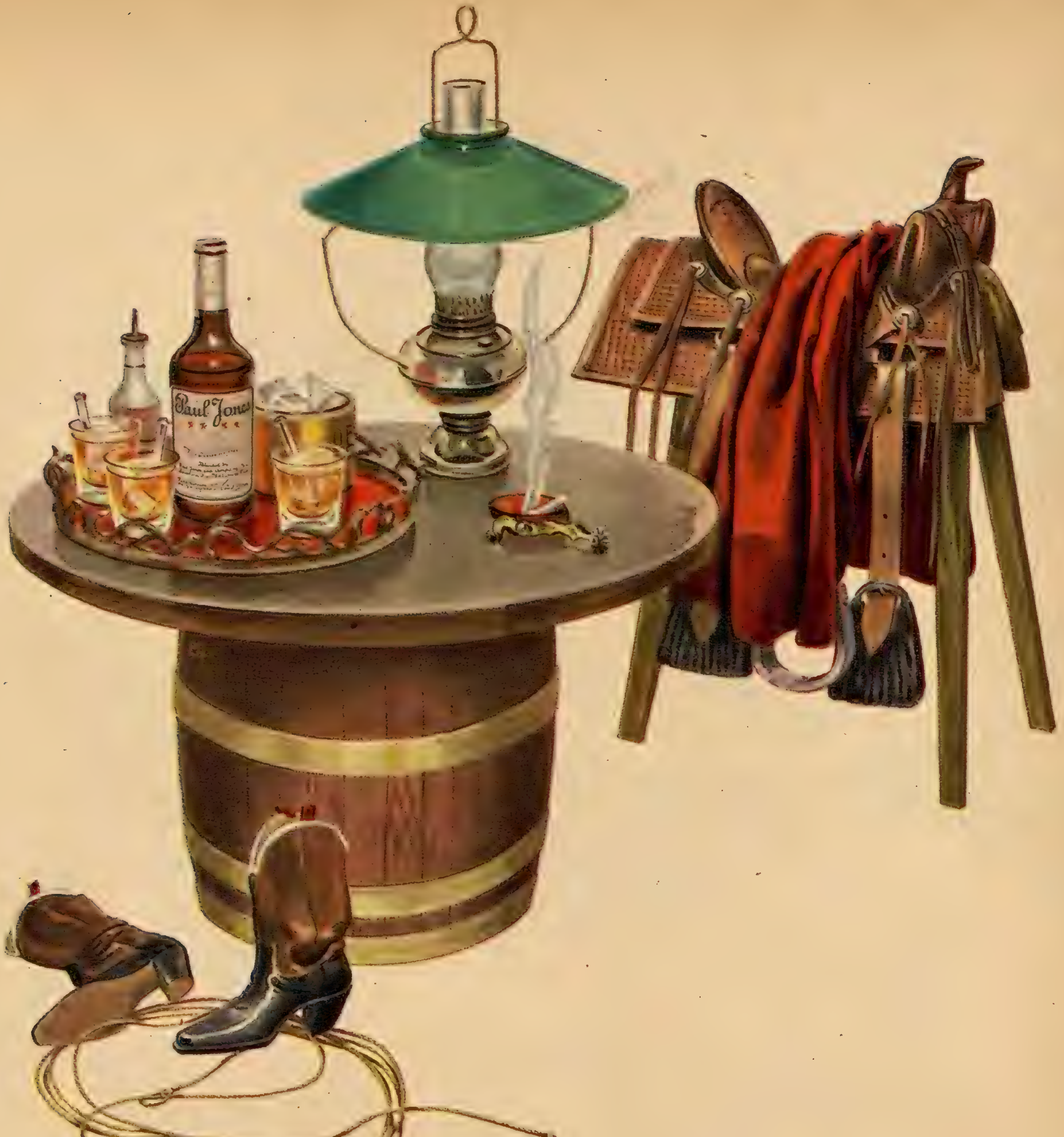
"Get it over with," moaned Turner.

" 'You, Mr. Leslie Ward Cartaret,' " continued the young man, still bellowing, " 'are a third-rate-stock leading man and nothing more. Your drama is empty, artificial posturings, your comedy clownish buffoonery. You strut in grotesque attitudes, your timing is faulty, your diction mere mumbled mouthings, your whole manner stilted and unreal. Do you hear, Mr. Cartaret? Do you hear what we think of you?' " Young Kirkpatrick finished and let the paper fall to the table. "If he does hear you," he remarked, "he's going to be awful mad."

"Quiet!" ordered Kimball, his head bowed and his hands clasped as he waited some sign from an infuriated ghost.

"Why not call him a ham and be done

(*Continued on page 54*)



"For my money, it's the finest brand on the range!"

When a man's in the mood for a hearty Old Fashioned, the chances are good he chooses Paul Jones. Somehow, it has that full, true flavor, that more-than-usual smoothness people seem to prefer. By all means, let Paul Jones make *your* next Old Fashioned memorable! *Blended whiskey 86 proof—65% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.*

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SUN-MAID RAISINS
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IT TAKES just a small handful of Sun-Maid Raisins to make any kind of hot cereal doubly appealing—give it a naturally sweet, fruity flavor you'll enjoy. And you can rely on Sun-Maid Raisins to do equally inviting things for muffins, cookies—puddings, too. Every plump little Sun-Maid Raisin is uniformly sweet, nutritious, *perfect.* For their *quality is controlled from the vineyard to the grocer's shelf*—their freshness checked by representatives of H. J. Heinz Company, distributors of Sun-Maid Raisins to the nation.

2 KINDS—Special processing makes both Sun-Maid Seedless and Sun-Maid Puffed Seeded Raisins easy to remove from the package.

A SINGLE BOX ADDS ENERGY AND FLAVOR TO MANY THRIFTY DISHES

(*Continued from page 52*)

with it?" asked Kirkpatrick pleasantly.

"Please!" begged Turner. "Quiet for just a moment!"

The grandfather's clock in the corner ticked away the seconds. Outside, the thunder roared and rain beat against the window glass. But inside there was nothing beyond the ticking of the clock. Kimball lifted his head slowly and looked at Turner. "Nothing?" he whispered. "You feel nothing?"

"Nothing at all," sighed Turner. "So it is finished. He was wrong. He has never returned to us and he never will." He arose wearily. "We thank you, Mr. Kirkpatrick, for your trouble. Will you join us in a cup of tea?"

"Thanks, no. I have a drink waiting downstairs." Young Kirkpatrick turned away, took one step, and paused. "By the way, who is he, anyway?" he asked casually.

Kimball and Turner stood frozen. "*Who is who?*" asked Kimball, in the tone of one who suspects blasphemy.

"Who is this Leslie Ward Cartaret?" said Kirkpatrick. "I never heard of the guy."

Then it happened. The words were no more than out of the young man's mouth before it happened. A roar of thunder tore into their ears, and a blinding flash of lightning filled the room with blazing gold and the pungent odor of sulphur. The walls trembled, dust rose from the ancient carpets. Kimball and Turner fell back into the divan, stunned and gasping for air. And Mr. Leslie Ward Cartaret as the brooding Hamlet leaped from the wall, frame and all, to smite the insolent Kirkpatrick behind the ears and send him sprawling.

THE two old friends sat together in a far corner drinking their final cup of tea. Already, workmen were installing the fittings for the new bar upstairs. "Old boy," asked Kimball during an interlude when the hammers were quiet, "what do *you* make of it?"

Turner lowered his teacup. "It's simple enough," he said. "Mr. Cartaret's ghost has been with us, right in this room from the beginning, whenever we talked about him. He was, in a manner of speaking, collecting his clippings, and it didn't matter if they were good or bad so long as they kept coming. But when this young advertising bounder said he'd never even heard of Mr. Cartaret, the ghost flew into a rage. Infuriated, he sprang from the wall at the cad, knocking him cold for a good half hour."

Kimball smiled. He sipped tea and then shook his head. "I can't agree," he said. "Oh, his ghost was with us all the time. But he didn't jump young Kirkpatrick. That was purely accidental. If you ask me, Mr. Cartaret's ghost was making a glorious final exit from the earth, riding that bolt of lightning up to the sky. You see, the Thespis Club as he knew it was dying, we old-timers were splitting up, and the young ones had never heard of him. There'll be no more talk about him on this earth. So why should he stay? He had collected the last clipping for his scrapbook and he was free to go home. He'll be quite content from now on, I imagine, looking over his notices."

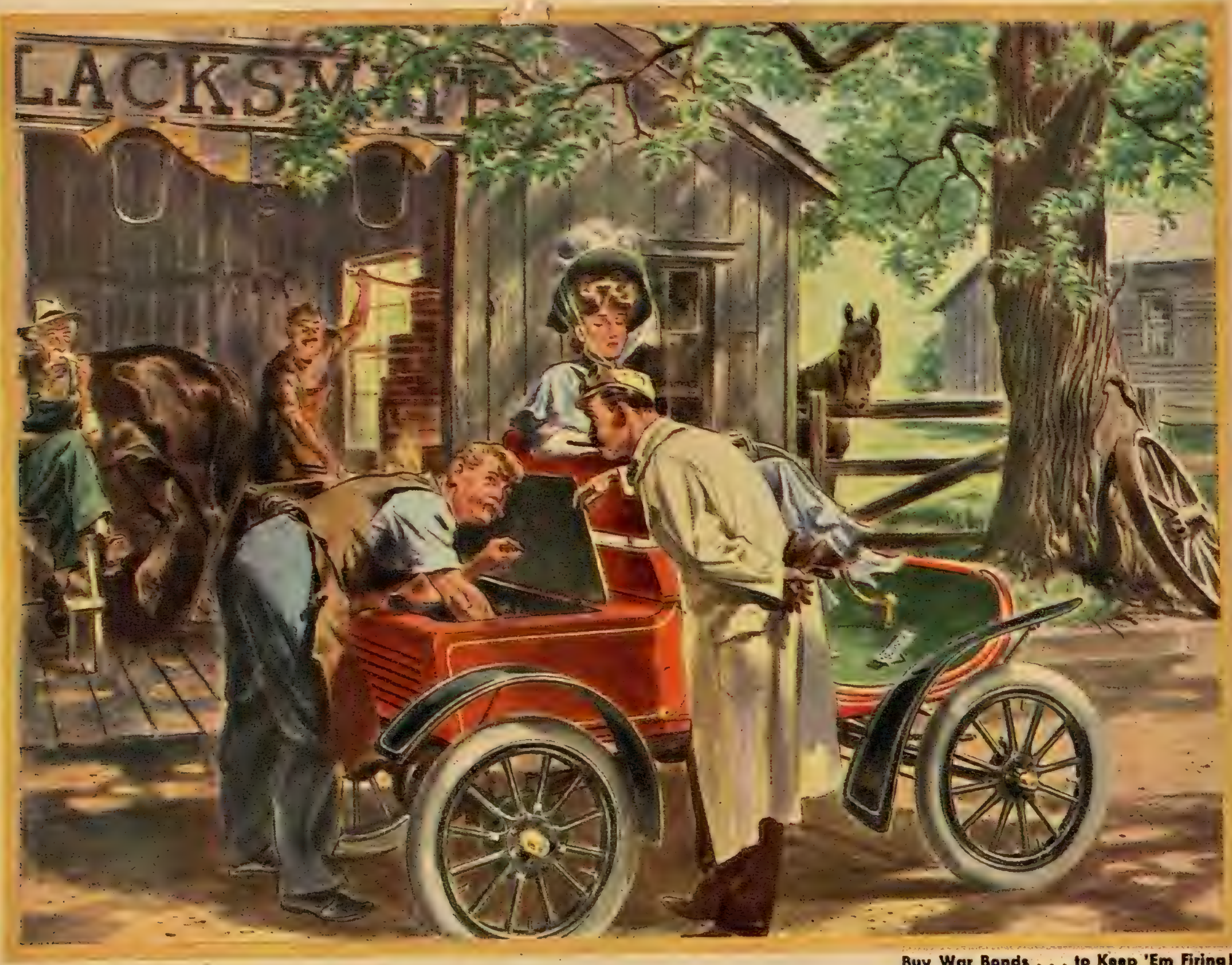
The hammering began again, and they sat and watched Mr. Cartaret in his Roman toga removed to make way for the mirror above the new bar. "You may be right," murmured Turner at last. "Another spot of tea before we leave, old boy? But let's talk of something else, shall we?"

"Oh, by all means," Kimball agreed. "We'll leave *him* be. If he's reading his clippings he won't want to be disturbed."

THE END

Under a Spreading Chestnut Tree . . .

—the village smithy stood. Remember how our best girl, all decked out for a "spin," used to frown impatiently when we stopped at Ed Grady's shop for repairs? Remember old Lum Jenkins, teetering back on his stool, predicting that autos couldn't last? And remember the smith himself, learning about cars as he tinkered with them? Ed knew, even then, that Oldsmobile is "built to run—and *does it!*"



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Better make this visit soon, too—and keep going back regularly. Because even a car as well-built and well-engineered as an Oldsmobile needs a certain amount of expert attention to keep it running efficiently. Particularly these wartime days. For example—have you had the dangerous "slow-driving sludge" removed from your car's engine? Have you had your wheels aligned recently? Your brakes and steering checked? We repeat—better go to your Oldsmobile dealer *soon* to have these and other "must" services performed!

OLDSMOBILE

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AMERICA'S OLDEST MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURER

ARE YOUR FEET WET, SON?

Continued from Page 27

Newburyport, Massachusetts, before the war.) Presently he was hobnobbing with the R. A. F. and the "wavy Navy," readily borrowing their slang, while stiff semi-retired English admirals began talking about "getting on the ball."

To acquaint himself thoroughly with the problems involved, Graf haunted R. A. F. stations and flew some thirty missions in their rescue planes, especially Walruses. He went on so many torpedo-boat raids against the Continent and on so many missions in Royal Navy rescue launches that people began calling him "Admiral."

From headquarters in East Anglia, which had been turned over to the Americans by the R. A. F., Graf peppered his commanding officers with recommendations. He cut Army red tape, persuaded his British friends to change many of their procedures to meet A. A. F. problems, and frequently wondered why he wasn't court-martialed. He had no great trouble, however, in setting up the Air Sea Rescue system.

"Our biggest grief," he recalls, "came from our own pilots and crews. They had all been taught emergency procedure, but some of them had paid little attention. Dinghy drill, for instance. Back in the States they'd been shown how to inflate a dinghy and get into it properly. They hadn't practiced enough, though. They'd forgotten that when you're in trouble, seconds count."

So, during the first three months of his job, Graf gave 132 lectures. He hustled from one A. A. F. station to another, selling the fliers on the need for knowing their emergency equipment and procedure. Also he spent hours testing dinghies, Mae Wests, flares, smoke bombs, emergency radio transmitters, etc. And he lost no time reporting to headquarters.

BEFORE many months the Air Sea Rescue service—as it applied to Eighth Air Force operations—was well synchronized, efficient, and a notable example of British-American military co-operation. Graf, incidentally, holds the Legion of Merit for his part in this achievement.

Since Air Sea Rescue is handled as an independent function, Graf and his staff of officers and enlisted men occupy their own small glassed-in booth high in one corner of the Combat Operations room. The room is cluttered with maps, telephones, plotting boards, blackboards, clocks, and calculating instruments. Nobody can enter except the officers and enlisted men on duty. Armed guards stand at every door.

The flight controllers, experienced Army Air Force officers, sit in tiers of glass cubicles behind a senior controller who directs the combat symphony. All men working in this room are as thoroughly briefed on a mission as a bomber crew at its muddy airdrome. Controllers know precisely the routes to be pursued. They know the time, to a minute, that a squadron should be at any given spot.

Around the room are boards giving all sorts of information—code names and call signs, weather conditions at A. A. F. fields, descriptions of areas over which even friendly aircraft must not fly. In the center is the inclined plotting table. There, as a mission progresses, plotters with earphones mark squadron positions with those red metal plaques which move across the map.

"We have nothing to do with the planes till one's in trouble," Graf explains. "Then we control it completely. In an emergency we maintain all contact with the pilot or crew and with the rescue agencies—R. A. F. headquarters, R. A. F. Coastal Command, bases of the Royal Navy, and our own spotter squadron."

Radiotelephony is the thread by which rescue craft and a crippled plane are drawn together. Graf's control unit relies for communication principally upon VHF—very high frequency radio.

VHF was perfected by the English during the German air blitz. It had a great virtue: short range. Nazi radiomen on the Continent rarely could tune in on it, so they never knew to which point Spitfires and Hurricanes were being directed. Since then, ways have been found to extend the range of VHF for Allied purposes.

VHF, as now used in American planes, provides four channels, one of which is a frequency reserved solely for emergencies. When a flier calls a mayday—which incidentally is an International Radio Regulations version of the French cry for help, *M'aidez*—an operator in a forward radio station obtains a line of direction to the plane. Since the distance is uncertain, a single bearing is valueless. However, when three bearings are secured from three stations at different points along the coast, the place on the map where the lines converge is the plane's position, the fix, usually accurate within a fraction of a mile.

Besides the fix, Air Sea Rescue relies on other types of information. These consist of position reports from R. A. F. radar crews, messages from American bombers and fighters in the vicinity of a plane in distress, and position reports from pilots themselves. Nowadays bombers have secret equipment by which a crew can learn its own position with great accuracy. Until the decline of the Luftwaffe, however, planes were never asked to give that information. If a controller wanted to know whether or not a plane was over the Channel, he asked, "Are your feet wet?" This provided general data without telling all Germany where the plane was. The phrase remains in A. S. R. lingo.

BLOTTO MOTTO

I do not think
That I should drink,
For when I drink
I do not think.

—ROMAYNE HILL.

Daylight operations of the A. A. F. demanded a rescue technique quite different from that used for British night-bomber flights, and Graf certainly devised a monumental task for the R. A. F. and Navy. At his recommendation the R. A. F. set up constant patrols of sea areas during A. A. F. missions, as well as special patrols for the cross-out and cross-in periods.

Then Graf decided that Royal Navy launches couldn't get near enough to the enemy coast. He urged the Eighth Air Force to provide American fighter-plane cover for them. The Royal Navy, furnished with this protection, cheerily agreed to go anywhere the fighters might take them.

Perhaps Graf's greatest achievement, however, was his request that British planes and surface craft be fitted with American radios and that *he* be allowed to direct them personally when advisable. Heaving a sigh, his British friends agreed. But would Willie *please* keep them advised of what he did with their planes and boats? He consented to this reasonable stipulation, and thus acquired a full, consolidated control over all rescue craft.

Since the liberation of France and the Low Countries, the Air Sea Rescue controller's task has been simplified. If planes are in trouble before reaching the English Channel, they can be directed to friendly territory on the Continent. But there remains an enormous amount of overwater flying. And there remains the biggest bogey of all, weather—heavy seas, fog, high winds, cold and ice, Europe's early winter darkness.

Despite the manifest difficulties, Air Sea Rescue has made a remarkable record. Forty-nine men have been rescued in a single day. Crews have been found and picked up in nights black as doom.

When downed men continue missing, searches are kept up for two weeks or more. Several pilots have been hauled from dinghies after four or five days at sea. These rescues occurred, naturally, in weather warm enough for men to survive without freezing. This past summer a British Beaufighter crew, discovered by American spotting planes, was saved after eight days afloat.

Graf has put planes down within 100 yards of a rescue boat, the ditched fliers being fished out almost before the spray subsided. Once he put three bombers down alongside rescue launches, just when all three were running out of fuel.

PROBABLY the most vivid memories, from a controller's standpoint, however, are the planes which are really "willed" back to England. Graf has talked home more than twenty-five planes so badly damaged that there was apparently no hope for them. Some big four-engined ships have barely made it. Once a fighter plane coming out of Holland had less than thirty-five gallons of gas left.

"Have I got enough?" inquired the pilot.

"Sure," said Graf. "A few gallons to spare."

The pilot thought a while, then with a wry chuckle said, "The hell I have. I'll be going in any minute."

Since the kid was a cool type, Graf adopted a confident, bantering tone. He and the flier kept talking, Graf directing the plane's course, the pilot nursing his fuel. The plane arrived over England with only cupfuls left, got within sight of its field, came down quickly, landed, and ran out of gas halfway up the runway.

Air Sea Rescue doesn't save all men who ditch or bail out. Some have been picked up by the Germans, especially when an international S O S has been sent out to advise them of men whom Allied agencies can't reach. Some have never been heard of. Some die in bitter circumstances.

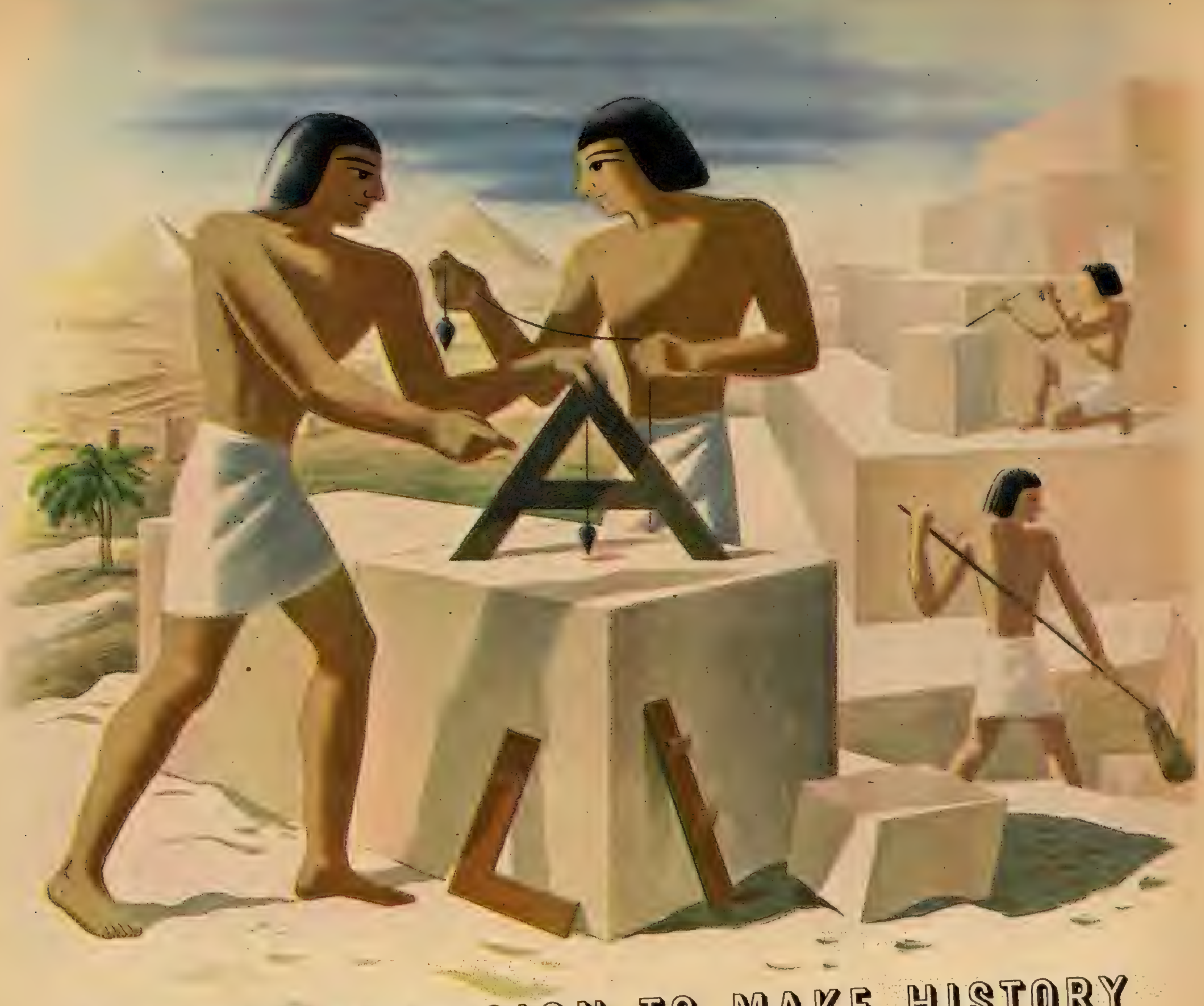
Graf tells of a fighter pilot, a captain. His plane was in bad shape, but after talking a moment Graf believed it could be brought home. The pilot was experienced, a good combat man. Air Sea Rescue launches were deployed in case of need, rescue planes were near by.

Suddenly, with an odd groan, the flier cried, "Oh, hell, I've *had* it!" Then nothing but silence. The plane obviously had spun into the sea. A Walrus seaplane quickly rescued the pilot and rushed him to shore to a hospital.

"His heart was strong," Graf says concernedly. "He wasn't wounded, and his condition was good. But he only lived six hours. He had given up altogether and was out of his head. He died shrieking, 'I won't talk, you can't make me talk!'—died thinking he was a prisoner of the Germans. I've never been able to get him out of my mind."

Probably he never will. Graf knows the names of nearly all the men with whom he has talked during these crucial experiences. While he knew few of them personally, he feels that he knew them all well. Air Sea Rescue has been the better because Willie Graf's heart was in it.

THE END



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*Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh, by W. M. F. Petrie

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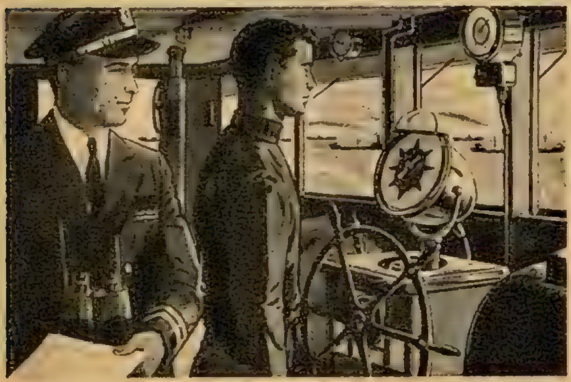
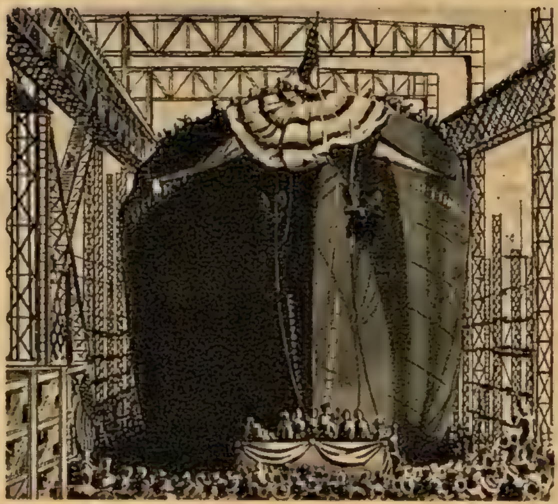


1. **If you have been a mate,** engineer, radio officer, or "AB," you are vitally needed on board ship—and you are needed *right now!* With the war roaring to a climax in one theatre after another, the call for supplies is staggering. We've *got* the supplies. We've got the ships. BUT . . .



2. **We haven't enough** experienced men! New ships are being commissioned every day. Each of them needs 50 to 125 *experienced* men of all ratings—from officers to ordinary seamen. Men like *you* — with savvy and sea legs . . . and the *experience to keep the convoys sailing!*

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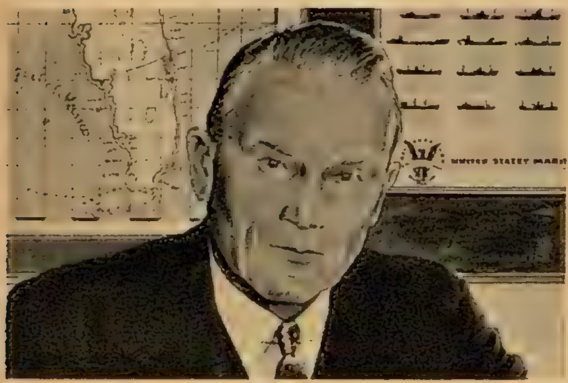

4. **There's a great future!** Admiral E. S. Land, chairman of the Maritime Commission, says, "Men who return to the sea now, have a big opportunity ahead. After the war the Merchant Marine will be one war industry that can steam full speed ahead carrying supplies needed to rebuild a war-torn world."

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You can help our fighting men to get over the last hump! You can do it by using *your* experience where it will do the most good—*on board ship!*

SIGN UP NOW! Report to your nearest War Shipping Administration office . . . or to your maritime union . . . or U. S. Employment Service. Or wire collect to Merchant Marine, Washington, D. C., giving your name, address, and rating. *Do it today!*

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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

HERE'S a timely question raised by H. J., a technical sergeant at Randolph Field, Texas:

"When is the service hat worn? I say that if an enlisted man was issued one he is entitled to wear it. Am I right?"

The service hat must be worn whenever ordered in formation. A few years ago it was also required for ordinary wear in the United States with the service uniform, and the overseas (or garrison) cap was restricted to use with work or fatigue clothes. Now, by common consent, the stiff-visored service hat has generally been displaced by the more breezy-looking overseas cap which, because of greater ease and convenience, is preferred by most men whenever the service hat is not definitely prescribed. The hat is still sometimes required at formal inspections and parades. If H. J. wants to wear his, he might bring it out for Easter.

OLD SARGE.

Easter bonnet

* * *

Perhaps you can tell us why the OPA refuses to give gasoline to the men in the Merchant Marine while on leave.
W. R. W., Chief Mate, S. S. Scott's Bluff.

This unfairness to the men of the Merchant Marine has been corrected. A recent OPA ruling allows them a ration equivalent to the furlough ration of members of the armed forces who need gas for transportation to visit their families or transact business. Your allowance is computed on length of seagoing duty. You can have three gallons of gas for each five weeks of coastal or foreign service up to a maximum of thirty gallons if you apply within thirty days of your most recent discharge and can show an available car and show that other means of transportation are not adequate.

* * *

Under the G. I. Bill of Rights, may a soldier apply for an education as well as a guaranty of loan? If so, may these be applied for two years after the termination of the present war even though the soldier was discharged in December, 1942?
F. W. D., Seattle, Wash.

Yes, an honorably discharged veteran is eligible and may apply for both educational and guaranty-of-loan benefits under the G. I. Bill of Rights. He must apply *within* two years after the termination of hostilities.

* * *

I'm an honorably discharged naval veteran and recently lost my wallet containing my discharge paper. Is it possible to get another one?
C. D. K., Rosalia, Wash.

You can get a certified copy of your discharge certificate from the Bureau of Naval Personnel. Make application on the appropriate form at any Army or Navy recruiting station or office of the Veterans Administration. The form must be fingerprinted. Discharge certificates are records, like birth or marriage certificates, and should be kept in safe-deposit boxes or the like except when needed to apply for mustering-out pay, civil service preference, veterans' preferences for licenses, pensions, or honorable discharge lapel buttons. For any other purpose, notarized typewritten or photostatic copies should be adequate.

* * *

My husband had some money deducted from his Army pay about seven months ago for a war bond, but we have never received it. He is now on a ninety-day furlough, working in a factory. Where could I write to find out about the bond?
Mrs. J. C., Lawrence, Mass.

Since your husband is on duty in this country, write the War Bond officer at the post or camp where his company is stationed. The Army War Bond Office in Chicago handles bonds for men overseas.

* * *

What is the difference between Regular Navy nurses and Naval Reserve nurses, and why is this distinction made? Can they both serve overseas?
Mrs. F. O., Tulsa, Okla.

The Navy Nurse Corps is a permanent organization of the Navy. Members must be between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-eight for acceptance. Members of the Reserve Nurse Corps pledge their services for the duration and six months, and can be from twenty-one to forty. Both serve anywhere the Navy goes, according to their qualifications and the needs of the service.

* * *

I am planning to marry a man in the service. I have a child by another marriage and wonder if he will be entitled to an allotment of $30 a month.
Mrs. M. T., Kansas City, Mo.

Yes, your husband can apply for an allowance for your child by a former marriage. You will receive $30 a month for the child, in addition to your own allowance, if he is the only child for whom your husband is making an allowance.

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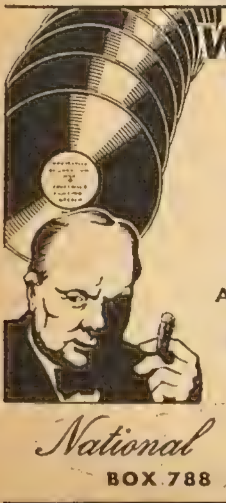

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CHARMAINE IS STILL CHARMING

Continued from Page 19

forced to lead, there have been few elopements. For most young Frenchmen cannot afford to marry until their late twenties, and when they then ask for a girl's hand in marriage, they expect, and are expected, to lay their financial cards on the table. In many instances the prospective groom expects a sizable dowry with his bride.

So practical are the arrangements that the marriage certificate is not a mere avowal of two people to love, honor, and obey, as it is in America. Instead, it is a business contract duly drawn up by an attorney. While to the American this system seems to smack of commercialism, the French believe it logical and realistic.

In February of this year, Frenchwomen voted for the first time in the turbulent, war-weary history of their country. It is characteristic that they did not ask for voting privileges but were given their vote as a reward for the magnificent part they played in resisting the German occupation. Many women do not know how to vote, and many do not even want to.

The average Frenchwoman seldom concerns herself with community or civic affairs. Women have never banded together in France for the social betterment of their country. There are no women's clubs such as abound in England and America. Even the war and the difficulties of the occupation have not appreciably heightened the Frenchwoman's interest in politics.

The younger generation, however, seems more amused than anything else at woman suffrage. But many are not at all sure it's a good thing. I talked with a group of young Frenchmen, several of whom had slipped away during the German occupation to join de Gaulle. One lieutenant voiced the opinion of all when he said, "Women in our country simply don't know enough to vote."

Oddly enough, many young French girls also think that it will probably be a number of years before the French actually believe in their new woman suffrage. But in the meantime all political parties are going to make good use of it.

The war has brought many hardships to Frenchwomen, as indeed it has to all of France. Food and clothing are difficult to obtain. There is little fuel and electricity is strictly rationed. Transportation is difficult. Even on the coldest days girls pedal about the streets on their bicycles.

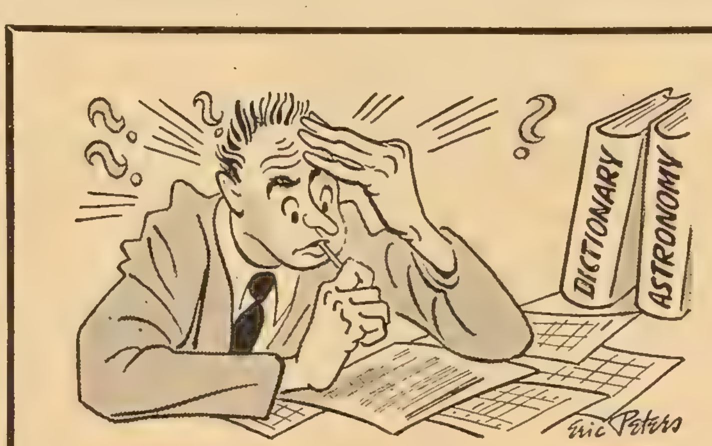
But Frenchwomen are surviving these things as they did the war. So great, so widespread was their work during the occupation that eleven women have had seats in the new Chamber of Deputies, a place where, before the German invasion, women could never have imagined themselves. Yet it is not to be presumed that the peacetime government will necessarily include so many women. No, even as one of the most charming and capable members, Mme. Lefaucheux, told me: "I have many women friends who, because of the shortage of men during the occupation, have gained responsible positions. But of them I do not know one who would not gladly give up her position to go home to her husband and family.

"But there is an awakening. Because of their sufferings Frenchwomen have developed their minds. Wives of political deportees especially, whose husbands merely walked out of their homes one day and never came back, are suddenly conscious of social and civic rights they want for those husbands if and when they return.

"Wives of Communists, in the days when Communism was risky business in France, asked their husbands to stop subjecting themselves and their families to risks they thought unnecessary. And yet when the Germans came, these same women took even greater risks themselves."

No article on Frenchwomen would be complete without reference to the various localities and social classes from which they come. Like America, France has a large middle class. And most of what has been said here has had to do with women of this background. Yet France does have so-called lower classes as well as one special group, unknown in America, the old-line aristocrats. These last stand by themselves. They are people whose position is fixed by pedigree, not by money. And although as a dying class they have no real influence, their pressure on the country's manners and social behavior is still considerable. Proud and stern, these people have been extremely careful of their daughters, hoping to sustain through marriage what is left of their aristocratic heritage. Girls of this class are always carefully chaperoned and coddled until suitable mates have been chosen for them.

One young American officer told me that he had been invited to the home of an aristocrat, had met the pretty daughter,



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

INCOMEVENIENCE: Taxes.

WHOLLY SMOKE: No flames.

LOLLIPUP: Dog candy.

ADEW: Good-by on a rainy day in California.

TOBACCALAUREATE: Sermon on the evils of the weed.

VILLAINOIS: A rascal from Chicago.

ARISTODDLE: When the Greek philosopher was a baby.

MOHAMMED-DONE: A dead Moslem.

O'RIGINAL: The first Irishman.

MACADAMY: School for learning how to pave roads.

and had even managed to be with her alone. On their third date he had tried to kiss her good night.

"*Mais non!*" she had protested. "You must understand that in France a young lady of good standing does not kiss a man so casually."

"I'm sorry," the American apologized. "You see, in my country it's not rude to kiss a girl good night—it's rather expected."

The girl sighed. "Ah, you are fifty years ahead of us in these things. Perhaps in fifty years we too will not place so much emphasis on a kiss."

"Well," replied the officer, "we can't stop progress, can we?" And on the strength of that he finally did get his kiss.

French farmers are much like rural people in our own country, with one or two outstanding differences. The most unusual thing about them to us is that no matter how wealthy they are (and France has many well-to-do farmers), they have little interest in culture or education. Almost no French farmer is willing to spend money for a daughter's schooling. Consequently women of even wealthy farm families are often extremely ignorant and narrow-minded. French farm women are not so chic, of course, as Parisiennes. Nor are they so subtle or polished as their city sisters. But, just the same, they do have charm. One American soldier who fought through Normandy, the most stolid and conservative section of France, said, "All Frenchwomen seem to have a kind of vivacity about them that just doesn't seem to come naturally to Anglo-Saxons."

Women of the working classes in French cities retain this vivacity but have more freedom. Economic conditions force them to leave home earlier, and their parents cannot afford to keep them cloistered.

It is difficult to say exactly how profound an impression French girls have made on American soldiers. Certainly we have heard more about them than about English girls.

American soldiers have found that the greatest obstacle to knowing French girls better is the language barrier. But despite this, there certainly will be a good many marriages. The other day I ran into an American soldier and a flashing French blonde who were lost in American Army headquarters, where they were trying to find the French liaison office. The soldier explained they were trying to get married but that French civil officials were unable to understand the written permission to marry a foreigner he carried.

"But couldn't your fiancée translate for you?" I suggested. "Well," he said, "I can't explain it to her either. She doesn't speak any English and I don't speak any French."

Though that is, of course, an exaggerated case, the American soldier will always find the women of France mysterious, strange, and different, no matter how familiar he is with the language. Here, he realizes, is a culture that does not quite mix with ours. Here is a whole way of life he does not know. But if, braving these differences, he does bring home a French wife, he will find in her charm, taste, hospitality, and the sparkling joy of life that Frenchwomen seem to possess most fully.

THE END

* * *

A man went to his doctor for treatment for his throat and, on being asked the trouble, he hoarsely whispered, "Cigarettes."

"Ah," said the doctor. "Smoking too many?"

"No," was the reply. "Asking for them."

* * *

IS IT BAD TO STAY IN BED?

Continued from Page 10

strong enough, assuming, of course, that no complications developed.

The two groups of patients were compared and charted in all sorts of ways. They were chosen so that there were the same types of operations in each group. These were hernias and appendectomies. Some of the appendices had ruptured and peritonitis had developed. There were gall-bladder cases and a variety of serious pelvic operations, such as ovarian cysts, tuberculosis, and tumors of the uterus. The patients' temperatures and pulses were checked and charted, their incisions watched carefully, and their general strength and appetite noted.

When all the patients had gone home and the surgeon had made a composite chart of the 200 cases, he found that at no time were the temperatures or pulses of the patients who had got right out of bed higher than those of the ones who had stayed quiet. What is more, the condition of the patients with appendectomies who had got right up and walked was actually a good deal better. These patients had all gone home eight or ten days after their operations instead of staying two weeks as did the patients who received standard care. But what was a lot more significant, because a patient can be sent home and still be pretty sick, was that the out-of-bed-and-home-early patients were all back at work or in school in less than five weeks, while the carefully coddled patients were still lying around home after eight weeks.

The same thing was true of the cholecystectomies—surgical double talk for gall-bladder operation—except that both groups undergoing this type of surgery stayed in the hospital a little longer because the operation was more serious. Even so, the patients who were up and about earlier were at work in less than six weeks, while the stay-abeds were still too weak to work a month later. And in the whole group of 200, the up-early patients lost only an average of less than three pounds during their illness, while the ones who stayed in bed lost more than four pounds. And the bowel and bladder functioning, always something of a problem after operations, was remarkably better among the ones who got right up out of bed. It didn't really look as if getting up early was so bad.

BUT what about the wounds? you are probably wondering. I did myself. Why didn't the incisions burst open? Well, they simply didn't, it appears. The surgeon making the report emphasized the importance of closing the wound with extreme care so that the edges met perfectly, and of using a kind of suture that would not absorb and was therefore particularly strong. With these precautions he found there was no more danger of hernia or of the incision reopening if the patient got up early, and considerably less danger of other complications.

The latter danger, which is sometimes considerable, is what most concerns doctors when it comes to keeping patients flat on their backs during an illness or after an operation. One doctor in this conference pointed out that although there are other vertebrates, particularly birds, which walk on two legs, man•is the only vertebrate who ever lies flat on his back, sick or well. Because for one thing, lying flat on your back for long is very uncomfortable. People ordered to stay flat in bed

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usually have to have sedatives to keep them that way, unless they are too weak to move.

When you are flat on your back it is hard to breathe deeply and there is a tendency for your lungs to become sluggish and to fill up with fluid that normal deep breathing would expel. And this makes the lungs more susceptible to pneumonia. Then, too, lying flat tends to shift the fluid from the lower part of your body to the upper part, your circulation slows, and the fluid gradually goes from your tissues into your blood vessels as well. All this may actually make more work for your heart rather than less, which, if you have a damaged heart, is not what your doctor is aiming at.

Another serious aspect of your slowing circulation is that the veins become smaller and the blood may run through them so slowly that it has time to thicken and even form clots on the inside tissue of the vein. These clots are likely to break off from time to time as they get bigger, and will then be carried along to the heart or lungs. And if they are big enough they can often form a block serious enough to prove fatal.

All this, of course, is of more concern in older people than in very young ones, both because older people's circulation is slower to begin with and because it is easier for them to lie still. Doctors have known for a long time of the danger of embolism and of pneumonia in coronary patients whose hearts are not up to par to begin with. Most heart specialists have guarded against this by having the patients exercise their legs and by raising the head of the bed. But even with these precautions there have always been more pneumonia and more fatal embolisms in heart patients than anyone felt that there should be.

AT the recent conference some heart specialists said they had found it worked very well to put a good many of their heart patients to bed in a chair. Often they were more comfortable and could breathe better that way, and it certainly was safer so far as pneumonia and those blood clots were concerned. And a number of noted doctors agreed that heart patients should be allowed to get up and around very much sooner than had always been thought.

At one hospital they had divided all their heart patients into two groups: three-day cardiacs and three-week cardiacs. The three-day cardiacs were allowed to get up for short intervals three days after their attacks were over, while the three-week cardiacs had to stay in bed three weeks in the old accepted way. Several hundred patients were studied and, as far as could be seen, the three-day cardiacs got along just as well as the three-week group and were a whole lot happier.

And that question of happiness is an important one, particularly among heart patients, who are apt to have a good deal of anxiety about their condition and their future prospects. There is a pretty definite ailment known as cardiac neurosis among people who have mild heart trouble and have either had a lot of heart trouble in their families or been scared by their doctors. In a cardiac neurosis a patient can become a serious invalid with almost no organic damage, just because his anxiety makes him develop symptoms even though there is nothing else to cause them. Doctors are beginning to agree that too much rest, which both scares the patient and gives him time to sit around and brood about his health, may bring on a cardiac neurosis. And this may cripple a man for life just as badly as if he really had a seriously damaged heart. The solution is to get their patients up and about and thinking of

(Continued on page 77)

Looking Ahead

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THE WOMAN IN SHADOW

Continued from Page 17

tine. He felt an old weight of futility settling in his stomach.

Christine said, "I told the superintendent you didn't answer the bell. I said I had to see you—it was important."

"Important to you, you mean. I could have been out, you know."

She smiled shyly at him. "Not with your bedroom window open. That's why I tried to phone."

"You don't miss much," Macon said, and went inside.

Christine entered and quietly took a seat in a corner. Her lips, full and rosy, without artifice, showed no resentment—and this was one of the things that had always puzzled Macon, stopping him in his tracks, making him feel a brute.

She was gazing at a photograph on the writing table. "Is that a picture of Helen?"

"Yes," he said.

He wished she would leave Helen out of it. He glanced at his watch. It was ten past twelve, and farther uptown, in the Gascogne Club, Helen would be leaning against a piano now and singing.

Rain began to fall in a sudden hard shower.

Christine said with sudden candor, "Robert, I'd be so grateful if you'd come home with me. Sam is away—I expect him back tomorrow—and I can't get rid of Jim Allerton."

"What do you mean, you can't get rid of Jim Allerton? Who is Jim Allerton?"

"Oh, you don't know him, Robert. I went to school with him, and the other day I ran into him on Forty-second Street. I always think the best thing you can do for an old friend in New York is to give him a home-cooked meal. And that's what I did—tonight. Poor Jim's changed. Drink." She sighed. "And that's it, Robert. He finished almost a complete bottle. He's on my living-room divan, dead to the world. And I simply can't let him spend the night there."

Macon looked away, wondering if he would ever be free of her. To meet her gaze, the soft entreaty in it, was always to give in.

For two years she had been his wife, but those years were as vague, as remote as his earliest childhood. There were times when it seemed to him that she was wholly a stranger—young, attractive, with a subtle line of thigh and breast, a graceful walk; someone you would turn to look at a second time anywhere.

"It isn't much, is it, Robert, to ask? After all, we always said we'd still be friends. Our garage is a five-block walk, but I got the car out especially for you." She had always paved the way to some special request with a flattering effort of her own.

"All right," he said, feeling his hands relax. Just this once. Anything to get it over with this time.

"You're so sweet, Robert," she sighed.

MACON drove downtown, cut west, and in a narrow street near Sheridan Square stopped before a brick house. Here, in an old jumbled part of the city, the house looked neat and trim and vaguely old-fashioned. Like Christine. Like Sam Berent, for that matter. The rain had stopped.

Christine turned off the ignition and took out the key. She stepped to the curb. "Look out for that puddle, Robert, or you'll get your feet soaked."

Getting out, Macon banged the car door.

It took Christine a couple of minutes to find her keys. Then she unlocked the street-level door and as Macon followed her in she impulsively squeezed his hand.

"Christine?"

Macon glanced up the blue-carpeted stairway as Christine wheeled. On the second floor, the living quarters, Sam Berent stood with one hand resting on the banister.

"Hello, Sam," Macon said.

"Hello, Robert," Sam Berent said.

Christine said, "Why, Sam—I didn't expect you till tomorrow!"

"I was able to pick up a Pullman cancellation at the last minute."

Macon felt his neck and face growing red. It was as if he had been caught embracing Christine.

Sam Berent said, "I was just going to have a nightcap. Come up and have one, Robert."

Christine gave a sharp, excited laugh. "Goodness, Sam, for a moment you scared the wits out of me!"

"I didn't mean to, dear," Sam Berent said. "How've you been, Robert? I haven't seen you in a dog's age."

Christine took off her fur coat and threw it over her arm. She climbed the stairs. Macon followed.

A wide doorway revealed most of the living room, and there was no one on the divan.

Macon said, "You're looking well, Sam."

"Little tired," Sam Berent said, and they went into the living room.

A lock of Sam's light brown hair was out of place and his tie had worked its way partly out of his vest. There was a weariness in his thick shoulders, in the heavy laxness of his arms. He worked hard. Now, as he mixed whisky with soda, he seemed wearily preoccupied. When he gave Macon the drink he did not look at him.

There was always an embarrassment between them nowadays, though Macon had tried his best to overcome it. But Sam Berent was sentimental and jealous, and doubtless his conscience still troubled him. Probably the most difficult ordeal in Sam's life was when he had come to Macon, told him he and Christine had fallen in love, and asked Macon to give her a divorce. In all decency Macon could not have told him that this was the kind of release he had been praying for. For Sam Berent had been his friend for years and you do not tell a friend a thing like that. And Christine had wanted them still to be friends.

Christine said, "I told Robert he simply had to take me to dinner and that all of us simply had to get together oftener."

With his glass, Macon covered the tension he felt drawing at his lips. One small deceit led to another and you had to play along.

Macon drained the glass, bent over, set it down on a low table. A faint gleam between the divan and the table caught his eye and in the same instant, under what impulse he did not understand, he dropped his handkerchief. Bending, he closed the handkerchief and his hand over the object. It was, he knew, a gold money clip—a circle of gold bisected by a golden spring bar, with some bills in it. He stood up.

Sam Berent was standing before a mirror adjusting his tie. And Macon, seeing the reflected image, remembering the good friends they had been, thought he knew why he had picked up the money clip. He had not wanted Sam to find it, to be hurt by finding it; to be disillusioned.

As if to make the lie complete, to round it out, Macon said, "Well, I've got to go. I hope you don't mind, Sam, that I took your good wife to dinner."

"Me?" Sam Berent said, turning. "My old pal?" He chuckled and a smile pulled feebly at his lips. But his gaze did not quite meet Macon's.

Macon, turning to say good night to Christine, saw her pluck a cigarette butt from one of the ash trays. At sound of his voice she came across the room, and he thought she looked pale. She gave him her left hand because she still held in her right the cigarette butt.

HE rode the west side subway to Times Square and walked across to the Astor bar. There was no reason to go home, for he knew he would not sleep.

He took the money clip out of his crumpled handkerchief and laid it on the bar. Fastened to it was a single gold initial—a blunt V. Idly, he slipped out the folded bills—six ones and a twenty.

"Handy, those gadgets," a sailor said. "Aren't they?"

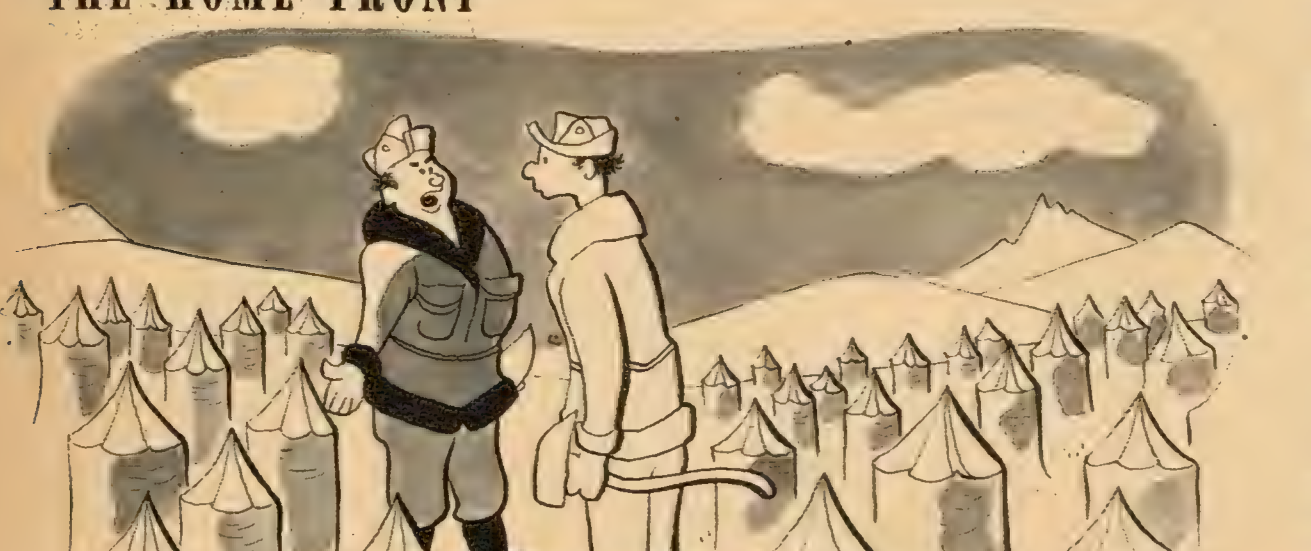
"'V,' the sailor said, reading the initial. "V for Victory."

Macon clipped the money back in and put it away in his pocket. He drank his highball and looked at his watch. It was two. Helen would be doing her last numbers at the Gascogne and at two thirty a cab would be waiting for her and she would go home to her apartment. Suddenly he wanted to see her.

He walked up Broadway. In East Fifty-third Street, opposite the Gascogne, he stood teetering on the curb, waiting. At two twenty-five a taxi pulled up and at

(*Continued on page 66*)

THE HOME FRONT



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(*Continued from page 64*)

two thirty Helen came out. Macon strode across the street.

"Hello, honey," he said.

"Robert!"

Her happy laughter, caught in the cold wind, seemed to sparkle all around him. Instantly she was holding both his hands.

"Robert, what are you doing out this late?"

He laughed a little. "I felt like seeing you, honey."

"Darling, how wonderful. Come ride with me."

"Helen," Macon said, sitting down beside her in the cab, "let's go to Bandy's for scrambled eggs on toast."

He sat back, holding her hand, full of the delight he always knew when she was near him. He never got over the wonder of how all this had come about. The Army hospital in North Africa where he had first seen her with a USO troupe. Jokingly, he had asked her to autograph the cast on his arm; and when she had done so, he'd said that it would be nice to see her name at the bottom of a letter sometime. She had written him. And later, in Italy, he had run across her again—recovered at that time, and able to go walking in the country with her.

IN Bandy's, facing each other across a table, there was pleasure and intimacy in their eyes. Macon loved the way her gaze seemed to caress him. He was always grateful for the way she could meet a mood of his.

"Robert, you look tired. Are you worried about something?"

"Oh, nothing," he said. "Christine . . ."

The humor, the delight in being with him faded out of her face.

In self-defense he said, "She got in a jam." He told Helen about it. He said, "But no more. That's the last time."

"Yes, Robert."

"Except—" He felt in his pocket. "Well, except I've got to give this back to her." He put the money clip on the table. "I picked it up near the divan."

Helen looked at it. "Wasn't she there? Did you forget to give it to her?"

"No, I didn't forget. She didn't know I picked it up. Sam didn't, either. I guess—well, I guess I didn't want Sam to find it. She'd have had a hard time explaining how it got there."

Helen almost grimaced. "Always, you seem to be protecting her."

"Honey," he said, "don't feel that way."

"And she knows it. She knows she can always depend on you. You—you might just as well be still married to her. Ever since you got out of the Army it's been one thing or another. She wants advice about something—something unimportant, that anyone could tell her. But always an excuse to see you, to keep you involved in her life."

"Helen—"

"Oh, darling, I know. You're good. You're decent. But I keep feeling that I'm forever sharing you with her."

He colored. "I'm sorry, honey." He sat up straight, groping for a way to break out of this mood.

He could almost feel Helen's mood swing around and join in with his own. The corners of her mouth turned up in good humor.

"We're both silly, darling. Pick up the clip before you forget it. It's a handy gadget, isn't it?"

He laughed. "That's what a sailor at the Astor bar said. 'V for Victory,' he said, too."

"Couldn't be," Helen said. "It's probably the owner's initial. He's been carrying that around a long time. You can see the way it's worn."

"But his initial isn't V. His name's—let me see—Jim Allerton."

A shadow moved in across Macon's mind. It was not an unfamiliar shadow. He had known it in the days when he had been married to Christine—the shadow of doubt, because she lied about little things, and might lie about big ones.

IT was almost four when he stepped out of a cab in front of his place. As he bent to unlock the front door, it opened. Caught off balance he pitched forward. A man's hand caught hold of his arm, strong fingers under his armpit. The man was middle-aged, compact, neither fat nor thin.

He said, "By the way, are you Robert Macon?"

"Yes," Macon said, back in balance.

"Swell. I've been hanging around here for half an hour waiting for you. Woke the old super up. My name's Kedderick, Detective Bureau." He showed his shield. "Any objection to running downtown?"

Macon said, "What for?"

"Friend of yours in kind of a jam."

Macon was staring at Kedderick despite the fact that he did not want to stare, did not want to reveal the apprehension that mushroomed in him, gagging him.

"They live in the Village," Kedderick said. "Berent's the name. Won't take long. I've got a car."

Macon said, "You're the doctor."

They rode over to Fifth and turned south.

Macon tried to be offhand when he said, "What seems to be the trouble down there?"

"I understand," Kedderick said, "you used to be married to Mrs. Berent. H'm?"

Macon nodded. "Yes."

"A sweet little woman. She said some very nice things about you. I think it's damned nice when two people can get divorced sensibly and still be friends."

For Lord's sake, Macon thought, cut out this stalling around.

"Well," Kedderick said, "it's nice she'll have you to lean on. She's the kind of little woman needs a friend to lean on. What time did she ring your bell?"

Macon felt the hair on the back of his neck prickle. "About quarter past eleven," he said. "What happened?"

"H'm? He killed this guy. Her husband killed this guy. The guy she asked you to help her get him back to his hotel. Her husband came in unexpected while she was out, found him there, and they got in a fight and Mr. Berent stuck an ice pick in him. Then he hid him. He heard the car door bang out front when you arrived with Mrs. Berent—and in a panic hid him."

"My God!" Macon said.

"Jealous, I suppose. Like a lot of guys—and for no good reason. Temper."

Macon remembered—sharply—Sam Berent's disordered hair, his disarranged tie, his halting, awkward attempts to carry on the common amenities of social intercourse.

"He's my friend," Macon said.

"That's what the little woman said. That's why she'd like you down there. I wouldn't run around like this ordinarily—but she gets me, that little woman does. She's the kind of little woman a guy can't help putting himself out for."

When the car stopped, Macon followed Kedderick. People were hanging around in front of the house. A policeman was standing by the door, letting a man out. The man carried a black bag.

"Leaving, doc?" Kedderick said.

"Right now. I left a report with Stahlmeier. Allerton died between ten thirty and eleven thirty. Not later than eleven thirty. Probably instantly. Stahlmeier has all the dope. 'By, lieutenant."

His name, then, *was* Allerton, Macon thought. Helen was wrong about the V on the money clip. All over, wherever you went nowadays, you saw Vs. V for Victory on everything.

He glanced up and saw Christine standing in the living-room window on the second floor. His heart beat dully and his throat was dry as ash.

THE house was full of people. Men sitting on the blue-carpeted stairway and other men climbing or coming down past them.

Macon climbed the staircase behind Kedderick. At the top Christine was waiting, a sorrowful half smile on her unrouged lips.

Macon's throat was still dry. "I—I don't know what to say, Christine. It's—"

"I know, Robert, I know," she said, patting his hand. "Sam is your friend. And he needs you."

There was a police camera in the living room. A man was sitting on an arm of the sofa speaking into a telephone. Another was standing in the middle of the room rolling up a tape measure. A man lay on the floor.

"James Maxim Allerton," Kedderick said. "Ex-Navy."

A big man spread-eagled on the carpet, his blond hair flung loosely to one side.

Christine took hold of Macon's arm and led him to the library door. She knocked delicately.

"Come in," a loud voice said.

She opened the door and Macon saw a huge beetle-browed man peering back over his shoulder.

"This is Mr. Macon, Mr. Stahlmeier," Christine told him.

"Oh, the friend. Sure." Stahlmeier came forward. He peered down at Macon with large gloomy eyes. He said close to Macon's ear, "I think he'd like you to take care of a few personal things. It's O. K. with us. Shake it up, though. We'd like to get going." He heaved past Macon into the living room.

"I'll leave too," Christine said.

Sam Berent was sitting in a wing chair with his elbows resting on the arms and his fingers interlaced before him. His face was drawn but composed.

Macon sat down opposite him. They smiled at each other bleakly.

"Well," Sam said. He shrugged. "Well, Robert . . ."

"Sam," Macon said, "what can be done?"

Sam Berent shook his head slowly. "Nothing. I lost my head and I'm prepared to pay for it. I want to thank you, Robert, for coming down here with Christine to try to get rid of him. She told me about it. I can understand your embarrassment when you found nobody here but me; and that talk about having dinner together—well, it was a white lie. I'd have done the same, in your shoes. I—I saw you get out of the car with Christine and I dragged him back here and hid him in the closet. It's tough on Christine—but then, you know she's awfully sentimental about old friends. It's too bad he got so drunk on her. I—I've always been too jealous, Robert. I shouldn't have been so jealous."

"Sam," Macon said, reaching out and putting a hand on his knee, "tell me what you want me to do. Anything, Sam."

"Thank you, Robert. I—I didn't want to bother you, but Christine insisted."

Always when Christine entered the picture Macon felt tension on him like a raw burn. He might have known that Sam of his own accord would never have dragged him down here at this hour of the morning.

"Just," Sam Berent was saying, "look out for her. She'll need advice about a lot of things. Help her. She'll be at the trial

(*Continued on page 69*)

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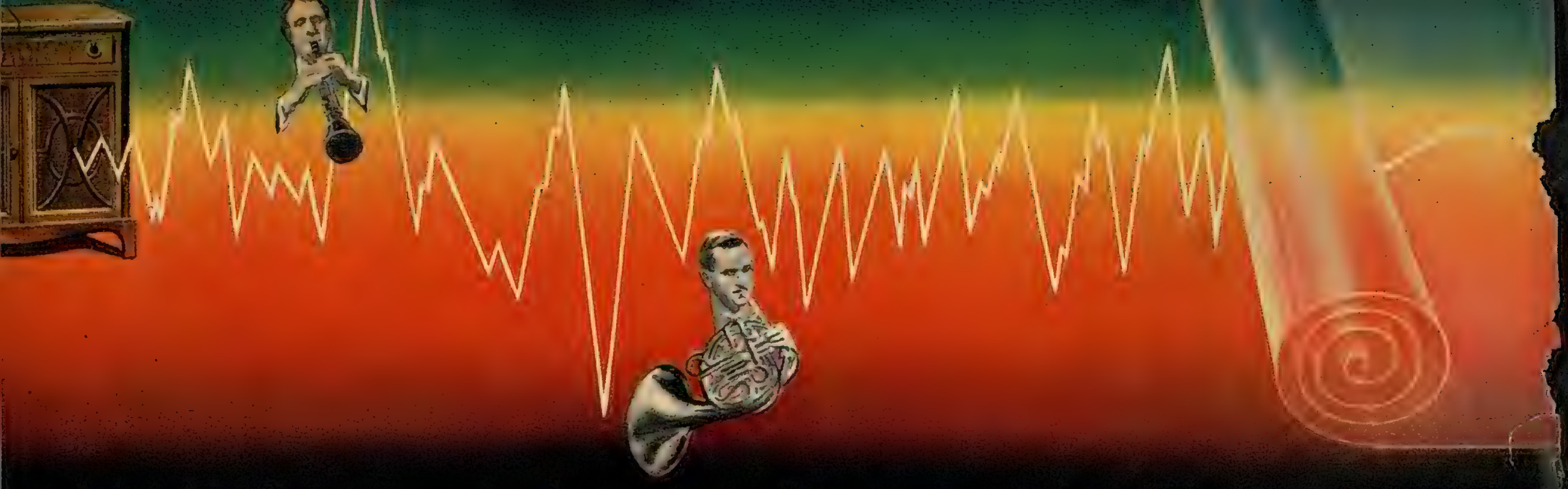

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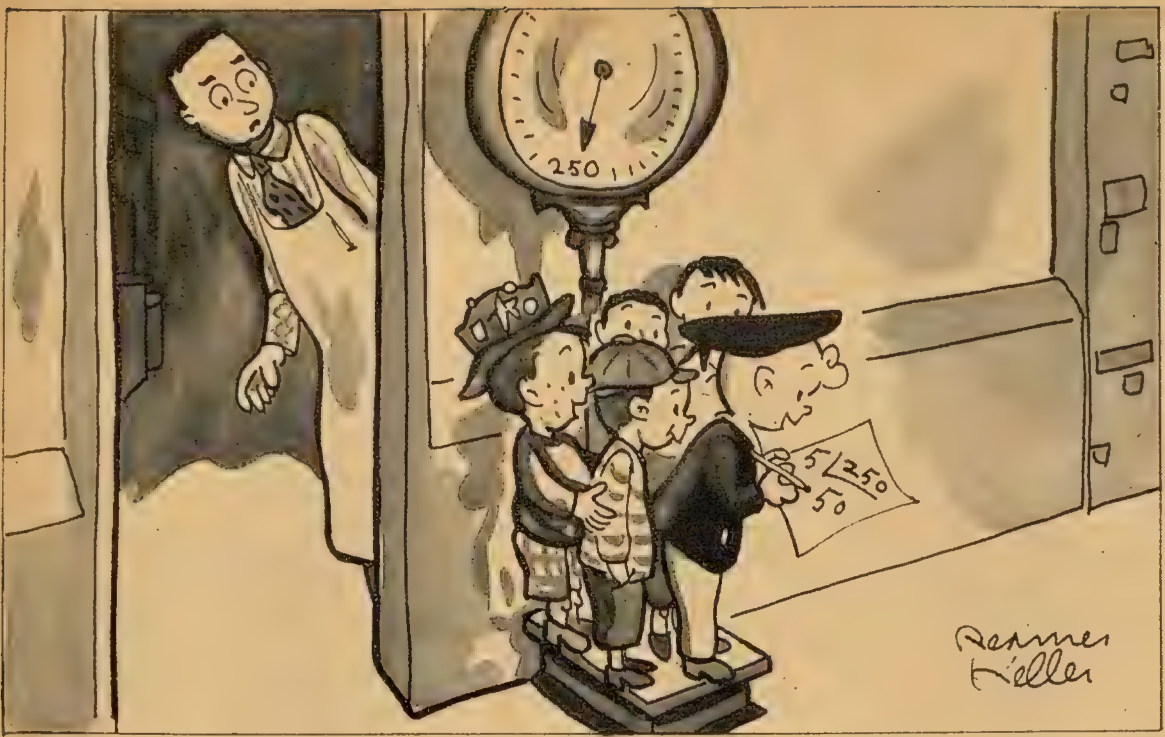

(Continued from page 67)

regularly, and if you can manage to accompany her there sometimes, I'd appreciate that too."

Macon's throat was almost closed. But he managed to say, "Anything, Sam."

"I've always worried about her, here alone. I've been on the go so much: away a week, ten days at a time."

Kedderick looked in. "About ready, Mr. Berent?"

"Yes," Sam said. He stood up. "I'd like to throw some clothes in a bag, if you don't mind."

"Sure. Go ahead," Kedderick said, going back into the living room.

Sam flexed his feet. "Change my shoes too, I guess."

THE house was quiet. Macon, sipping a cup of coffee Christine had brewed for him, watched her straightening up the living room and remembered how fussy she always had been about keeping things neat and in order.

Macon said, "For God's sake, Christine, let up! Sit down! Stop that!"

She gave him an indulgent smile and went on shuffling magazines into order. And Macon, searching his pockets for a cigarette, caught hold of the money clip. He had quite forgotten about it. Its significance, if there ever had been any, seemed to have evaporated. Absent-mindedly, he turned the clip over and over again in his fingers. Presently he became aware that there was no sound of movement in the room. He glanced up.

Christine was standing in the center of the room. She was gazing fixedly at him, her face white. When he saw no reaction in her eyes he realized that she was gazing at his hands.

He tossed the clip upon the coffee table and stood up and went to look out the window. There was no sign of dawn yet. There was no sound anywhere. Then there was the sound of breathing, hoarse, beyond control. He turned about.

Christine was standing at the coffee table. She was holding the clip in both hands and her hands shook, her body shook. Color had streamed back into her face, her neck, and her skin was blotched with it. Her eyes bulged with the effort she made to control herself. She began to choke.

"Christine!"

Macon moved swiftly in a straight line. He caught hold of her arm and shook her. She turned, leaning against him, half choking, half giggling. Putting his hands on her shoulders, he shook her again and again, saying, "Christine, stop it! Stop it!" She began sobbing, but the light in her eyes was exultant with a kind of terrible relief.

Suddenly she threw herself down on the divan and lay back, her arms thrown across her face. Macon stood over her, his hands clenched, a strange and undefined dread enveloping him. And again he was beset by the frustrate illusion that he didn't know her, that he had never known her.

"Oh, Robert, Robert," she sobbed. "I guess I just couldn't hold in any longer. Don't pay any attention to me; please don't. Just let me lie here for a little."

He wheeled and went back to the window. A truck rolled past, its headlights gleaming for an instant on a puddle left over from the shower. Terror, still vague and formless, kept lapping at him, seeming to come closer and closer. Suddenly it engulfed him.

He ran to the third floor and was back in a minute, to find Christine sitting up.

"Robert," she said in her small voice, "do forgive me for going to pieces. I guess I tried too hard to bear up."

"Maybe," Macon said, "you had good cause to go to pieces."

"Of course," she nodded, wiping her eyes. "After all—"

"After all," Macon said, "Sam didn't kill Allerton."

She patted her eyes with her handkerchief. "Robert, what are you talking about?"

He stopped six feet away from her. He felt that he could not bring himself to go a step farther. "I am talking about your husband, Christine. More important—about my friend. Keep that in mind, Christine. Don't for a minute forget that. It's vital—to you."

She made a weary, confused gesture. "Robert—you—I don't know—you get me all mixed up. Please—please make sense, won't you?"

"Sam," he said, "didn't kill Allerton. Doesn't that make sense? It ought to. Sam couldn't have killed Allerton. Sam wasn't here when Allerton died."

All Christine's fluttering, confused gestures evaporated, and she looked at Macon out of wide steady eyes. "How do you know?" she said.

"His shoes are still damp. He got wet feet. When he got out of his taxi he must have stepped in that puddle. The police

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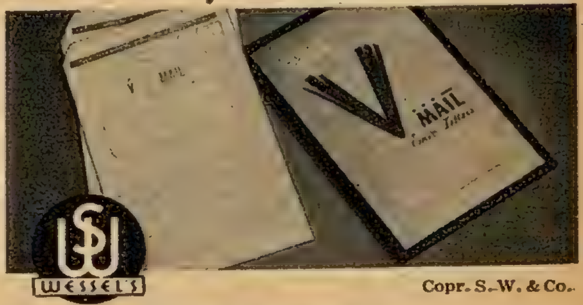

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said Allerton was dead by eleven thirty at the latest. It didn't start to rain until after twelve. When the police took him tonight, he changed his shoes—the damp ones for dry ones. The damp ones are still in his room."

"Robert, why are you being so ridiculous?" she said. "If Sam didn't kill him, why in the name of common sense would he have said he did, and confessed?"

Macon aimed a finger at her. "Christine, could you prove where you were between ten thirty and eleven thirty?"

"Robert, for goodness' sake don't try to act like a detective!"

"Christine," he said with desperate gravity, "I am not trying to act like a detective. I am trying to save my friend." His voice quickened. "You almost fainted with relief when you saw that money clip. Don't tell me it was just a letdown. You know that clip. When you saw it in my hand you were so shocked, and then so relieved that the police hadn't found it, that you couldn't control yourself!"

Christine stood up, indignant. "Robert, you can't talk to me that way," she said. "You never did. You can't now."

"I never did," he said, nodding grimly. Perspiration was beginning to gleam on his face. His dark eyes burned with anger. "I never did know you, Christine. You never let me know you really. And you came between me and my best friend."

She said tautly, "Sam loved me."

"I know. You made him. And he still loves you. But you," he said, shaking his head, "don't love him. If you did, you wouldn't let him confess to a crime he did not commit."

"Robert," she said hotly, "you're insulting. You're—"

He cut in, "Whose clip is that?"

"Clip! Jim Allerton's, of course! He must have dropped it in the struggle."

"No." Macon shook his head. "No. Jim Allerton is dead. There is no reason for the sight of anything belonging to Jim Allerton to almost throw you into a faint. The V on it. What does the V stand for, Christine?"

"I am not," she said, turning her back on him, "going to listen to any more of your wild ravings, Robert. Please go home."

His throat ached. He felt as if he were riding a wave, driving forward with it, cutting through her lies and pretty little pretenses. He hoped—he almost prayed—the wave would not crash and let him down.

He strode to the telephone.

"Robert." Her voice was sharp. "Robert, what are you doing?"

He turned and said, "I'm calling the police. Kedderick. I'm getting Kedderick back here."

"No. No."

He picked up the telephone.

"All right," she said, her arms straight at her sides, stiff.

"All right, what?"

She said, "I killed Jim Allerton. Put the phone down. Listen to me. Please."

MACON rested the telephone on his knee. He watched Christine sit down on the divan. More than ever she was someone he did not know, had never known. She was as strange as the day she had walked into his office five years before to become his secretary—a competent secretary, thoughtful of his every need and want. He remembered that Thanksgiving week when she had approached him, shyly, and asked him if he would think it presumptuous of her to invite him to her apartment for a home-cooked turkey dinner. It was the first time he had seen her socially . . .

He said, "And Sam is taking the blame."

"He wanted to. I told him everything. I told him how Jim Allerton was an old friend and naturally I was delighted to see an old friend. And how could I know he'd changed so? He drank and drank—and he tried to attack me!"

Macon said, "And after you killed him, you drove up to my place. Why?"

"I needed your help, desperately." She dropped her eyes. "I didn't tell you the truth at first because I wasn't sure you would come down. But I was so scared, really."

He said, "And what did you think I'd be able to do here?"

"I—I didn't know. I thought—well, he was dead, and I thought maybe you'd help me to get him out of the place. I wanted to protect Sam from all the shame. When we got here and Sam was here, and I didn't see Jim Allerton anywhere—I thought he'd come to and gone out. To smooth things over, I said that about our dining out. I tried my best, Robert. If Sam wants to do this for me, why don't you let him? Why do you insist on bullying me?"

Macon shook his head. "You didn't kill Jim Allerton, Christine."

"Robert, people don't say they killed somebody when they didn't."

"Sam did." There was a bleak, chalky look around his mouth. "You rang my bell at eleven fifteen. It was, anyhow, eleven twenty when you drove away. What you did between then and the time you came back, half an hour later, I don't know. You probably parked somewhere to think things out. That's not important. What is important is what you did between ten thirty and eleven thirty, the hour in which Allerton was killed. The police said he died instantly. It would have taken you at least five minutes to walk to the garage, another five to get the car out, and at least twenty minutes to reach my place. That's thirty minutes. So between ten thirty and eleven fifteen, when you rang my bell, you had left only fifteen minutes to kill Allerton, decide whether or not he was dead, and then, when you had decided, figure out about coming up to me. Christine, it doesn't hold water."

SHE was leaning straight-armed on the divan. Her eyes were glazed. Desperately, his voice thick and hoarse, Macon said, "I don't doubt that when you drove to my place you did so in order to get me to carry a drunken man out of here. But between the time you left and the time you and I got back Allerton was killed. And he wasn't killed by Sam."

There was no color in her face now.

"You know," Macon said, "who killed Allerton. The man who killed Allerton lost that money clip in the struggle. You expected him here. You were afraid he'd find Allerton. Allerton was so drunk you couldn't move him. You came to me—to move him for you—before your lover got here.

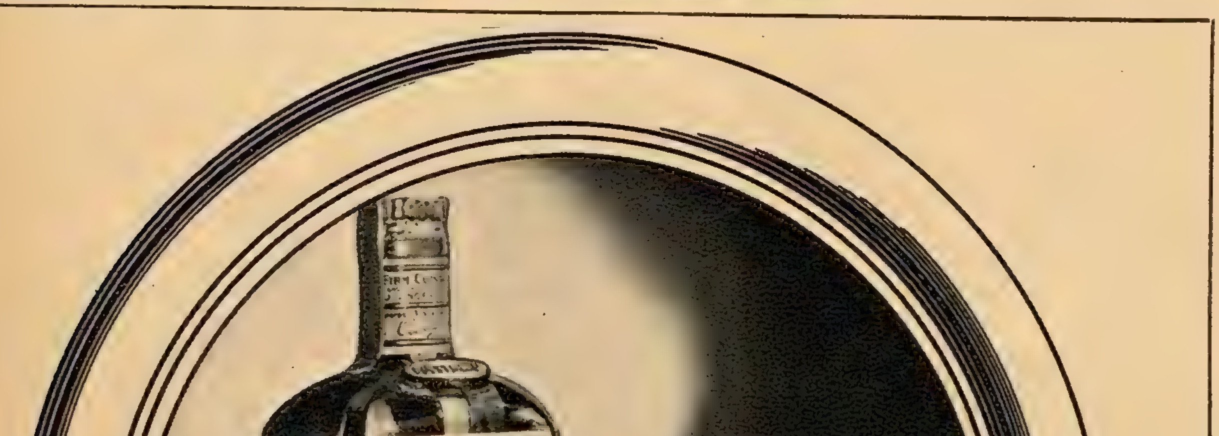
"Your lover must have had a key—or Allerton, drunk as he was, may have managed to answer the doorbell."

"Don't—don't," she panted. Erratically she began to nod her head. "But don't—please, Robert, don't. I had to get rid of Jim Allerton somehow. If he'd found Jim here with me, he'd have killed me too. I didn't expect him till one. He—he must have phoned and Jim must have answered—and then he must have come over. He's so passionately jealous. I knew he'd been here. I—I found a cigarette butt—the Cuban cigarettes he smokes."

"Sam," Macon said, with icy calm, "doesn't know about that."

She cried hoarsely, "Don't tell him—don't, don't, Robert."

(Continued on page 72)



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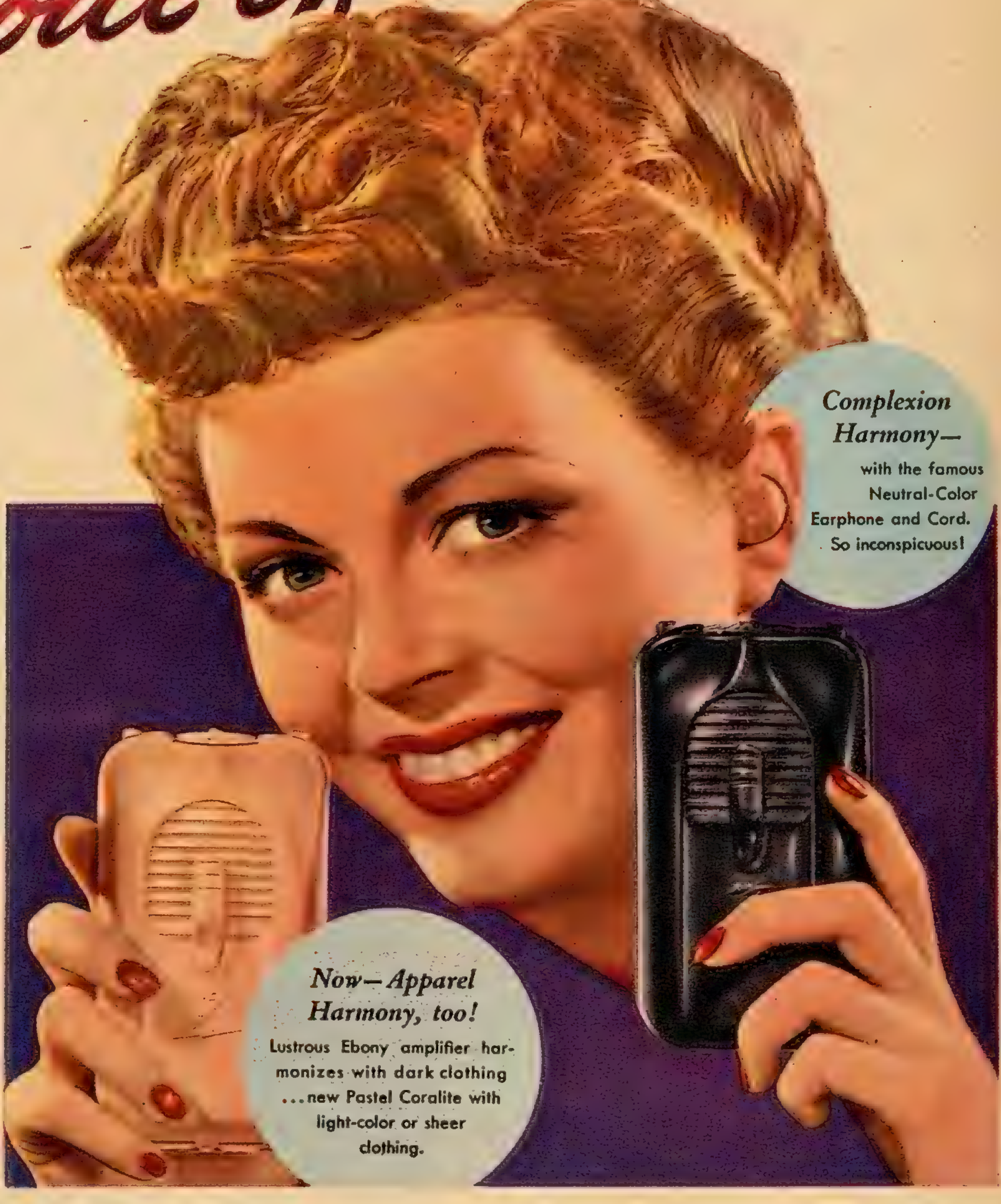

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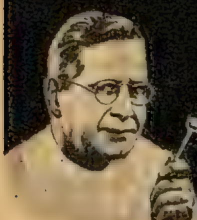

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(*Continued from page 70*)

Macon said dully, "Who is he, Christine?"

"He—he plays a guitar in a little Village café. Victor. Victor Valente. He owns an interest in the place. Last year, I went there one evening to listen to the music—Robert, what are you doing?"

"You must know, Christine," he said, putting the telephone to his ear.

She flung herself at him, spilling him off the divan. He carried the end table down with him and Christine came toppling upon him, beating him with her fists, fighting for possession of the telephone. He worked to a sitting position on the floor, got her turned around, her back to him, and held her there locked in his right arm.

"It's no use, Christine," he said. With his left hand he picked up the telephone and spoke, "Give me Police Headquarters, operator."

Waiting, he said wearily to Christine, "Don't think I like this. It will haunt me for a long while. It will haunt Sam, too, I imagine."

She choked out, "Victor—Victor will kill me!"

"He won't get the chance. You're lucky, really, Christine. They can't even charge you with being an accomplice. Hello," he said into the telephone. "Let me speak to Lieutenant Kedderick."

Christine struggled. "Let me go—let me go! I don't want to ever see you again!"

"Thank you, Christine," he said. "Thank you very much. You weren't trying to shield Valente, Christine. Because when Valente came to his senses, he had the choice of leaving you with a dead man or saving his own skin. You knew that Sam could understand Jim Allerton. You knew he would never go for Valente. You could never get away with that. You were shielding yourself—your name, the security Sam could give you. You've fooled a lot of people in your time, Christine . . . Hello, lieutenant . . ."

WHEN Macon got home he took a hot tub and cold shower and shaved. This gave him an edge of reality and he wanted to hold it, to get more of it. And when he had dressed, he walked up to the Murray Hill and ate breakfast. At nine thirty he was in his office. He worked until noon and nobody seemed to notice anything different about him.

At half past twelve he went to a restaurant in East Fifty-first Street, selected a table for two, and sat down facing the door.

"Not yet," he said, when the menu was placed before him. "I'm waiting for a guest."

He saw her, first, in the street, coming across toward the glass vestibule, hurrying. She always liked to be on time. She wore a twist of felt on her head and a brown chesterfield with an ornament on the lapel that flashed in the sunlight. He bent sidewise a little in order to watch her come in the door. It was a joy to him, always, to wait for her, to watch her swift, happy arrival.

He stood up. Seeing him, her pace quickened, her head went up as she came down the aisle between the tables, and he could see the sparkle in her eyes, the quick fond smile on her lips. This, he knew, was reality. This was something he understood. This was honesty, straightforwardness—as refreshing as swift water in a mountain brook. This was daylight. There was no shadow here, no shadow anywhere. Macon grinned.

"Hello, darling," Helen said. "How are you?"

"Fine, honey," he said. "Wonderful."

THE END

EVERY CUSTOMER A FRIEND

Continued from Page 33

When Moustique came to us he was a tramp. Papa fed him. You yourself, Rafe, have commented upon the roundness of Moustique's stomach."

Rafe said, "That's only the good side. Look how that time he kicked out Napoleon Bonaparte Titi, the barber. And why? He said the soup was watered. And everybody knows about your papa throwing the soufflé in the face of M'sieu Beaudin only because he said the Eggs Impérial were bad. How is your papa ever going to succeed when he insists on acting like a wild Indian?"

Every one of these accusations was true, Suzanne knew. From morning till night she worked to make the restaurant a success—but always with the fear that at any moment Papa Jules' artistic spirit might flare up and ruin everything.

What Rafe now said caused her to sit up, hope coming back into her heart.

"We are planning a banquet for M'sieu Mike Harrigan. If your papa will behave himself, and not throw anybody out, the muskrat trappers will hold M'sieu Harrigan's banquet here. It was my idea, *chérie.*" He smiled. "I dreamed it up."

"Rafe," Suzanne said, and took his hand. "And your papa will come too, Rafe?"

"He will come—sitting at the end of the table close to the door. He told me that. Also my Uncle Léon, and my cousins Henri, Baptiste, and Gros Pierre. So now your papa has got another chance to make friends with my family."

Suzanne knew all about M'sieu Harrigan. A newcomer, already he had acquired a reputation as Bayou Rouge's future Santa Claus. M'sieu Harrigan publicly had offered to take over the land leases held by Bayou Rouge's muskrat trappers. He promised to share all expenses, dividing the profits. At present the leases were parceled out by a New Orleans business concern which rented the land on which the Cajuns trapped. M'sieu Mike Harrigan asked only that the trappers sublease the land to him—then he would help them to operate on a more profitable basis. Bayou Rouge mothers told their children, "We going to be big rich now M'sieu Harrigan's here."

M'sieu Garon was the head of the trappers. Everybody knew that he was going to hand over all of the leases to M'sieu Harrigan. This ceremony, Suzanne realized, probably would take place at the banquet. Rafe said that this was true.

"It will be a fine night for everybody, Suzanne. You make Papa Jules promise to behave himself. Don't forget that my family has got some feelings of their own."

How could she speak when her heart was so full?

THE kitchen floated in savory clouds as Papa Jules prepared the banquet in honor of M'sieu Harrigan. Suzanne chopped the sorrel leaves and pounded shrimp shells into powder, proud of how she and her father were meeting this challenge. Undismayed by wartime rations, she had searched the bayou markets for red snapper, sheepshead, blackfish, bay leaves.

Papa Jules said, "I will make you proud tonight. First a little Dubonnet with a twist of lemon peel. That puts the guests in a good humor. Next, white soup, Spanish style. Then our bouillabaisse: the same which I served to the governor when he lay at death's door. Two servings were brought to this doomed man's bedside . . . and then? He springs up, pulls on his pants, and makes the speech of his life!

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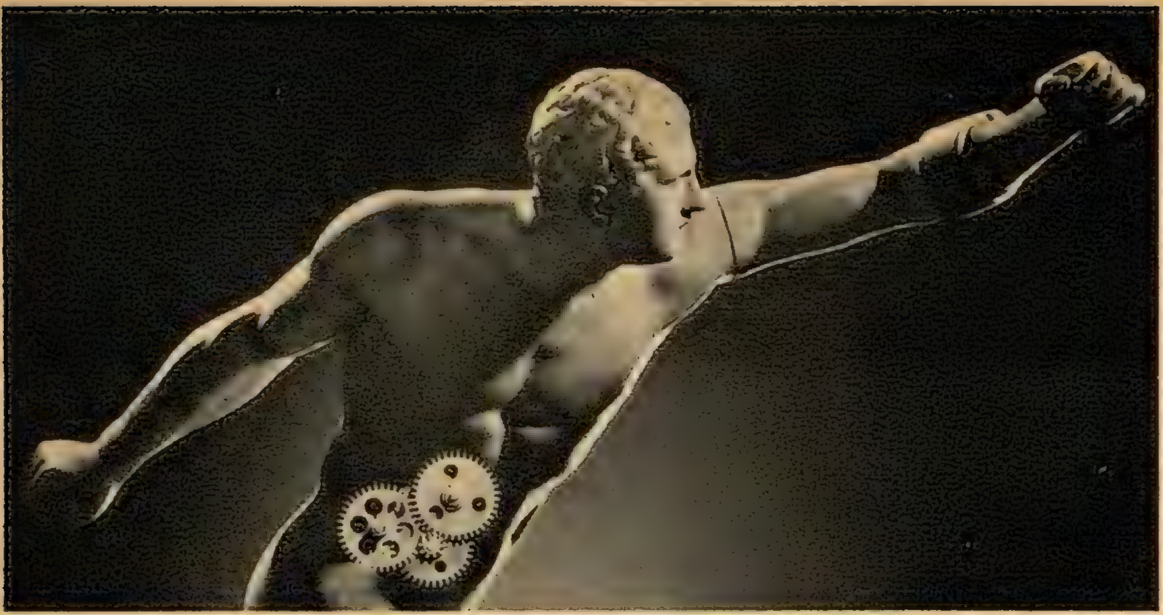

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"Afterward?" Papa Jules stroked his mustache. "Apple Dumplings à la Nightingale—and Café Diabolique, served in flames. This meal will be like a poem. M'sieu Harrigan will guarantee for each muskrat trapper a private fortune."

"You will do nothing to spoil the banquet, papa?"

Papa Jules patted her hand. "My little, can men quarrel with such a menu? You have the promise of your papa."

M'sieu Garon would forgive all former feuds, she hoped. He would be grateful to Papa Jules for putting M'sieu Mike Harrigan in a generous frame of mind. It was wonderful that the signing of the necessary papers should take place here. Now the Family Garon would take her in with pride.

She pushed the tables together, setting places for fourteen.

At six o'clock the guests arrived. M'sieu Garon came with M'sieu Mike Harrigan and the latter's secretary, M'sieu Dolan. M'sieu Harrigan was a large man with a bald head and half-shut eyes, rings on his fingers, and a checkered vest. M'sieu Dolan was small with the same kind of peculiar eyes. Rafe's papa was accompanied by the Garon uncle and Rafe's cousins. Having them here would make tonight's triumph greater.

M'sieu Garon said, "I hope everything goes peaceful, me. We don't want anything to spoil all of us making our fortunes. You understand, honey?"

"DON'T worry, M'sieu Garon," Suzanne said. "When everybody eats this meal, it will make them friends for life. Papa promised me."

She gazed around the room. "Where is Rafe? Hasn't he come?"

M'sieu Garon frowned. "I don't know what's got over that boy," he said. "All day I been saying to him, 'Rafe, we're going to have a big banquet tonight, eh?' You know what he tell me? 'Maybe we do; maybe we don't—we got to see when the time comes.' That boy acts strange. Look, he's not here yet."

Suzanne counted the guests. "Fourteen plates but only thirteen people. That's bad. I hope Rafe will come soon."

"Don't talk about bad luck," M'sieu Garon said. "You can't make M'sieu Harrigan mad, him. If he get mad, he won't make anybody rich. Look how nervous he acts, sitting in his chair there."

M'sieu Harrigan and M'sieu Dolan were whispering over the papers that M'sieu Dolan had brought in his briefcase.

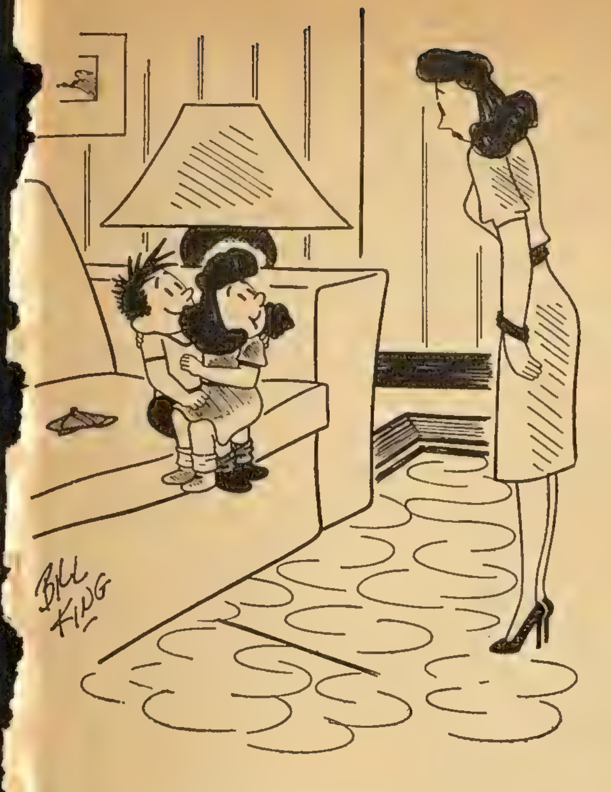
It was time for dinner. From the dining room came the laughter of Rafe's Uncle Léon. Papa Jules ladled out the soup. "What did I tell you, my little? You see how I keep my promise?"

Suzanne returned to the glass peephole wonderingly. Why was Rafe still absent? What had he meant—saying that perhaps the banquet would be a success, perhaps not? She heard M'sieu Harrigan call across the table to M'sieu Garon, "You are making a big deal tonight, Cajun. These trappers will make a hero out of you for tonight's work."

Rafe's papa replied simply, "All of my friends and relations trust me when they allow me to sign for them. They know Garon is an honest man, m'sieu."

Papa Jules came to a decision. "This is something which I must see," he said to Suzanne. "I want to behold the faces on these hungry guests when they taste my bouillabaisse. Moustique, finish the serving while I put on my coat."

Suzanne followed him into the dining room. *"Aya—aya!"* Gros Pierre Garon, Rafe's cousin, exclaimed. "Jules feeds us fine tonight!" She saw her father's smiling face when the guests clapped and



“It’s all right, mother, we’re engaged!”

alled to him. If only Rafe would come, Suzanne thought. . . .

Then she found herself stiffening. Rafe had arrived. He stood there in the doorway. But there was something in his manner that was mysterious and disturbing. The glance that he gave her was hurried and unseeing. He seated himself alongside the guest of honor.

She saw Rafe taste his bouillabaisse, then speak to M’sieu Harrigan. Next, Rafe coolly reached across the table, secured not only the saltcellar but the cayenne pepper and horseradish as well—and passed all of them to M’sieu Harrigan.

“Rafe,” she whispered, “how can you do this awful thing?”

Papa Jules had been beaming with pleasure. Now his eyes were riveted upon M’sieu Harrigan.

M’sieu Harrigan took up the saltcellar that Rafe had passed him and shook it over his bouillabaisse. Suzanne saw Papa Jules standing there so still, knew how he was struggling to keep his promise to her. Again M’sieu Harrigan reached out —picked up the cayenne pepper, doused his dish heartily. Papa Jules paled. But even this was not the finish. Suzanne herself quaked as M’sieu Harrigan reached for the horseradish. Papa Jules buried his face in his hands.

Suzanne stood there awed by what she had seen while M’sieu Harrigan ate wolfishly. She could not bear to look at Rafe, who had instigated it all.

THEN the spell was broken. M’sieu Mike Harrigan suddenly clapped his hands to his great stomach, rose to his feet, and uttered a groan of mortal discomfort.

“This greasy truck is killing me!” he cried. “Dolan, get me the bicarbonate of soda. Quick, you fool, or I am a dead man!”

The blow had fallen. . . . Papa Jules sprang squarely at Bayou Rouge’s Santa Claus-to-be.

“It is not the food—the food is good!” he cried. “It is you! You have ruined it yourself!”

Men were pushing aside their chairs, rising to their feet. M’sieu Garon leaped up with his expression furious. Then, in all of the excitement, Papa Jules appeared to freeze into motionlessness, his expression so tragic that Suzanne was touched. Papa Jules had worked hard to please them and his reward was a catastrophe. She would never marry into the Family Garon now.

But she made up her mind. She walked to her father’s side.

“My papa is right,” she said to the men at the table. “It was hard for us to get food for this meal. Since early in the morning we have been working to make it enjoyable for you. If M’sieu Harrigan doesn’t like it—let him go. He has spoiled it himself, and now he insults my papa.”

She looked at the angry faces of Rafe’s father, his uncle, his cousins. There was no sympathy for her or Papa Jules. Then came an interruption.

Rafe had risen from his seat. He called in a loud voice to Papa Jules:

“Are you a man or a mouse? You throw Harrigan out. I’ll handle this Dolan.”

Papa Jules’ hesitation disappeared as if by magic. Together he and Rafe acted. The front door was flung open. Simultaneously M’sieu Harrigan and M’sieu Dolan vanished into the night.

THE dining room of the Restaurant Jules was in an uproar. Over its confusion came M’sieu Garon’s accusing voice. “Jules, you fool—this is the finish!” he said. “Nobody will get rich now, thanks to you. And nobody will eat in your restaurant any more. I’ll make sure of that!”

Then Suzanne heard Rafe’s answer. “Nobody is ruined,” he said. “Jules has saved you from making a fool of yourself, papa. Harrigan is no good. I got to thinking it over and asking myself, ‘How is Harrigan going to pay the land rent and also pay the trappers more money than they make now?’ It didn’t sound sensible. So I asked my friends from New Orleans about him. They told me what Harrigan did in St. Jean Parish. He was going to pull the same trick here: Get you to sign over those leases, then turn all of you trappers out of your jobs. He was going to hire Chinamen and Mexes to trap for him for two dollars a day. There wouldn’t have been any land left for you to trap on. Papa, shake hands with Jules. He saved you plenty of misery tonight.”

Suzanne went to Rafe and hugged him. Papa Jules and M’sieu Garon, to her astonishment, were now felicitating each other.

“Garon, I will tell you something,” Papa Jules said. “I was sure that this man was dishonest. First, to ruin his meal—and then to blame it on the house. I realized at once that he was a shady character and you were in a bad fix.”

“Jules, I must tell you something,” M’sieu Garon said. “Rafe has all the time been the smart one of the family. My boy has the brains of a giant. Let us shake hands and be friends for good.”

Papa Jules replied, “I myself will prepare the wedding breakfast for these two young people. You will eat this feast and never again be sick.”

Suzanne was thinking. She would be the one to supervise the setting of the table for the wedding feast. About one detail she would make certain. There would not be even a pinch of salt on that festive board.

“Rafe, can you not see us in the days to come, delivering the frogs to the people in our little wagon? Isn’t it lovely?”

“Even if there were no frogs, everything would look good to me.” He smiled at her. “A girl who can work with your papa will make a fine wife for any man. It took me a while to figure how I could make him a hero and a friend of my papa. When I found out Harrigan was a crook, it was easy. I simply got Harrigan to douse all that stuff on his bouillabaisse. Papa Jules did the rest. I know how Harrigan could ruin good food with too much extra fixings—I’ve seen him eat before.”

THE END

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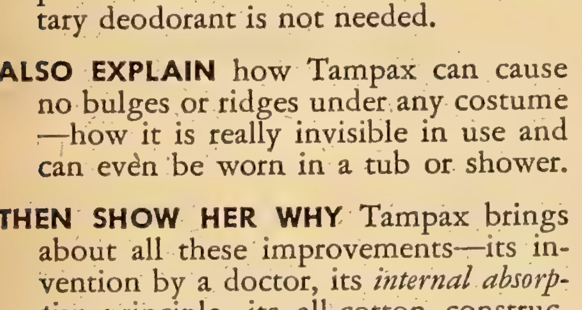

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING: There has been quite an epidemic of bigamy recently, and we can't justifiably blame it on the war, because none of the cases involved loneliness due to overseas absences.

A jury in Queens County Court, New York, returned a verdict of guilty against one man, thirty-four years old, who was indicted on a charge that he married a second time without bothering to divorce his first wife. The judge, however, directed that the case be resubmitted to the grand jury when the defendant maintained he had married a third time, in Jersey City, and that the previous marriages were not valid. . . . A thirty-one-year-old machinist's mate second class also has a bad habit of marrying too often. He has been charged with bigamy, perjury in the first degree, and unlawfully obtaining a marriage license. Married in 1935 to a Maryland girl, according to the District Attorney's office, he is the father of three children, ranging in age from one to six. This did not deter him from marrying again in Brooklyn in July, 1944, without the formality of a divorce from Wife Number One, so police said. Apparently in love with love, this determined Benedict married still another girl on December 31, 1944, according to police, again without benefit of divorce. His casual attitude toward matrimony was discovered when his second wife applied to naval authorities for a dependent's allotment. It was then found the man had already assigned an allotment to his first wife and three children! . . . Men haven't been the only offenders. There was a twenty-one-year-old girl of Brooklyn, who was sent to Kings County Hospital for psychiatric observation after her alleged first and third husbands charged in court that she had been married three times in the past five years without a divorce. The first complainant said she married him in April, 1939, and was the mother of his three-year-old daughter. A corroborative witness was a sailor. He declared she married *him* in March, 1944. The two men stated she had also married another sailor in July, 1943. The defendant's mother, who appeared in court with her daughter, told the magistrate: "She fell on her head when she was a child." Obviously the fall left her with a weakness for the Navy.

THAT EXTRA CUP: The American public drank more coffee in 1944 than ever before. According to Carlos M. Canal, secretary-general of the Pan-American Coffee Bureau, the United States consumed 18,812,071 bags of coffee last year as compared with 14,663,953 bags in 1943. This means eighteen pounds for each of us, including servicemen. The 1943 figure was 14.2 pounds. Which suggests that, though there may be many new coffee drinkers, a lot of people are lapping up an extra cup, doubtless hoping it will generate the necessary additional energy to cope with the chores and problems of wartime living.

"**W**AIST FAT": At a luncheon given in the ballroom of the Plaza in New York to celebrate the fifth birthday of a "success physical fitness" course, the guests were treated not only to a delicious meal of unrationed foods, but to eleven incredible examples in the flesh of what diet and exercise can do for the female form divine. Life-size photographs taken before starting the course were displayed alongside the eleven women who had lost anywhere from twenty pounds in six weeks to eighty-six pounds in seven months. One graduate said she had sent seventy-eight pounds of "waist" fat to the scrap pile in six months and had gained so much energy from the loss of her excess baggage that she was able to hay, thresh, and run a tractor for her husband on their 30,000-acre cattle ranch. She successfully takes the place of a man who has gone to war. Another woman lost sixty-five pounds in six months, and declared that her husband got so interested in her diet he went on it himself, took off twenty-four pounds, and is now swinging two wartime jobs instead of one.

LINES TO THE BUTCHER

I'll silence my pleas for a steak or a chop,
I'll faithfully vow not to glower or gripe
At shortages, pal, if you'll promise to stop
Promoting the same old baloney and tripe.

SPRING IN THE AIR: You may still be shivering in your part of the country, but there is a world of comfort in the knowledge that the vernal equinox, which arrives on March 21, proves spring can't be far behind. Already, in the vicinity of New York City, the day is longer than the night. On March 20 there were twelve hours and nine minutes between sunrise and sunset, a matter especially appreciated by commuters who weary of a long winter of catching trains in the dark, morning and night. With the extra hour of war time to lengthen the afternoons, Father will soon be out manicuring the lawn after he gets home from the office.

(Continued from page 62)

their work again as fast as they possibly can. There may be some danger that way, but there seems to be even more danger in the other method.

And then, of course, there is the very practical physical question of muscular atrophy. It isn't good for bodies, and particularly not for muscles, to lie inactive for weeks on end. They actually deteriorate. Surgeons doing orthopedic work sometimes have to take tissue from a patient's thigh to use somewhere else, and they have noticed that in a normal healthy thigh the fascia which cover the muscles, and the muscles themselves, are smooth and shining, slipping on each other like well-oiled parts of a fine machine. But if a patient has been completely inactive for a long time the tissues will be dull and tend to glide on each other much less easily. They just aren't as healthy.

This is the reason, of course, behind all those new surgical procedures in which fractured hips are pinned with sharp steel spikes, and broken legs are fastened with clamps like the Stader splint, which holds the broken parts together in such a way that the parts are immobile but the patient isn't. And this is the reason, too, for letting mothers up the day after their babies are born, as is beginning to be done in some hospitals, and gradually letting them do some of the necessary things for the baby. As long as she doesn't do too much too soon, a mother treated in this fashion will be in much better physical shape to take care of her baby when she gets home than if she had lain perfectly still for ten days or two weeks.

London doctors found this was true during the blitz of 1940-41. It was dangerous then to stay in a hospital any longer than necessary, so mothers were usually allowed up the first day after delivery and sent home on the second or third day. Since then we have tried it in a number of big hospitals over here, and many obstetricians have decided that not only is this practice better for the general health of the mother but better from the obstetrical standpoint. The uterus seems to contract faster with some activity, the inevitable draining disappears sooner, and there is apparently only about half as much retroversion of the uterus in the cases treated this way as there usually has been.

ALL this, of course, presupposes expert medical care. No doctor is advocating sending a patient right home after an operation, or after having a baby, and telling the patient to forget the experience. Neither do doctors dismiss heart patients with the advice to ignore his symptoms. Actually it is just because doctors do know so much more than they used to about what a patient can do and can't that these new ideas are possible. They know how to deliver a baby or do an operation without damaging or exhausting the patient too much. And, most important of all, perhaps, they know which patients it is safe to let get up and which ones still have to stay flat on their backs and rely on leg exercises and raised beds.

In general, all these new experiments probably mean that surgical operations and even bad hearts are going to be much less alarming and much less time-consuming than we have always thought them in the past. It would help a lot, if you were facing an operation with a sinking heart, to have your doctor say casually, "Well, you'll be out of bed the day after the operation and you ought to be back at work in a month. I wouldn't worry." Chances are, at that rate, you wouldn't.

THE END

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wants to know
but hates to ask...
about these intimate physical facts

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Dorian meets the cynical Lord Henry in the studio of a famed portrait artist.

ATRONS
Please keep
Off Stage

A little music-hall singer's love for Dorian leads to a strange double tragedy.

Dorian's horrible secret is finally discovered by his fiancée and the aging Sir Henry.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) George Sanders, Hurd Hatfield, Donna Reed, Angela Lansbury

MUCH of the florid charm of cynical, scandalous Oscar Wilde, whose morals shocked Victorian England, has been revived in this fantastic tale. Taken from Wilde's mystical novel about a portrait that came to possess a man's soul, it gives a rich pictorial background for all the luxury, elegance, and hothouse sophistication the author loved to describe. His sparkling, bitter wit seems made to order for the special talents of George Sanders, and the script deftly retains much of Wilde intact—but the undercurrent of exotic evil, which lent horror and meaning to the original story, gives way to an extra helping of atmosphere. The result is a lavish but overloaded melodrama which could have been more gripping than it is.

Even so, there are some good psychological jolts and a pleasantly ominous feeling that something awful is bound to happen all through its two-hour length. Hurd Hatfield, as the beautiful and ageless Dorian, plays his role with a subdued and dreamy glow; whether he's committing murder or making well-modulated love, his sensitive face remains a finely sculptured mask. And this is as it should be—for during twenty years the mysterious Dorian Gray never grows a minute older. George Sanders, who strolls through most of the luxurious scenes in a tall gray hat, making brilliantly insulting remarks and helping himself to his friends' sherry, is a superb Lord Henry Wotton. Suavely tossing off such epigrams as "The one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception absolutely necessary for both parties," he makes a fine model of cultivated depravity. However, the script, which gives him a chance to murmur, "I like persons better than principles, and persons with no principles better than anything," doesn't allow him much more in the way of exerting his bad influence over Dorian. His most vicious act is snaring and chloroforming a butterfly while making his first impression on that innocent young man. At any rate, Dorian goes genteelly to the dogs from then on.

But what seems more important in this critical moment is the fatal wish that Dorian makes while viewing his newly finished portrait. As he and Lord Henry stand looking at it in the studio of their mutual friend (Lowell Gilmore), Dorian is tempted to wish that he could always remain as youthful as his pictured self, and let the portrait grow old instead. And as time goes on, the picture does just that—in a remarkably gruesome way. This weird turn of events is no secret in the plot, which dispenses its best shock in a ghastly Technicolor glimpse of the changed portrait. As it's revealed in all its leprous, putrefying horror, modern art fans will recognize the unforgettable morbid technique of the painter Ivan Albright.

Among the host of fine supporting characterizations, Angela Lansbury is outstanding as the little music-hall singer, Dorian's first victim. Her sweet thin-voiced little song, performed in a paper snowstorm, is a touching bit of theatrical nostalgia. Donna Reed is pretty and well-dressed in the rather empty part of Dorian's fiancée, and the atmosphere is heightened by many top-notch character bits. Setting, mood, and cast here are tops—and in spite of the loose-jointed plot, you'll find this an engrossing picture.

Rich boy Eddie Bracken gets initiated into the Navy the hard way.

BRING ON THE GIRLS

(Paramount) Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Marjorie Reynolds

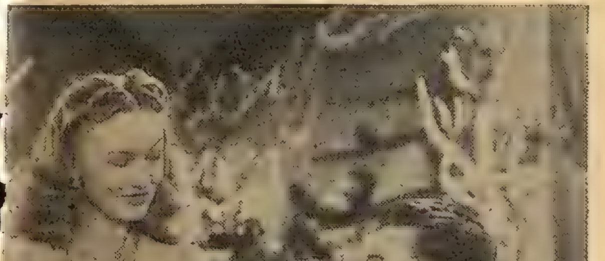
A QUARTET of engaging performers rampages good-naturedly through this big well-upholstered Technicolor musical, apparently in search of something. Perhaps it's the story—or maybe what they're after is just each other. At any rate, their concentric activities are carried off with lots of gusto, and backed up with expensive trimmings in the way of night clubs, swimming pools, and production numbers loaded with pretty girls.

Eddie Bracken, as a plaintive and disillusioned young millionaire, joins the Navy so girls will stop getting engaged to him for his money. Genial sax-tooting Sonny Tufts is sent along by Eddie's worried family to keep the heir apparent out of trouble. Sonny goes after Eddie, Eddie naïvely goes after a designing little blonde cigarette girl (Veronica Lake) in wallpaper-tight orange slacks, who goes after Eddie's fortune. Sonny also manages to go after a singing-dancing heiress (Marjorie Reynolds) who finally ends up going after Eddie. Meanwhile Sonny and Veronica, in their spare time, go after each other—hammer and tongs.

Since all this romantic hodgepodge is frankly burlesque, the show scrambles along mainly on the strength of its production numbers and a continuous succession of gay, funny moments which keep popping up unexpectedly like champagne bubbles in garish pink lemonade.

Eddie Bracken, up to his neck in slapstick, has some good comic moments, such as when he slowly climbs up to a terrifyingly high diving board, or searches anxiously among his fat roll of bills for a single nickel. Big bumbling Sonny Tufts is engagingly jolly, and puts on a fake wolf play for Marjorie Reynolds that's tops in uninhibited *joie de vivre*. Marjorie herself has a chance for some pleasant singing and even more pleasant dancing, and looks like the million dollars she's supposed to own; while Veronica Lake, who has evidently abandoned the hidden-eye coiffure for good, acts like a calculating little cat in pretty realistic fashion.

Johnny Coy, a new dancing star, makes his debut with two show-stopping routines, and Spike Jones and his City Slickers provide a good burlesque of the song Chloe. Expert movie butler Alan Mowbray also contributes to the fun. All this lighthearted nonsense is guaranteed neither to strain the mind nor linger long in the memory, but it's got enough going on all the time to keep you pleasantly amused.



Naïve Eddie is a push-over for the well-practiced wiles of cigarette gal Veronica Lake.

SPECIAL MENTION

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN (20th Cen.-Fox). Peggy Garner, Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn.

COLONEL BLIMP (Eagle Lion-U. A.). Anton Walbrook, Roger Livesey, Deborah Kerr.

HANGOVER SQUARE (20th Century-Fox). Laird Cregar, Linda Darnell, George Sanders.

OBJECTIVE BURMA (Warner Bros.). Errol Flynn, Henry Hull, all-male cast.

THE FIGHTING LADY (20th Century-Fox). U. S. Navy personnel.

THE THREE CABALLEROS (Walt Disney-RKO). Donald Duck, Joe Carioca, Panchito.

TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT (Columbia). Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair.

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You'll find Judy Garland and Bob Walker at their very best. Their very best is pretty darn good.

★ ★ ★ ★

He's a soldier on leave in New York—the big city, strange and bewildering. She happens to be hurrying through Penn Station. They literally bump into each other.

★ ★ ★ ★

Judy takes Bob in tow—a sort of one-woman USO—breaks her dates and—

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, the story that's told through these two characters is as intimate and gay a shadow tale as you've ever seen.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a wonderful forty-eight hours that screenwriters Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank tell in about two.

★ ★ ★ ★

Judy is even better than in her unforgettable "Meet Me In St. Louis". Bob is better than in "Hargrove".

★ ★ ★ ★

Vincente Minnelli ("St. Louis") directed "The Clock". It's a sensitive job and one to be proud of. Ditto, Arthur Freed—the producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

Besides Judy and Bob, you'll like James Gleason, Keenan Wynn, and Marshall Thompson. "The Clock" packs a sock.

★ ★ ★ ★

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"Anchors Aweigh", starring Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly, and Kathryn Grayson, is tops in gaiety and song.

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Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn will thrill you in Phillip Barry's comedy "Without Love".

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The coming juvenile star is "Butch" (Jackie) Jenkins of "National Velvet".

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—*Leo*

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BOSS OF THE ATLANTIC

Continued from Page 21

protested when Admiral King commented.

One foggy morning, while attired in leather windbreaker, seagoing hat, and shoes he had forgotten to donate to the Salvation Army, he met a spit-and-polish admiral on a destroyer bridge.

"Quite a uniform, Jonas."

"Well," he answered, "it may not be reg, but it's damn comfortable."

His disdain for red tape is well known. Once a Supply officer, armed with three thick volumes, explained why an Ingram request was impossible. There were passages in the fat books to prove it. "Take those damn books and get the hell out of here, and don't come back until you find a place where it says it can be done," snapped Ingram.

Ships he skippered were smart and clean when he wasn't spitting tobacco juice to windward. His inspection tours are informal but exacting. When displeased he bellows, "This damned crate looks like a third-rate Jap barge!" Contrariwise, he sometimes masks his pleasure. During one inspection some firemen were standing poker-stiff at attention. "What's this," he boomed, "a boiler room or a jewelry store?"

A STICKLER for the comfort of his crew, he examines the menu, checks it with the chow served, carefully inspects the galley. "Move over," he orders a bluejacket. "I'm hungry." He has been known to take showers with his crew. One of the flyingest of admirals, he makes sure his flag pilots are well quartered and entertained.

When Jonas Ingram likes something, it would take an act of Congress to change his mind. There were chuckles in Navy circles when he refused to return a Chinese steward's mate borrowed from a destroyer. He tartly explained to a rear admiral that he had been looking for such a lad for more than forty years, and that any orders concerning a transfer would go into the wastebasket. One of his favorites is Ensign Stretch, who has been with him since his yeoman days. He calls him "Snitch," "Snatch" or "McDuff," but never Stretch.

Ingram refers to visiting firemen from Washington as "parachutists," speaks of people being "as queer as three-dollar bills." "I'm a queer duck myself," he grins, "and that's why my son Bill made such a good flag lieutenant. He knew how to handle me."

"Did Bill receive any special favors from you?" someone once asked.

"No. I gave him hell when he needed it. He sounded off now and then, but always as a son to his father."

The admiral himself, however, tells of the time he landed at Anacostia during his Brazilian tour of duty. As he stepped off the plane, a bystander yelled, "Hey, look! There goes a four-star son of a ——." His son couldn't resist the temptation. "Well, dad," he remarked solemnly, "the guy was wrong by only one star."

Young Bill, by the way, quarterbacked the Middy eleven for three years, beginning in 1935. At the time of Pearl Harbor he was blown from the deck of the U. S. S. Oklahoma. He is now executive officer on a destroyer.

Proud of his son, Ingram himself retains a good deal of boyish enthusiasm. He reads Westerns, detective thrillers, and biographies of military leaders. His favorites are Genghis Khan and Stonewall Jackson. He saw the Buffalo Bill movie four times; recalled the day in Chicago in 1913 when he was rescued from horse-opera Indians by old Buffalo Bill himself. "The film version of Jack London's life was way off," he remarked. "The guy who played the lead was too panty-waisted. The last time I saw Jack was in a barroom brawl in a San Francisco honkytonk in 1907."

He keeps himself in top condition; goes on a ten-day diet when overweight. If possible, he walks a good five miles a day, does a couple of hundred pull-ups on an exerciser, and, weather permitting, spends about twenty minutes zinging a baseball into an enlisted man's catcher's mitt. He has little time for poker or Ingram bridge these days, but he does some of his best thinking while playing solitaire. He takes an occasional snort but never punishes the bottle.

He normally rises before six, breakfasts, runs through his dispatches and holds a nine-o'clock conference. He dispenses with official business quickly. He once warned his communications officer not to carry security regulations too far. "When I want to know what time a week-end guest is expected, I don't want it in a code the Lord Himself couldn't break."

He does not treat Reserve officers as strange guests forced under his roof by a blizzard. He admits that many Reserve officers are more efficient in their specialties than Academy graduates. He enjoys the contacts he has made. "I can talk to Yale men," he grins, "but I don't know about those Harvard guys."

JONAS HOWARD INGRAM was the eldest of four boys and one girl born to the William T. Ingrams of Jeffersonville, Indiana, a town of 12,000 people within hooting distance of Kentucky. William Ingram, descended from an old American family of Scotch-Irish extraction, made a comfortable living in the sand-and-gravel business. Jonas's mother, a Howard of English forebears, was the gracious mistress of The Oaks, a rambling red brick house on the rolling Hoosier countryside.

George A. Henty books read in his early teens sparked Jonas's ambition to attend Annapolis. He prepped at Culver Military Academy, where he returned later for a short time to teach naval tactics.

He finished in the last quarter of his Annapolis class, just above the man who today is boss of his Atlantic Air Forces, Vice-Admiral Patrick N. L. Bellinger. As a plebe, Jonas won the Navy Sword, a trophy his brother, "Navy Bill," and his son, "Young Bill," were to win later. He watched a fellow named Bill Halsey play fullback on the varsity eleven and a less uproarious chap named Chester Nimitz stroke the varsity crew.

As fullback on the Academy football team, Jonas caught the first forward pass ever thrown in an Army-Navy game, then romped over the goal line for the winning touchdown.

He was a First Classman when he stroked the crew that broke precedent by appearing in the Poughkeepsie Regatta.

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It was in 1914 that Admiral Ingram won the Medal of Honor for his skillful handling of the artillery and machine guns of the battleship Arkansas during action at Vera Cruz. Previously he had set a world's record in firing twelve-inch guns while serving as turret officer in the same ship.

Besides the Distinguished Service Medal, the Gold Star, and the Navy Cross, Ingram holds decorations by the governments of Chile and Belgium.

A member of Grantland Rice's All-Time Navy Football Team, he was appointed head football coach at Annapolis in 1915, and there he coached Navy elevens until the spring of 1917. He was known as "the one-armed admiral" because of his frequent pregame remark: "I'd give my right arm to win this ball game." In 1926-30 he was director of athletics at the Academy.

During the last war Jonas Ingram served on the staff of gruff Admiral Hugh Rodman.

"Who in hell told you I needed a flag lieutenant?" the old boy thundered when Lieutenant Ingram reported for duty.

"That," countered the new arrival, "is what I'd like to know."

In later years Admiral Rodman remarked that "Bull" Ingram was the most lovable person he had ever met.

Serving on the U. S. S. York with the British Grand Fleet, Ingram was present at the surrender of the German High Seas Fleet in November, 1918. "This was the most valuable naval service I had had up until then," Jonas says. "It taught me plenty about grand-fleet tactics, especially in the deploying of large numbers of ships."

In the postwar period Jonas remained on Admiral Rodman's staff until he became chief of staff in the Ninth Naval District from 1921 to 1924. The following two years found him commanding the U. S. S. Stoddert and a destroyer squadron of the battle fleet. In later years he was skipper of the U. S. S. Pennsylvania.

BY the time he became skipper he was known as a man who would take nobody's guff. He expected his officers to deliver. When they didn't, he "put them under a palm tree"—his way of saying he got rid of them. A surly enlisted man who grumbled he would go A. W. O. L. again if so inclined got short shrift. Half an hour later he walked down the gangplank and out of the U. S. Navy with a bad-conduct discharge.

Another bluejacket who had been A. W. O. L. explained at captain's mast that he had got married the night before, "and this morning the alarm clock didn't go off." That, of course, was an old gag.

"Nice girl?" asked the admiral.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, son, congratulations. And for a wedding present I'm going to give you a summary court-martial instead of a general."

In 1933-36 Ingram was in charge of public relations for the Navy Department. In 1935 he was also made aide to Secretary of the Navy Swanson. In later tours of duty he was commander of a destroyer squadron, captain of the New York Navy Yard, and skipper of the U. S. S. Tennessee, which won most of the fleet's athletic trophies. In 1941 he was promoted to rear admiral and, with the Memphis as flagship, sailed for that successful foray into South Atlantic waters.

Still in trim condition, Jonas kept his men in shape. His young officers used to toss to see who would accompany the "Old Man" on his long walks. The loser walked, and before he was through was usually panting like a piano mover.

While Ingram is away on tours of duty, his wife lives at their Coronado, California, estate where hospitality is of the old-fashioned variety that scorns frills. Whenever he gets a chance there, Jonas likes to lounge about in flannel shorts and an old sweater. He spends a good bit of time in the kitchen making tricky desserts or outdoors working at his hobby, which is flower culture in general and roses in particular.

A buckety-buckety extrovert, he is a blend of country squire, big-time athlete, and successful task-force admiral, with a slight admixture of W. C. Fields. His whimsey cloaks a brilliant mind. His memory for names and faces puts him in Jim Farley's class. One day he greeted by name a colored steward's mate whom he hadn't seen for thirty-seven years. And it is more than a casual knowledge of people that enables him to move audiences to laughter or tears.

INGRAM is also smart enough to delegate authority. Although not a naval aviator himself, he was one of the first Navy men to recognize the importance of aviation. In the mid-1920s he wrote articles on the future of naval aviation. And he admits the success of his Fourth Fleet was in large part the result of a marvelous job turned in by his air arm.

Like Admiral Halsey, he's a sailor's sailor. At fifty-nine he stands at the top of his career, planning his Atlantic campaign with the careful precision for which he is famous.

When the smoke clears, Jonas Ingram, who is better known to Hitler and Grand Admiral Dönitz than he is to most Americans, expects to raise roses once again. Like every other sailor in the world, he wants to put his feet on a bit of solid earth that's home.

THE END

THEY ALSO SERVE

Continued from Page 25

about one in ten of the draftees from either sect stands upon his rights as a C. O. regardless of the attitude of his church. Nevertheless there are many dramatic situations in Quaker families. For instance, in one family of Quakers a son is a C. O. ambulance driver with the American Field Service. He has been decorated three or four times with American medals and also holds the British Empire Medal for extraordinary bravery in action. In contrast, his younger brother is an all-out pacifist, would not accept conscription in any form, and so is now serving his second term in prison. As a protest against this boy's position, the father of both of them has withdrawn from the Quaker faith and now holds a commission as captain in the Army of the United States.

It takes all kinds to make a world. It is of course difficult for most of us to understand the man who would rather go to jail than perform some sort of duty for his country in time of peril. But these all-out objectors are very few. Thousands and thousands of other Americans who simply cannot bring themselves to the murderous business of war are eager to do anything short of that for their country. I remember an incident of the last war. A company of soldiers was standing on the firing step of a trench, waiting for a German attack. The captain glimpsed the enemy advancing and cried "Fire!" All fired save one man, who stood aghast. The captain yelled at him, "Fire, fire! Get your rifle going!"

The man said, "How can I? *People* are coming!"

THE END

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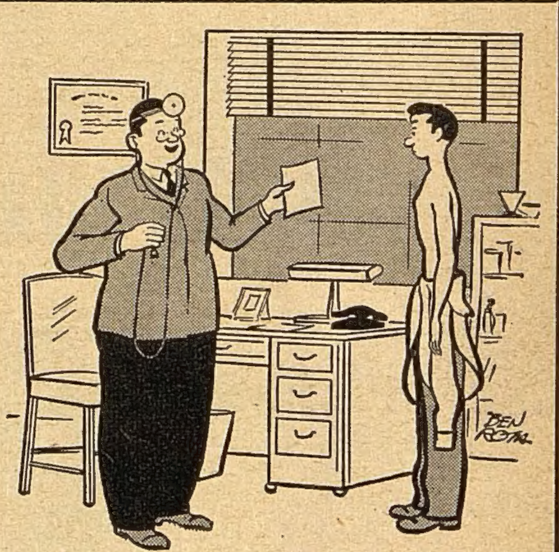

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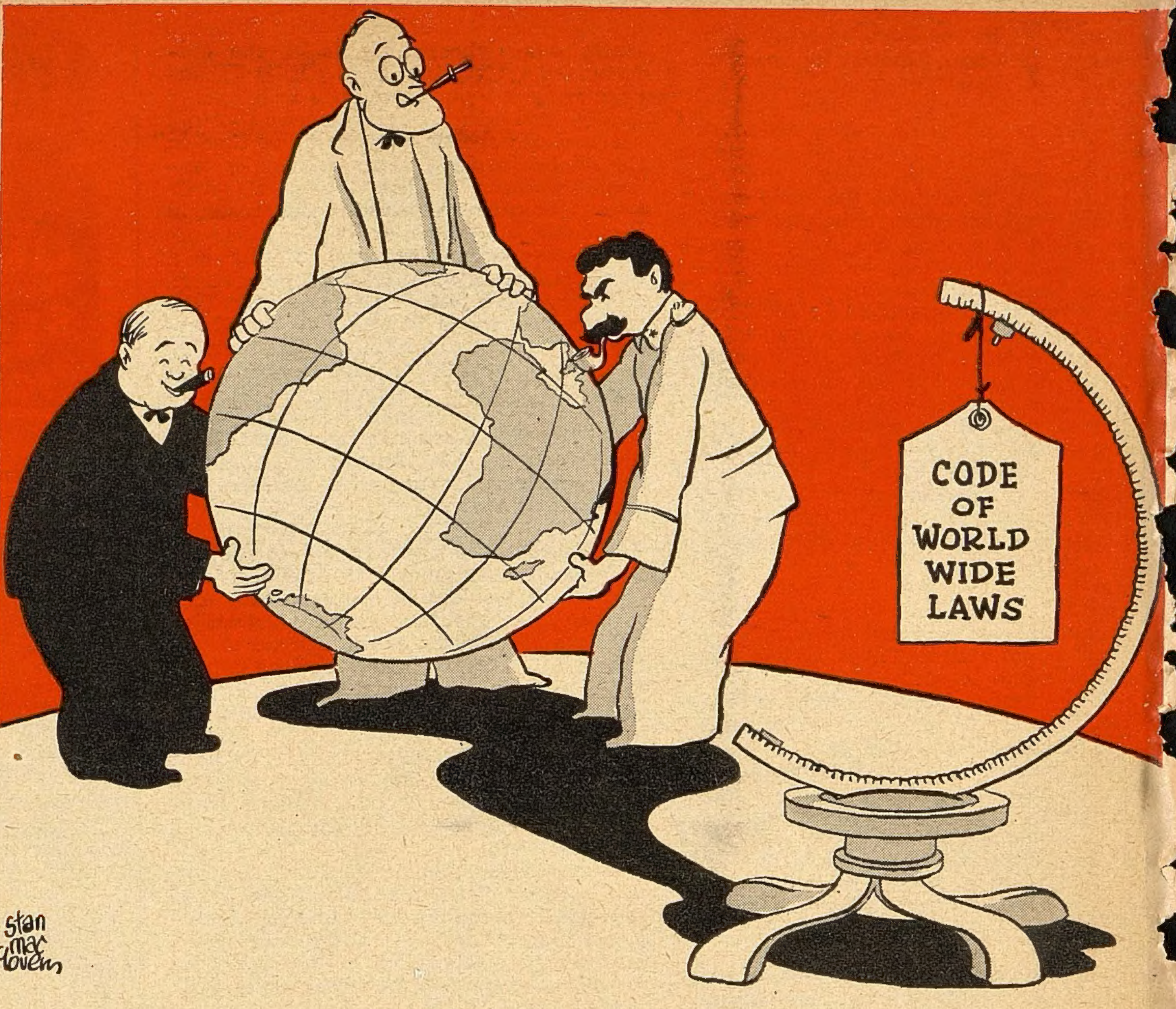
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SOMETHING THE BIG 3 OVERLOOKED

THE people of the world can be gratified because of the large degree of agreement reached at the recent three-power conference at Yalta. Admittedly, certain nations feel slighted because they weren't invited to participate in the conference. Admittedly, certain countries are dissatisfied at some of the decisions reached. And, of course, some American politicians are displeased because their own pet ideas and theories were not adopted. Nevertheless a long step forward has been made toward the goal for which everyone hopes--a long period of peaceful international co-operation.

Many of our loudest master minds, who have been breathing hard, can now breathe easier. Their fear that Russia intended to ride roughshod over American ideals and communize all of Europe, come hell or high water, has proved without foundation. Far from being as "realistic" and as tough as we feared, Stalin has shown a surprising regard for humanitarian and idealistic considerations. This is fortunate, because without this attitude on the part of each of the Big Three, there is little hope of preventing future war. Had Russia proved tough and uncompromising, there is little that we could do to prevent her doing as she pleased in Europe.

There is, however, an aspect of the Yalta Conference which is to be deplored. Never before in the world's history have three such people as Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin held in their hands the world's destiny. Never before have there been three men of such good will, such broad vision, and such understanding of the problems that embroil nations in a position to do something about these problems. While they were settling various arguments, it is too bad they did not concern themselves also with the need for a code of world-wide laws upon which all nations everywhere could agree to conduct their relations with one another.

Sooner or later such an agreement on rules of international conduct will have to be adopted. The meeting at Yalta presented a heaven-sent opportunity for the formulation of such a code for submission to all nations. Perhaps the three will never meet again, and it is a matter of regret that such an opportunity was allowed to pass.

Paul Hunter

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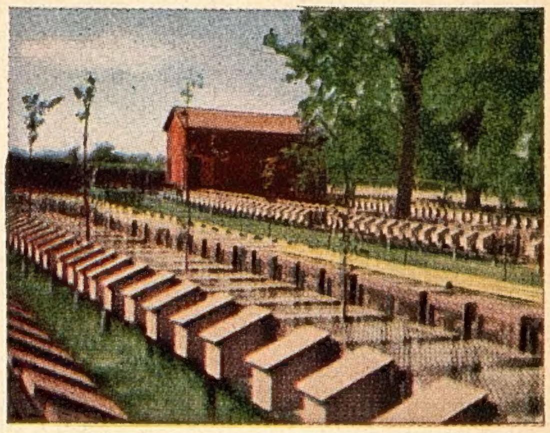

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